THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

d Weekly
Fou[illegible]y Benj. Franklin

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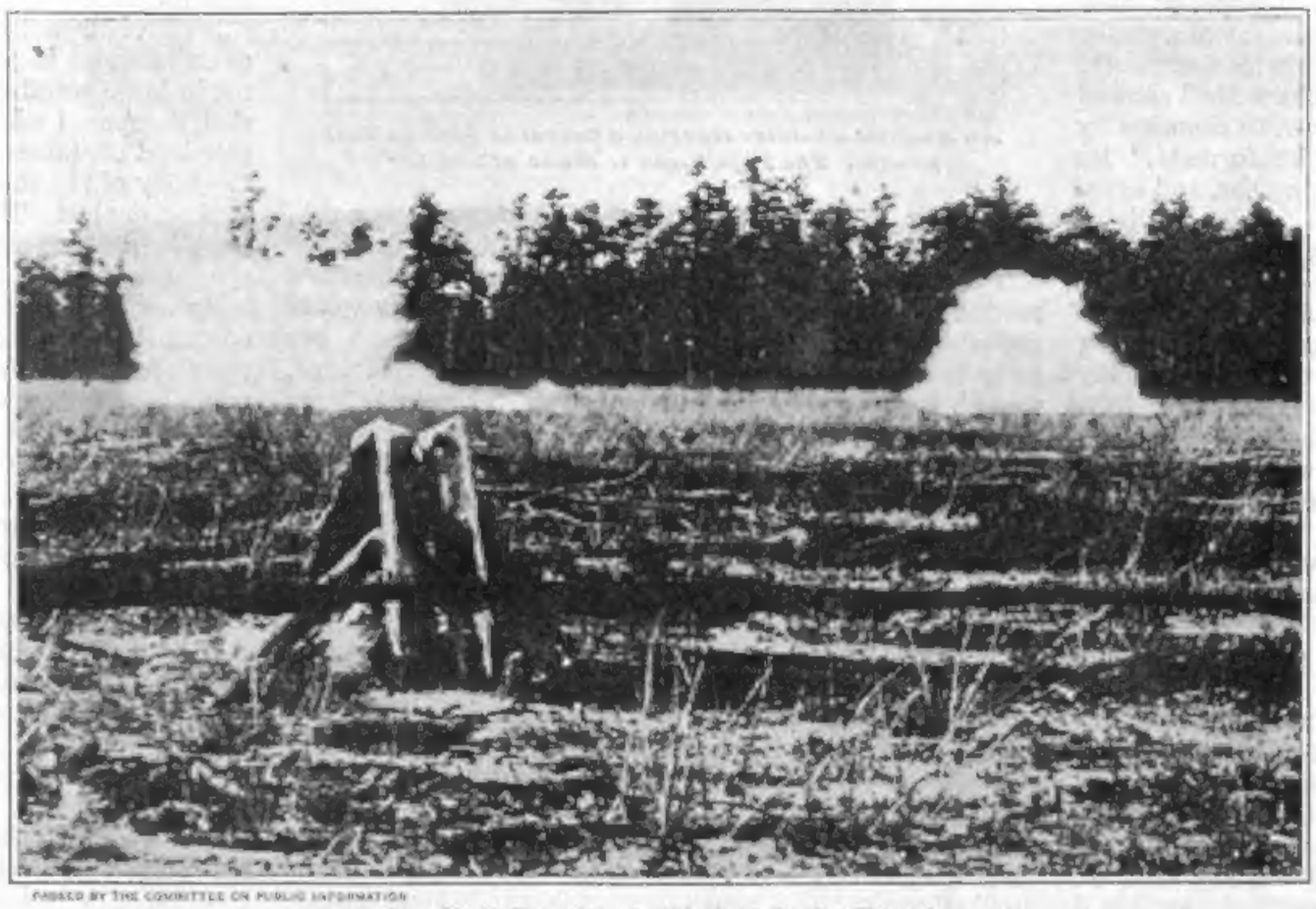
Green, Yellow and Blue Cross Shell—By Major S. J. M. Auld

ONE of the most interesting things about the development of gas warfare has been the way in which the gas shell, from being the least important method of poisoning the air, has become the chief gas weapon in the German armory.

The reasons for this extraordinary development, though various, are not far to seek. They lie chiefly in the fact that unlike the gas cloud we have not even yet approached the limit of the number or size of the gas projectiles that can be used. Nor, which is even more important, is there any limit to the variety of the poisons that can be used in gas shell.

The fact of the matter is that the gas shell is not really a gas shell at all. It is nearly always a "liquid" shell and sometimes even a "solid" shell. The term "gas shell" is used because the liquid or solid contents are atomized by the explosion of the bursting charge or are distributed round in the form of such tiny particles or droplets, as the case may be, that they act almost as a gas. In the latter case they form what might be described as a mist or smoke, but with this difference from ordinary smoke—that the gas mist or smoke is generally, though not always, invisible.



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Gas Shell Bursting to Windward of a Trench

Just imagine what would happen supposing a shell were filled with water. Burst such a shell with a sufficiently big charge of high explosive and all the water would be distributed into the air in the form of such finely divided spray that it would form a mist. This mist would either vaporize into the atmosphere completely or hang about like a cloud, according as the air was dry or moist. In any case, if the burster were big enough no water would be spread on the ground; nor would any big drops be formed.

This is just what happens with any of the poisonous materials filled into a shell. Indeed if the burster were big enough and carefully chosen it would be possible to form a "gas" with treacle. With a volatile material like gasoline on the other hand all that would be needed would be a burster just big enough to open the shell.

It can be seen therefore that the choice of materials for gas shell is practically unlimited and is governed only by their being poisonous enough and by the ease of production.

Another thing in which the gas shell has the advantage over the cylinder gas is in getting surprise, which is naturally much easier to effect with shell. By the way, if the reader wishes to be counted among those who know, he will always speak or write the plural of shell without adding a final "s." To talk of a number of shells is very civilian.

As I pointed out before, we were expecting something new to happen in the gas-shell line during the whole of 1916, and had an idea that the new arrival would be something of a cyanide nature—possibly prussic acid itself. When it did come, however, it proved to be a liquid filling closely related chemically to phosgene and to the K-Stoff, which I have previously described. These new gas shell were the first of the present series of German gas shell, which are all distinctly marked with colored crosses and named accordingly. These particular shell were the Green Cross Shell, a green cross being painted on the base of the cartridge or on the side of the shell or sometimes on both. They made their appearance on the Somme Front about a fortnight after the battle had started—that is, about the middle of July, 1916—though a few of them had been used against the French on the Verdun Front sometime in June.

It was not long before blind or unexploded shell—"duds," we call them—were collected and sent back for examination. This is one of the disadvantages of using gas shell—your opponent can always keep track of what you are doing. Sooner or later a fuse will not function or a bursting charge will not explode and your watchful enemy carefully collects the shell, and has for examination a considerable amount of the poison material. I say "carefully collects," for it is no child's play dealing with shell which

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Advanced Gas Defense Training at One of the Large Camps—Gunnery Practice in Masks

may go off in your hands on the slightest provocation. However, it has to be done, and as it is the gas officer's pidgin he manfully shoulders his task and the shell and has it brought in. Very frequently the fuse fails to act because a powder pellet holding up the striking needle has not burned away; but I remember one case where the gas officer of one of the armies took back a big dud gas shell. It meant transporting the weighty souvenir in a not particularly well sprung car over very bumpy roads, and he was quite relieved to arrive at his destination—the field laboratory. Here it was reverently taken to bits by the experts. Imagine the gas officer's horror to find he had been bumping along for several hours in the company of a shell the powder pellet of which had burned away and whose only safety device was the weakest of weak creep springs on which the striker rested. A hard knock or a drop of six inches would almost certainly have exploded it.

The laboratory officers, who are experts at the game, may have to go up to the Front themselves to solve important duds which are regarded as dangerous and require expert attention. In one instance the officer concerned—in civil life a very celebrated professor at one of the London colleges—went up to the salient and explored about a mile and a half of trenches and finally located his prey—a fine dud 4.2-inch howitzer gas shell—out in the open.

Though the place was pretty unhealthy he "climbed the bags" and made a careful examination of the shell where it lay, finally bringing it back in with him. I forget whether he drew its sting on the spot, but in any case it was a pretty good effort, especially for a man no longer in his first youth.

Chemical analysis of the blind Green Cross Shell showed the contents to be a colorless liquid known to chemists by the extensive name of "trichlormethylchloroformate." Its effects are just as ferocious as the name implies, and experience showed it to be very poisonous. Indeed it is as poisonous as phosgene itself. The Green Cross Shell gas—"diphosgene," to give it its short name—has many effects and symptoms that make it a dangerous weapon. When dilute it has a peculiar though not particularly nauseating smell, a smell variously described as "earthy," "moldy rhubarb"—whatever that smells like—and damp hay. Unlike the shell gases we had encountered before, it has very little effect on the eyes and causes practically no lachrymation. And this was a trap, because we had been used to lachrymators, so that many men despite the obvious smell were not particularly quick in protecting themselves because of the new symptoms.

Treatment of Delayed Cases

OF COURSE this applies only to such low concentrations as would take a long time to gas a man. In the higher concentrations the Green Cross very quickly asphyxiates—just as phosgene and chlorine do—and there is no question of whether it is deadly or not. The old Army quip about there being only two kinds of people in gas warfare, namely, "The Quick and the Dead," certainly applies if you get a Green Cross Shell bursting close to you. But even for gas shells bursting some distance away immediate and complete protection is necessary because of the delayed or after effects of the gas, which are exactly similar to those of phosgene. Every care that is taken with regard to men poisoned with phosgene has to be taken for men poisoned with Green Cross gas.

Those suffering from the effects of the gas are not allowed to exert themselves at all or to take heavy meals. They are kept under close observation for at least two days, and are treated, in fact, as casualties even though they are not apparently ill. Before the need for this was understood an officer I knew was slightly gassed with shell gas but thought nothing of it. Later on he felt a bit queer, and the regimental medical officer advised him to go down to the dressing station. He walked the length of the communication trench and then mounted a "push bicycle" for a

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An American Soldier Wearing a Captured German Respirator. The Face Piece is Made of Leather

mile's ride to the aid post. The exertion was too much, however, and he reached the aid post only to fall dead.

The danger of not treating gassed men as casualties and resting them for a couple of days, after which they would probably be fit for work again, is shown by a case where forty men were lost to the line for a considerable time, though fortunately none of them died. These men were part of a working party engaged in the construction of dugouts. They were caught in a surprise bombardment, but were apparently not much affected. After completing their night's work they marched back to billets and turned in as usual. The next morning several of them were so ill—nearly to the point of collapse—and the remainder were so visibly affected that the medical officer ordered the whole party to be sent down to the casualty clearing station, where they were evacuated to the base.

In still another case I remember a sergeant and twenty men of a wiring party engaged in the consolidation of a recently captured position were similarly caught by a sudden and intense Green Cross bombardment. A number of the men were gassed and felt pretty seedy, but continued their work and then withdrew. The sergeant felt no ill effects until an hour after turning in, when he woke with a bad cough and internal pain and died two hours afterward. One private went to bed without complaining at all and was found dead next morning. Another died soon after getting up. A third reached headquarters complaining of shell shock and died three hours later. I mention these cases so that my reader will realize why such great care is now taken with men who have been exposed to poison gas, and how by looking after them in this way it has been possible to reduce the number of delayed cases of death or serious illness to a minimum.

Talking of delayed effects of gas shells reminds me that at least two documents were captured during the Somme—one of them I got myself—which were obviously notes of lectures given to officers at a German gas school or staff course. In both of these sets of notes there were references to the Lusitania, showing that the German Higher Command was trying to explain that dastardly act to its own troops by making out that the Lusitania was sunk because it was carrying phosgene shell for the Allies. This lie can easily be nailed to the board, as not a single drop of phosgene—or any other poison gas or liquid, for that matter—was shipped from America before this year, 1918. Both of the paragraphs I refer to contained a double lie, for they each asserted that the French started the use of gas shell. One of them ran as follows: "The French first started the use of gas shell—with great hopes, but with little success! The most striking result was that experienced by the passengers of the Lusitania, whose rescued mostly died later."

But to return to the Green Cross Shell. These were used during the Somme Battle in enormous numbers, far surpassing anything we had had before in the extent of the bombardment. There were a great many new features about these shell quite apart from the altered nature of the gas. First of all there was the size. Until then we had had gas shell of only two sizes—150-millimeter howitzer shell and the 105-millimeter howitzer shell. The former contained from five to eight pints of liquid according to the construction of the shell, and the latter about three pints. To these longer shell were now added shell from the ordinary field gun, or 77-millimeter gun—quite a small affair compared with the others and containing only two-thirds of a pint of liquid poison. But then, though so small, it could be fired more rapidly and accurately and could bring off an initial surprise in a way that the bigger guns could not do.

Shell of these three sizes were used then on nearly all occasions and in very large quantities. One thing that made large numbers possible was the simplicity of the shell compared with the old pattern. There was no separate lead container and the "gas" was filled straight into the body of the shell, as the new material was unacted on by iron or steel. The head of the shell was screwed in and kept in position and perfectly gas-tight by means of a special cement.

As very little explosive was needed to open them up and spread the contents round the noise made by the burst of the Green Cross Shell was little more than a pop—at any rate when compared with the high-explosive shell or the old tear shell. The result was that at first men were apt to regard them as duds and to delay the putting on of respirators until it was too late.

These gas shell are supposed to make a peculiar wobbling noise in the passage through the air because of the liquid inside them, and in this way to be recognizable beforehand. Personally I cannot tell any difference in the noise compared with H. E. or shrapnel of the same caliber, though I have heard thousands of both kinds; but I dare say some people can, as the belief is fairly widespread.

Learning by Experience

OF COURSE Fritz's liberality with his gas shell caused us a lot of casualties, but not nearly so many as we might have had if he had known how to use them. The fact was he had not at that time got hold of the proper technic—developed later on by the French—of concentrating his gas shell on special targets. By now, of course, he has; but at that time he still clung to the idea of being able to poison big areas with his shell gas by putting down a series of barrages over the country to be attacked. Either he had not enough shell or he chose his areas too big, for he did not produce effective concentrations anywhere but locally. If he had, our losses might have been tremendous. As it was it became rather a hit-or-miss proposition, and I have seen hundreds and hundreds of these shell drop into absolutely unpopulated areas of the devastated Somme battlefield.

In one case a battery of field guns came in for its share of one such promiscuous bombardment while I was there. The number of shell coming over was so great that it was like a magnified machine-gun shoot, but only a very few

(Continued on Page 31)

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A Gun Section and Crew

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Cannoneers Take Post

And Many a Stormy Wind Shall Blow—

By RING W. LARDNER

DECORATIONS BY EDGAR F. WITTMACK

ON THE SHIP BOARD, Jan. 15.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I suppose it is kind of foolish to be writeing you a letter now when they won't be no chance to mail it till we get across the old pond but still and all a man has got to do something to keep themself busy and I know you will be glad to hear all about our trip so I might as well write you a letter when ever I get a chance and I can mail them to you all at once when we get across the old pond and you will think I have wrote a book or something.

Jokeing a side Al you are lucky to have an old pal thats going to see all the fun and write to you about it because its a different thing haveing a person write to you about what they see themself then getting the dope out of a newspaper or something because you will know that what I tell you is the real dope that I seen myself where if you read it in a newspaper you know its guest work because in the 1st. place they don't leave the reporters get nowheres near the front and besides that they wouldn't go there if they had a leave because they would be to scared like the baseball reporters that sets a mile from the game because they haven't got the nerve to get down on the field where a man could take a punch at them and even when they are a mile away with a screen in front of them they duck when somebody hits a pop foul.

Well Al it is against the rules to tell you when we left the old U. S. or where we come away from because the pro German spy might get a hold of a man's letter some way and then it would be good night because he would send a telegram to where the submarines is located at and they wouldn't send no 1 or 2 submarines after us but the whole German navy would get after us because they would figure that if they ever got us it would be a rich hall. When I say that Al I don't mean it to sound like I was swell headed or something and I don't mean it would be a rich hall because I am on board or nothing like that but you would know what I am getting at if you seen the bunch we are takeing across.

In the 1st. place Al this is a different kind of a trip then the time I went around the world with the 2 ball clubs because then it was just the 1 boat load and only for two or 3 of the boys on board it wouldn't of made no difference if the boat had of turned a turtle only to pave the whole bottom of the ocean with ivory. But this time Al we have got not only 1 boat load but we got four boat loads of soldiers alone and that is not all we have got. All together Al there is 10 boats in the parade and 6 of them is what they call the convoys and that means war ships that goes along to see that we get there safe on acct. of the submarines and four of them is what they call destroyers and they are little bits of shafers but they say they can go like he—ll when they get started and when a submarine pops up these little birds chases right after them and drops a death bomb on to them and if it ever hits them the capt. of the submarine can pick up what is left of his boat and stick a 2 cent stamp on it and mail it to the kaiser.

Jokeing a side I guess they's no chance of a submarine getting fat off of us as long as these little birds is on watch so I don't see why a man shouldn't come right out and say when we left and from where we come from but if they didn't have some kind of rules they's a lot of guys that wouldn't know no better then write to Van Hinburg or somebody and tell them all they know but I guess at that they could use a post card.

Well Al we been at sea just two days and a lot of the boys has gave up the ghost all ready and pretty near everything else but I haven't felt the lease bit sick that is sea sick but I will own up I felt a little home sick just as we come out of the harbor and seen the godess of liberty standing up there maybe for the last time but don't think for a minute Al that I am sorry I come and I only wish we was over there all ready and could get in to it and the only kick I got comeing so far is that we haven't got no further then we are now on acct. that we didn't do nothing the 1st. day only stall around like we was waiting for Connie Mack to waggle his score card or something.

But we will get there some time and when we do you can bet we will show them something and I am tickled to death I am going and if I lay down my life I will feel like it wasn't throwed away for nothing like you would die of tyford fever or something.

Well I would of liked to of had Florrie and little Al come east and see me off but Florrie felt like she couldn't afford to spend the money to make another long trip after making one long trip down to Texas and besides we wasn't even supposed to tell our family where we was going to sail from but I notice they was a lot of women folks right down to the dock to bid us good by and I suppose they just guessed what was comeing off eh Al? Or maybe they was all strangers that just happened to be there but I'll say I never seen so much kissing between strangers. Any way I and my family had our farewells out west and Florrie was got up like a fancy dress ball and I suppose if I die where she can tend the funeral she will come in pink tights or something.

Well Al I better not keep on talking about Florrie and little Al or I will do the baby act and any way its pretty near time for chow but I suppose you will wonder what am I talking about when I say chow. Well Al that's the name we boys got up down to Camp Grant for stuff to eat and when we talk about food instead of saying food we say chow so that's what I am getting at when I say its pretty near time for chow. Your pal, JACK.

ON THE SHIP BOARD, Jan. 17.

FRIEND AL: Well Al here we are out somewheres in the middle of the old pond and I wished the trip was over not because I have been sea sick or anything but I can't hardly wait to get over there and get in to it and besides they got us jammed in like a sardine or something and four of us in 1 state room and I don't mind doubleing up with some good pal but a man can't get no rest when they's four trying to sleep in a room that wouldn't be big enough for Nemo Liebold but I wouldn't make no holler at that if they had of left us pick our own roomys but out of the four of us they's one that looks like he must of bribed the jury or he wouldn't be here and his name is Smith and another one's name is Sam Hall and he has always got a grouch on and the other boy is O. K. only I would like him a whole lot better if he was about ½ his size but no he is as big as me only not put up like I am. His name is Lee and he pulls a lot of funny stuff like this A. M. he says they must of thought us four was a male quartette and they stuck us all in together so as we could get some close harmony. That's what they call it when they hit them minors.

Well Al I always been use to sleeping with my feet in bed with me but you can't do that in the bunk I have got because your knee would crack you in the jaw and knock you out and even if they was room to strech Hall keeps crabbing till you can't rest and he keeps the room filled up with cigarette smoke and no air and you can't open up the port hole or you would freeze to death so about the only chance I get to sleep is up in the parlor in a chair in the day time and you don't no sooner set down when they got a life boat drill or something and for some reason another they have a role call every day and that means everybody has got to answer to their name to see if we are all on board just as if they was any other place to go.

When they give the signal for a life boat drill everybody has got to stick their life belt on and go to the boat where they been given the number of it and even when everybody knows its a fake you got to show up just the same and yesterday they was one bird thats supposed to go in our life boat and he was sea sick and he didn't show up so they went after him and one of the officers told him that wasn't no excuse and what would he do if he was sea sick and the ship was realy sinking and he says he thought it was realy sinking ever since we started.

Well Al we got some crowd on the boat and they's two French officers along with us that been giveing drills and etc. in one of the camps in the U. S. and navy officers and gunners and a man would almost wish something would happen because I bet we would put up some battle.

Lee just come in and asked me who was I writeing to and I told him and he says I better be careful to not write nothing against anybody on the trip just as if I would. But any way I asked him why not and he says because all the mail would be opened and read by the censor so I said "Yes but he won't see this because I won't mail it till we get across the old pond and then I will mail all my letters at once."

So he said a man can't do it that way because just before we hit land the censor will take all our mail off of us and read it and cut out whatever he don't like and then mail it himself. So I didn't know we had a censor along with us but Lee says we certainly have got one and he is up in the front-ship and they call that the censor ship on acct. of him being on there.

Well Al I don't care what he reads and what he don't read because I am not the kind that spill anything about the trip that would hurt anybody or get them in bad. So he is welcome to read anything I write you might say.

This front ship is the slowest one of the whole four and how is that for fine judgment Al to put the slowest one ahead and this ship we are on is the fastest and they keep us behind instead of leaving us go up ahead and set the pace for them and no wonder we never get nowheres. Of course that ain't the censor's fault but if the old U. S. is in such a hurry to get men across the pond I should think they would use some judgement and its just like as if Hughey Jennings would stick Oscar Stanage or somebody ahead of Cobb in the batting order so as Cobb couldn't make to many bases on a hit.

Well Al I will have to cut it out for now because its pretty near time for chow and that's the name we got up out to Camp Grant for meals and now everybody in the army when they talk about food they call it chow.

Your pal, JACK.

ON THE SHIP BOARD, Jan. 19.

FRIEND AL: Well Al they have got a new nickname for me and now they call me Jack Tar and Bob Lee got it up and I will tell you how it come off. Last night was one rough bird and I guess pretty near everybody on the boat were sick and Lee says to me how was it that I stood the rough weather so good and it didn't seem to effect me so I says it was probably on acct. of me going around the world that time with the two ball clubs and I was right at home on the water so he says "I guess we better call you Jack Tar."

So that's how they come to call me Jack Tar and its a name they got for old sailors that's been all their life on the water. So on acct. of my name being Jack it fits in pretty good.

Well a man can't help from feeling sorry for the boys that have not been across the old pond before and can't stand a little rough spell but it makes a man kind of proud to think the rough weather don't effect you when pretty near everybody else feels like a churn or something the minute a drop of water splashes vs. the side of the boat but still a man can't hardly help from laughing when they look at them.

Lee says he would of thought I would of enlisted in the navy on acct. of being such a good sailor. Well I would of Al if I had knew they needed men and I told Lee so and he said he thought the U. S. made a big mistake keeping it a secret that they did need men in the navy till all the good ones enlisted in the draft and then of course the navy had to take what they could get.

Well I guess I all ready told you that one of the boys in our room is named Freddie Smith and he don't never say a word and I thought at 1st. it was because he was a kind of a bum like Hall that didn't know nothing and that's why he didn't say it but it seems the reason he don't talk more is because he can't talk English very good but he is a Frenchman and he was a waiter in the big French resturent in Milwaukee and now what do you think Al he is going to learn Lee and I French lessons and Lee fixed it up with him. We want to learn how to talk a little so when we get there we can make ourself understood and you remember I started studing French out to Camp Grant but the man down there didn't know nothing about what he was talking about so I walked out on him but this bird won't try and learn us grammer or how you spell it or nothing like that but just a few words so as we can order drinks and meals and etc. when we get a leave off some time. Tonight we are going to have our 1st. lesson and with a man like he to learn us we ought to pick it up quick.

Well old pal I will wind up for this time as I don't feel very good on acct. of something I eat this noon and its a wonder a man can keep up at all where they got you in a stateroom jammed in like a sardine or something and Hall smokeing all the while like he was a freight engine pulling a freight train up grade or something.

Your pal, JACK.

ON THE SHIP BOARD, Jan. 20.

FRIEND AL: Just a line Al because I don't feel like writeing as I was taken sick last night from something I eat and who wouldn't be sick jammed in a room like a sardine.

I had a kind of a run in with Hall because he tried to kid me about being sick with some of his funny stuff but I told him where to head in. He started out by saying to Lee that Jack Tar looked like somebody had knocked the tar out of him and after a while he says "What's the matter with the old salt tonight he don't seem to have no pepper with him." So I told him to shut up.

Well we didn't have no French lesson on acct. of me being taken sick but we are going to have a lesson tonight and pretty soon I am going up and try and eat something and I hope they don't try and hand me no more of that canned beans or whatever it was that effected me and if

Uncle Sam wants his boys to go over there and put up a battle he shouldn't try and poison them first.

Your pal, JACK.

ON THE SHIP BOARD, Jan. 21.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I was talking to one of the sailors named Doran to-day and he says in a day or 2 more we would be right in the danger zone where all the subs hangs out and then would come the fun and we would probably all have to keep our clothes on all night and keep our life belts on and I asked him if they was much danger with all them convoys guarding us and he says the subs might fire a periscope right between two of the convoys and hit our ship and maybe the convoys might get them afterwards but then it would be to late.

He said the last time he come over with troops they was two subs got after this ship and they shot two periscopes at this ship and just missed it and they seem to be laying for this ship because its one of the biggest and fastest the U. S. has got.

Well I told Doran it wouldn't bother me to keep my clothes on all night because I all ready been keeping them on all night because when you have got a state room like ours they's only one place where they's room for a man's clothes and that's on you.

Well old pal they's a whole lot of difference between learning something from somebody that knows what they are talking about and visa versa. I and Lee and Smith got together in the room last night and we wasn't at it more than an hour but I learned more then all the time I took lessons from that 4 flusher out to Camp Grant because Smith don't waist no time with a lot of junk about grammer but I or Lee would ask him what was the French for so and so and he would tell us and we would write it down and say it over till we had it down pat and I bet we could pretty near order a meal now without no help from some of these smart alex that claims they can talk all the languages in the world.

In the 1st. place they's a whole lot of words in French that they's no difference you might say between them from the way we say it like beef steak and beer because Lee asked him if suppose we went in somewheres and wanted a steak and bread and butter and beer and the French for and is und so we would say beef steak und brot mit butter schmieren und bier and that's all they is to it and I can say that without looking at the paper where we wrote it down and you can see I have got that much learned all ready so I wouldn't starve and when you want to call a waiter you call him kellner so you see I could go in a place in Paris and call a waiter and get everything I wanted. Well Al I bet nobody ever learned that much in 1 hour off that bird out to Camp Grant and I'll say its some speed.

We are going to have another lesson tonight but Lee says we don't want to try and learn to much at once or we will forget what we all ready learned and they's a good deal to that Al.

Well Al its time for chow again so lebe wohl and that's the same like good by in French.

Your pal, JACK.

ON THE SHIP BOARD, Jan. 22.

FRIEND AL: Well Al we are in what they call the danger zone and they's some excitement these days and at night to because they don't many of the boys go to sleep nights and they go to their rooms and pretend like they are going to sleep but I bet you wouldn't need no alarm clock to make them jump out of bed.

Most of the boys stays out on deck most of the time and I been staying out there myself most all day today not because I am scared of anything because I always figure if its going to happen its going to happen but I stay out because it ain't near as cold as it was and besides if something is comeing off I don't want to miss it. Besides maybe I could help out some way if something did happen.

Last night we was all out on deck in the dark talking about this and that and one of the boys I was standing along side of him made the remark that we had been out nine days and he didn't see no France yet or no signs of getting there so I said no wonder when we had such a he—ll of a censor ship and some other guy heard me say it so he said I better not talk like that but I didn't mean it like that but only how slow it was.

I guess we must of talked about everything in the world and I done most of the talking because a sailor named Doran took a likeing to me and he has told me a whole lot of dope that the other boys don't know and I guess they like to stick around and hear it. So somebody made the remark that it would be a pretty tough job for a sub to get close enough to shoot at us with a bunch of convoys like we had along.

Well we are getting along O. K. with the French lessons and Bob Lee told me last night that he run across one of the two French officers that's on the ship and he thought he would try some of his French on him so he said something about it being a nice day in French and the Frenchman was tickled to death and smiled and bowed at him and I guess I will try it out on them the next time I see them.

Well Al that shows we been learning something when the Frenchmans themself know what we are talking about and I and Lee will have the laugh on the rest of the boys when we get there that is if we do get there but for some reason another I have got a hunch that we won't never see France and I can't explain why but once in a while a man gets a hunch and a lot of times they are generally always right.

Your pal, JACK.

ON THE SHIP BOARD, Jan. 23.

FRIEND AL: Well Al I was just out on deck with Lee and Sargent Bishop and Bishop is a sargent in our Co. and he said he had just came from Capt. Seeley and Capt. Seeley told him to tell all the N.C.O. officers like sargents

and corporals that if a sub got us we was to leave the privates get into the boats first before we got in and we wasn't to get into our boats till all the privates was safe in the boats because we would probably be cooler and not get all excited like the privates. So you see Al if something does happen us birds will have to take things in hand you might say and we will have to stick on the job and not think about ourselfs till everybody else is taken care of.

Well Lee said that Doran one of the sailors told him something on the quiet that didn't never get into the newspapers and that was about one of the trips that come off in December and it seems like a whole fleet of subs got on to it that some transports was comeing so they layed for them and they shot a periscope at one of the transports and hit it square in the middle and it begun to sink right away and it looked like they wouldn't nobody get into the boats but the sargents and corporals was as cool as if nothing was comeing off and they quieted the soldiers down and finely got them into the boats and the N.C.O. officers was so cool and done so well that when Gen. Pershing heard about it he made this rule about the N.C.O. officers always waiting till the last so they could kind of handle things. But Doran also told Lee that they was some men sunk with the ship and they was all N.C.O. officers except one sailor and of course the ship sunk so quick that some corporals and sargents didn't have no time to get off on acct. of haveing to wait till the last. So you see that when you read the newspapers you don't get all the dope because they don't tell the reporters only what they feel like telling them.

Well Al I guess I told you all ready about me haveing this hunch that I wouldn't never see France and I guess it looks now more then ever like my hunch was right because if we get hit I will have to kind of look out for the boys that's in my boat and not think about myself till everybody else is O.K. and Doran says if this ship ever does get hit it will sink quick because its so big and heavy and of course the heavier a ship is it will sink all the sooner and Doran says he knows they are laying for us because he has made five trips over and back on this ship and he never was on a trip when a sub didn't get after them.

Well I will close for this time because I am not feeling very good Al and it isn't nothing I eat or like that but its just I feel kind of faint like I use to sometimes when I would pitch a tough game in St Louis when it was hot or something. Your pal, JACK.

ON THE SHIP BOARD, Jan. 23.

FRIEND AL: Well I all ready wrote you one letter today but I kind of feel like I better write to you again because any minute we are libel to hear a bang against the side of the boat and you know what that means and I have got a hunch that I won't never get off of the ship alive but will go down with her because I wouldn't never leave the ship as long as they was anybody left on her rules or no rules but I would stay and help out till every man was off and then of course it would be to late but any way I would go down feeling like I had done my duty. Well Al when a man has got a hunch like that he would be a sucker to not pay no tension to it and that is why I am writeing to you again because I got some things I want to say before the end.

Now old pal I know that Florrie hasn't never warmed up towards you and Bertha and wouldn't never go down to Bedford with me and pay you a visit and every time I ever give her a hint that I would like to have you and Bertha come up and see us she always had some excuse that she was going to be busy or this and that and of course I knew she was trying to alibi herself and the truth was she always felt like Bertha and her wouldn't have nothing in common you might say because Florrie has always been a swell dresser and cared a whole lot about how she looked and some way she felt like Bertha wouldn't feel comfortable around where she was at and maybe she was right but we can forget all that now Al and I can say one thing Al she never said nothing reflecting on you yourself in any way because I wouldn't of stood for it but instead of that when I showed her that picture of you and Bertha in your wedding suit she made the remark that you looked like one of the honest homely kind of people that their friends could always depend on them. Well Al when she said that she hit the nail on the head and I always knew you was the one pal who I could depend on and I am depending on you now and I know that if I am laying down at the bottom of the ocean tonight you will see that my wishs in this letter is carried out to the letter.

What I want to say is about Florrie and little Al. Now don't think Al that I am going to ask you for financial assistants because I would know better then that and besides we don't need it on acct. of me haveing $10000 dollars soldier insurence in Florrie's name as the benefitter and the way she is coining money in that beauty parlor she won't need to touch my insurance but save it for little Al for a rainy day only I suppose that the minute she gets her hands on it she will blow it for widows weeds and I bet they will be some weeds Al and everybody will think they are flowers instead of weeds.

But what I am getting at is that she won't need no money because with what I leave her and what she can make she has got enough and more then enough but I often say that money isn't the only thing in this world and they's a whole lot of things pretty near as good and one of them is kindness and what I am asking from you and Bertha is to drop in on her once in a while up in Chi and pay her a visit and I have all ready wrote her a letter telling her to ask you but even if she don't ask you go and see her any way and see how she is getting along and if she is takeing good care of the kid or leaving him with a Swede nurse all the while.

Between you and I Al what I am scared of most is that Florrie's mind will be effected if anything happens to me and without knowing what she was doing she would probably take the first man that asked her and believe me she is not the kind that would have to wait around on no st. corner to catch somebody's eye but they would follow her around and nag at her till she married them and I would feel like he—ll over it because Florrie is the kind of a girl that has got to be handled right and not only that but what would become of little Al with some horse Dr. for a father in law and probably this bird would treat him like a dog and beat him up either that or make a sissy out of him.

Well Al old pal I know you will do like I ask and go and see her and maybe you better go alone but if you do take Bertha along I guess it would be better and not let Bertha say nothing to her because Florrie is the kind that flare up easy and specially when they think they are a little better then somebody. But if you could just drop her a hint and say that she should ought to be proud to be a widow to a husband that died for Uncle Sam and she ought to live for my memory and for little Al and try and make him as much like I as possible I believe it would make her think and any way I want you to do it for me old pal.

Well good by old pal and I wished I could leave some thing to you and Bertha and believe me I would of if I had ever of known this was comeing off this way though of course I figured right along that I wouldn't last long in France because what chance has a corporal got? But I figured I would make some arrangements for a little present for you and Bertha as soon as I got to France but of course it looks now like I wouldn't never get there and all the money I have got is tied up so its to late to think of that and all as I can say is good luck to you and Bertha and everybody in Bedford and I hope they will be proud of me and remember I done my best and I often say what more can a man do then that?

Well Al I will say good by again and good luck and now have got to quit and go to chow.

Your pal to the last, JACK KEEFE.

ON THE SHIP BOARD, Jan. 24.

FRIEND AL: Well this has been some day and wait till you hear about it and hear what come off and some of the birds on this ship took me for a sucker and tried to make a rummy out of me but I was wise to their game and I guess the shoe is on the other foot this time.

Well it was early this A.M. and I couldn't sleep and I was up on deck and along come one of them French officers that's been on board all the way over. Well I thought I would try myself out on him like Lee said he done so I give him a salute and I said to him "Schones tag nicht wahr." Like you would say its a beautiful day only I thought I was saying it in French but wait till you hear all about it Al.

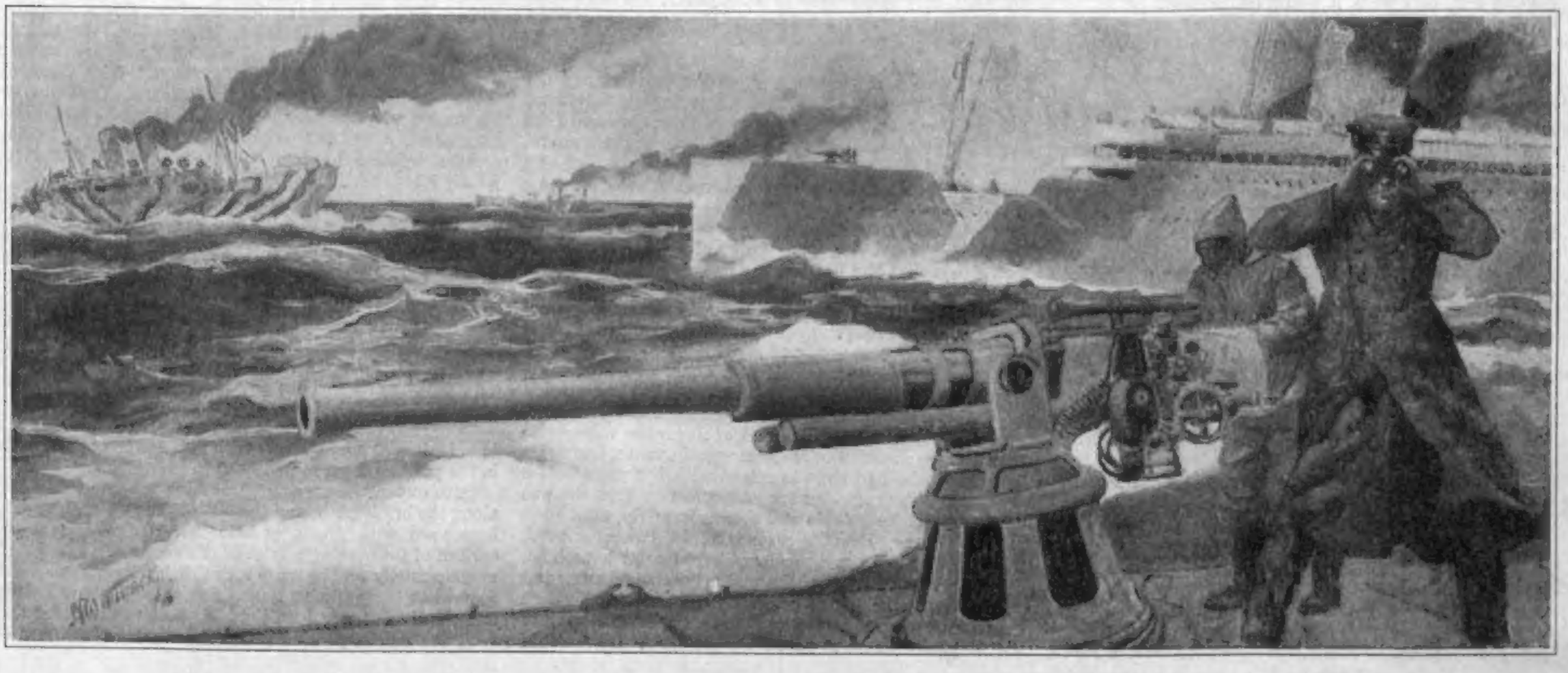
Well Al they ain't nobody in the world fast enough to of caught what he said back to me and I won't never know what he said but I won't never forget how he looked at me and when I took one look at him I seen we wasn't going to get along very good so I turned around and started up the deck. Well he must of flagged the first man he seen and sent him after me and it was a 2d. lieut. and he come running up to me and stopped me and asked me what was my name and what Co. and etc. and at first I was going to stall and then I thought I better not so I told him who I was and he left me go.

Well I didn't know then what was comeing off so I just layed low and I didn't have to wait around long and all of a sudden a bird from the Colonel's staff found me in the parlor and says I was wanted right away and when I got to this room there was the Col. and the two Frenchmans and my captain Capt. Seeley and a couple others so I saluted and I can't tell you exactly what come off because I can't remember all what the Colonel said but it was something like this.

In the first place he says "Corporal Keefe they's 3 little matters that you have got to explain and we was going to pass up the first on the grounds that Capt. Seeley said you probably didn't know no better but this thing that come off this A. M. can't be explained by ignorants."

So then he says "It was reported that you was standing on deck the night before last and you made the remark that we had a he—ll of a censor ship." And he says "What did you mean by that remark?"

(Concluded on Page 63)



VALUES

By SOPHIE KERR

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL GREPÉ

BUT I felt you away from me," Cameron had said, unbelievingly and with injury in his voice. "It was just as if I didn't exist. You were talking about Nina Payson and Joe, and your voice died away, and you looked out of the window. And I spoke to you—twice—and you never even heard me!"

Esther's hand went out to his coat sleeve with a movement that was half caress and half appeal for understanding.

"You'll have to get used to my moony ways, Cammy," she said in her soft contralto voice which had fascinating little roughnesses in it—a voice with texture, one of her interviewers had described it. "It was just that, while I was talking of Nina and Joe, and how they clash and antagonize each other, and how funny they are, even when they feel so tragic, I began to feel what's under it all—her silly fluffy girlhood, and his mother's spoiling him and making his sisters wait on him. And I began to think of what a story it would make—if I could only get it all; for they really love each other, and they're turning it into prison and torment—and it's such a waste ——"

"But look here; that's not the point," protested Cameron. "You were away from me! I didn't matter to you any more than Nina and Joe Payson do—even less, I suppose, if they seem good fiction material. I—I don't like it. If you can push me away from you like that, clear out of your life, even for a moment, and forget me—why, you might find out that you can do it—forever."

Now Esther straightened with a jerk and looked at him with her black eyebrows arched in utter incredulity.

"You don't believe that, do you?" she asked. "Why, Cammy—that's only the way I work. You go downtown and dig into your old law books and forget all about me, I know. And when I begin to—well, to somehow see a story, I can't see anything else for a little while. I'm absent-minded, anyway, you know."

"I never forget you, even when I'm working hardest," said Cameron, still with a grievance. "I can't imagine your having to speak to me twice and my not hearing you—not under any circumstances. It would be impossible."

"Well, if you were stone-deaf ——" began Esther teasingly; but there was no answering twinkle from him, so she changed her note and went back to tenderness: "Oh, Cammy dear, I can't help being as I am. I always have to go off into a trance with every new story that comes along. But I'll try not to if it worries you."

"Rather!" said Cameron. "It fairly gave me a cold chill. I shouldn't think it would be necessary for a story to affect you like that."

"But being necessary and being what actually happens are two such different things," said Esther.

"I don't like it," was Cameron's final word.

"Then it'll have to be changed," declared Esther with a laugh.

But after he had gone she sighed. She had leaned out of the window of the big studio room to watch Cameron's progress as far as the Subway kiosk, and to tell herself for the thousandth time that she couldn't possibly have fallen in love with any man who slouched when he walked. Cameron's walk and the lilt of his shoulders and the way he carried his stick were so satisfactory, even when seen from a height.

She gazed after him eagerly to the very last instant, though she knew she would see him again after dinner, and certainly the next day, which was Sunday. But there was a dear and warming satisfaction in this sight of him from afar, with him unconscious of it. Yet, as she drew her head back and put up a propitiatory hand to pat into place a flying strand of her black hair, ruffled by the breeze outside, she said, half aloud:

"But it's the first time he ever noticed that I wasn't perfect."

Lora Greene, who had come into the room while Esther hung out of the window, answered as briskly as though the remark had been addressed to herself:

"The sooner you come down out of the clouds about Cameron and see him as he is, a nice human man, and not a glorified little boy for you to mother, or a superlative demigod for you to worship, the better for both of you, I say. You're not laying any proper foundation for happy married life."

"The Sooner You Come Down Out of the Clouds About Cameron the Better"

"Oh, you and your stereotyped phrases!" exclaimed Esther. "Go into the bromide book, Lora, where you belong."

"I shan't be in a problem novel with you and Cameron, anyway," said Lora Greene imperturbably; she had settled herself on the sofa with her hemstitching and was making quick even stitches as she spoke. "That's where you're headed."

But Esther had gone on back to her own den and her writing table, refusing to be drawn into further discussion. She did give the door a bad-tempered little slam and Lora shrugged her shoulders at the sound—a shrug of comprehension and humor.

It was just after Esther Tredway's second book, Clomartie, came out, and she had begun the infinite labor of her third that she had fallen in love with Cameron McCausland. Her first book, The Wings of Satira, had had a flavor to it that had brought the hungry public to clamor for more—a mocking, teasing, laughing thing it was, too. Clomartie clinched her hold on the reading public's appetite, and her mail began to be full of nice letters from other publishers than her own, and invitations to lecture gratis before schools of journalism, and offers of membership from all sorts of clubs whose corresponding secretaries' Bible is the newest Who's Who, and appeals from struggling mountain libraries to send one or more volumes to cultivate the mentalities of the mountain youth, and notes from girls who had gone to school with her years before and desired to renew the acquaintance now that she was on the way to be notable and not, as formerly, odd.

Lora Greene, Esther's second cousin twice removed, who lived with her and regulated her spinster household, copied her manuscripts, limited her expenditures, and made a little cushion of comfort in general for Esther's hard work and taut nerves, used to throw all this stuff into the fireplace, where it saved the kindling. Lora would have prevented Esther from falling in love had she been there when Cameron McCausland came by; but the affair was too far along when she came back from a month's stay down home for her to do anything but acquiesce. Anyway, she liked Cameron McCausland. There was a stiff Scotch strain back in the Greene connection that throbbed in perfect harmony with the McCausland tradition and temperament. He was a lawyer, with boyish blue eyes and great ambitions; and in some ways he was as hard as tenpenny nails.

On the other hand, like all the Scotch, he had his deep streak of sentiment; and Esther, with her eagerness and her irresponsibility, her absurd whimsical extravagances, her mobile face that just missed beauty because of little worn and weary lines which showed in it, and the utter femininity of her clothes and her person, which didn't go at all with the cool hard-bitten mentality of her books—all these appealed so powerfully to Cameron McCausland that he fell in love with all the madness of a youth of nineteen; and he was thirty-six. There was real pathos in his complete surrender and his desire for complete domination.

Indeed, with both of them it was as usually only the very young fall in love—with a relentless ideal of perfection for the loved one always foremost in the eyes of the mind, and a bewildered hurt unbelief when the loved one fell short of this ideal. There were none of the tolerances, easy adjustments, sympathetic indulgences of those who are experienced in the vagaries of the affections. They could not be anything but terribly serious about the whole beautiful business; and this seriousness distorted their perspective, as seriousness has a way of doing with all close human relationships.

And so it was that Esther sat at her writing table and could not write. There had been something about that protest of Cammy's against her moment of forgetfulness that had struck hard against her fundamental beliefs. She had always cared passionately for her work and had subordinated everything and everybody else in her life to it before Cameron came along.

She worked as all creative artists work, seeing perfection always ahead, despairing always of attaining it, but driven as with whips to toil for it with all the strength of her mind and soul. She did not deceive herself at all about her work; its value, considered in terms of contemporary criticism, or its ultimate value as it must stand among all humanity's forms of expression, appeared to her astonishingly slight. But all she knew was that she must do it—and she must give it only the very best of her, always. She was conspicuously free from the faults of complacency, or writing off the top of her mind, merely to sell.

And to find that Cameron actually resented, resented with a lack of understanding that was almost stupid—that is, it would be stupid in anyone else, she quickly amended—her little times of visioning new and untried explorations in her beloved exacting work! Why, Cameron was a worker too—as hard a worker as she. That was one big reason why she loved him. And then she struck her hand down on her writing table. She was actually finding reasons—reasons for loving Cameron, as if she had to justify it!

She swung her mind back determinedly to what he had said and how he had said it; and to what her answers had been. She went over it all, bit by bit, word for word. She almost succeeded in convincing herself that she had been thoughtless, rude—unintentionally, of course, but still rude. And, just when she thought she had convinced herself, something inside her brain announced in loud firm tones: "You were not rude at all. You were right and he was wrong. Your work's as honest as his. He showed a very petty spirit." Then she had to do it all over again, appalled at the vistas the loud firm voice opened to her.

"Oh, mercy!" she said at last, dropping her pen. "My imagination's running away with me. I'll go out and walk in the park, and get some fresh air."

Once out in the sunshine, watching the late riders bob along the bridle path, and the last of the nurses straggling homeward with prams or attendant toddlers, and the earliest of the evening's brigade of sweethearts "twosing" unconcernedly on the more secluded benches, Esther lost somewhat her apprehensions. She walked along swiftly and evenly in the golden light of the late afternoon and took the less-frequented paths for a greater measure of

solitude. The green translucence of the leaves—it had rained a little in the morning—as the level sun rays struck through them, drew her eyes gratefully, and she slackened her pace to gloat over it. And in a little while, as the gold turned gray and twilight more definitely came on, she turned back, wondering why she should have been disturbed for a moment over Cammy's words.

Cameron, seen again that evening and for some days thereafter, gave no slightest sign of being aware that he had slung a pebble—albeit a small one—into the deep and tranquil pool of their happiness. And she herself managed to ignore it admirably. She even addressed to herself another warning on the evil of an overstimulated imagination. After which she really forgot.

Coming into the studio one afternoon some days later, Lora Greene met her with a message:

"Cameron's been calling up steadily every five minutes since four o'clock. He wants you to come down and have dinner with him and some old friend of his from out-of-town—a man named Pearson, I think—or Pearce. I gathered from his tone that he wants to display you and make his friend die of envy. So you'd better put on that blue crêpe. Call me when you're ready and I'll hook you up."

Esther's heart gave a little leap of exultance. She loved his wanting to make the other man envious. She would dress herself with infinite care and behave her prettiest. No absent moments to-night!

Cameron's friend turned out to be a typical mid-West business man, whose success had laid a deposit of adipose tissue over his somewhat gaunt figure and driven him to a careful tailor. It had also laid certain obligations of etiquette heavily upon him and he met Esther with a courtesy that was obviously acquired. Rich men should have elaborate good manners to ladies, she felt he had reasoned it; and, therefore, he had veneered himself with elaborate good manners. Beneath this veneer, his mental attitude was as it had always been—distinctly the kind-hearted Turk.

Esther smiled inwardly to think of Cameron's hope to make such a man envious by showing her as his possession. She knew that Pearson would surely pity him instead. She lacked the jewels, the rouge, the big feather fan and the dashing décolleté that men of Pearson's stamp see as truly desirable.

But she exerted herself to be agreeable and the dinner went smoothly enough, with a surface play of animation and interest from all. It was Pearson who unwittingly stirred the deeps. He knew that his old friend McCausland's fiancée was a literary lady and that his social obligations required him to say something to her about it.

"I don't read very much except the newspapers," he assured her; "market reports and a trade journal or two—have to keep up with what the trade's doing, you know. Ha, ha! But I'm going to read Miss Esther Tredway's books after this; and if they're half as charming as the little lady who writes them ——" He bowed to her gallantly and left the sentence unfinished; then, turning to McCausland: "I hope you're not going to make Miss Tredway give up her writing after you're married; though I suppose any man would feel foolish at having a wife who works—that is, if he didn't need the money. Ha, ha!"

Esther heard him with amused pity, as from a great distance. It was evident that he was a left-over relic of medievalism. She glanced at Cammy to see whether he was getting the full enjoyment of it. She found him grave, considering.

"Well, I think it's a little different with a woman who writes, Pearson," he was saying quite earnestly. "These modern women in the arts don't make their husbands seem such worthless sticks as the ones who go into real businesses. Writing's the kind of thing that can be done in any odd moments and put aside when there's anything else to do."

Could she truly have heard him? She stared, and almost gaped, in wonder. But an instant later she realized, of course, that he was just leading Pearson on, playing with the man. Clever Cammy! Funny, wise Cammy! She could have laughed aloud at the relief of the thought and to see him looking so owlish and serious. And then she laid determined hands on the conversation and steered it into safer waters. What if that ridiculous Pearson should realize the joke she and Cammy were playing on him! That would never do. He was an old friend of Cammy's, dating back to school days apparently, and as such he must be made to have a good time. She rallied herself into gayety and took the two men with her.

Later, when the Pearson person had been disposed of, after a session of musical comedy, and she and Cammy had reached the quiet of the studio, to find a tiny fire snapping on the hearth, and friendly candles lit, and Lora agreeably absent, she spoke of the scene at the dinner table.

"I thought, for a second, you meant it," she told Cammy. "Do you think you were quite kind to spoof Mr. Pearson the way you did? Suppose he'd taken it in? He's the sort who would never have forgiven you; he's so sensitive under his man-of-the-world manner. I could have shouted when I heard you saying that writing's a thing that can be done in odd moments."

There was a quiet moment while the clock ticked, and she threw aside her evening cloak with a delicious swish of its soft brocade. She stretched out her hands to the tiny blaze and leaned toward it, smiling at the remembrance.

"But I did mean it," said Cammy at last. "Look here, Esther, darling; don't take yourself and your work so seriously. You know that after we're married you'll have to put it aside, more or less. I'm not going to see my wife all worn and white and sick from slaving over her writing, as I see you sometimes now. You see, dear, I make a lot of money—and I'll make a lot more. There won't be any need of your working at all if you don't want to, though I don't mind if you do a little now and then ——"

"Why, Cammy! Cammy!" said Esther. "D'you—d'you think I do it only for the money?—my work, I mean."

"Oh, well; of course there's a certain satisfaction in seeing your name in print, I suppose," went on Cameron, quite unconscious of the enormity of his words. "And, of course, you're very clever, and I'm proud of you. But it'll be different after we're married. I shouldn't want to get to be known as the husband of Mrs. McCausland, the distinguished author, you know." He looked up at her with his eager boyish eyes, waiting for her to laugh at his joke.

"I never knew you felt like this," breathed Esther at last. "I never dreamed that anyone could be so —— Oh, Cammy, there's some dreadful twist in this somewhere! You don't honestly think that I write just for the money I get and to see my name in print, do you? You can't! It's too —— Why, see here; remember how your father wanted you to be an engineer and you wouldn't do anything but study law? Remember how he sent you to Tech., and you kept on reading law to all hours of the night, and nearly killed yourself with overwork? You didn't do it because you wanted to make money, nor because you thought you might be a judge, nor anything like that; you did it because it was the thing you had to do—and you knew it.

"That's—that's the way my writing is with me, Cammy; and as for putting it aside and doing it in odd moments—why, I couldn't. It's a lot stronger and bigger than I am. It takes hold of me. Don't you understand? Suppose I told you you could work up the Hilton Case in odd moments when I didn't need you to take me out to tea or dinner or the theater? Suppose I told you that after we're married you'd have to arrange your office hours to suit my convenience and pleasure? What would you think, Cammy? What would you say? And yet that's practically what you're telling me."

She stopped; and then went on, half to herself:

"But it all pieces on. The other afternoon when you were here you were almost angry with me for losing myself in my work, even for a moment. And once—oh, long ago, when I first knew you—you've probably forgotten, Cammy—you wanted me to come out to tea, and I wouldn't because I couldn't leave the thing I was trying so hard to get right; and you didn't believe that was my real reason. I might have guessed, I suppose. And yet ——"

She stopped and looked at him for the first time with appraisal in her eyes; and the trouble that enveloped him moved her not at all. He was suddenly a stranger.

"But, Esther," he protested, "what sort of a life should we have if you're always going to be absorbed in your writing—if you're going to put it before me and my claims on you? You admit that a husband has certain claims, I suppose?"

"Don't be sarcastic, Cammy," she warned him. "I've never thought of marriage at all as you do. You look at it, apparently, as possession. If I'm your wife I must put everything else aside just because you say so—not even asking if it's fair."

"Oh, Esther, I never thought I'd quarrel with you," he said heavily. "I don't know how to answer you. I suppose I'm jealous of your work, really. I feel as if you cared for it more than you do for me. It seems to take you away from me. Come here, sweet, and sit beside me; and let's talk sensibly. I'm not a tyrant or an ogre, you know. But—I'm damned if I can get your point of view. It sounds like rank feminism to me."

She came obediently and sat beside him on the long sofa, but there was no yielding in her slight shoulders as he put his arm about her.

"Oh—feminism, Cammy!" she retorted. "You're like the Kaiser—Children, Church and Cooking should be enough for any woman, I suppose you think. Women can't be all of a pattern! If you wanted sweet domesticity, and nothing but that, why didn't you fall in love with Lora and not with me? I can't tell you what an utter alien you seem to me when I realize that you think my work—my work, that I slave over with every ounce of nervous energy I have—can all be pushed aside in a moment because my husband makes plenty of money to support me and I don't really need to see my name in print!"

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"I Suppose Any Man Would Feel Foolish at Having a Wife Who Works—That Is, if He Didn't Need the Money"

Where Red Cross and Army Meet

By ELIZABETH FRAZER

PHOTOGRAPHS PASSED BY THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION

An Old Stable on the Lorraine Front

WHEN America went into this war she went into it Red Cross end first. She was bound to go into it in that fashion if she wanted to make her influence immediately felt. And that particular mode of entrance, considering the principles America has always stood for and by—principles of which she made solemn avowal as her reason for plunging the nation into the world maelstrom—was in itself a fine piece of business, or of statecraft if you will. It was what the French call a beautiful gesture.

It was in keeping with America's former declarations; it was idealistic; but more—it was practical and effective. At that time we had no ships, no great Army, no aviation, and no Quartermaster's Department to speak of. Perhaps it would be truer to say that we had a military organization but that it was afflicted with fatty degeneration of the tissues, atrophied from long disuse in a peaceful, prosperous, nonimperialistic democracy which felt it had no particular use for an army save for parades on Decoration Day and Fourth of July. A famous physician summed up the situation in a nutshell when he said that at America's entrance into the war the Medical Department was the best prepared branch of the Army, and the Medical Department was thoroughly unprepared. Compared with the French, the British or the German fighting machine, it bore about the same relationship that the first flying machine bears to a Nieuport. The potentialities were all there, but it was going to take a mighty lot of concentration within a limited space of time to transfer the potentialities into actualities.

Thus, when America declared war in April, 1917, she was declaring dividends, so to speak, on good intentions. She had an inexhaustible mine, but she knew, the Allies knew, and Germany knew and exulted, that it would take some time to get the gold up out of the mine, and minted, and generally circulated. And in the meantime it was the Red Cross or nothing.

The Flexible Boundary Line

THESE were the grounds on which the Red Cross came to France. From the first, at bottom, intrinsically, it was a purely military government enterprise—to help win the war. Its charter under the United States War Department might be colloquially construed something like this: "Go over there and make France and England feel that we are really in the fight. Hold the fort and tell them we are coming. Get into the game whenever and wherever you can—always remembering that your prime function is to help win the war. Meddle with no humanitarian societies, however good, however noble, which do not further that end. Buck up the spirit of France. Cheer her on. Say that America is rushing to her aid as fast as she can. Speak for the nation, and speak true. Strike for us, and strike hard. Our honor, these first months, is in your hands."

With these very definite military instructions—definite, that is, in principle, though not in detail—the Red Cross came to Europe and got down to business. For the first six months after its arrival the necessities of the situation seemed to demand that it should figure most prominently in civilian relief—the care of the children, the old, the sick, the *mutilés*, the tuberculous, the *rapatriés* and refugee inhabitants. Nevertheless, not for a moment did its leaders lose sight of the fact that it was at heart a military proposition. Its humanitarian bias had certain set limits. Projects, no matter how worthy, that did not fall inside those limits, that did not further the aims of the Red Cross, received no backing. This was and still remains the practical touchstone for the disbursement of all moneys. "Just how directly is this thing going to help win the war?" is the question that has proved the graveyard of many a laudable but somewhat detached and footless benevolent enterprise.

If, then, the Red Cross organization is essentially military, where is the dividing line between it and the Army? Where does one stop and the other begin? How far may the Quartermaster's Department call upon the Red Cross stores for purely military supplies? The answer is simple: There is no dividing line. In this war the Army may—and does—call upon the Red Cross for anything it lacks, from a needle up to an entire mobile hospital unit; from a pair of socks up to ten thousand army blankets—and the Red Cross feels itself morally obliged to fill the needs. The line between the two organizations, if there be any, is like the equator—an imaginary conception, made by theorists for the sake of parliamentary discussion.

These same theorists have already raised their voices in objection. "There should be a line!" they cry. For if the Quartermaster's Department can get anything it wants simply by applying to the Red Cross, won't that put a premium on inefficiency? Won't the Army always lean back on the Red Cross in a crisis—instead of forging an absolutely unbreakable, fireproof, bombproof, submarine-proof line of communication between itself and its base? In other words, instead of helping, isn't the Red Cross really injuring the Army in the long run and fostering weakness by always coming up to the scratch in an emergency? And won't some big awful day of judgment arrive, with all Fate hanging in the balance, when the Quartermaster's Department falls down, down, down, like a comet through the sky, and disaster, following fast and following faster, finally overtakes everybody concerned, and the whole American Army goes to pot?

Thus the pessimists, the gloom gatherers, the professional head waggers. And on the face of it, until one sees the inside of the situation, their arguments wear an air of plausibility. Their words bear well; they make a noise; and all the world loves to listen to a good performer on the big bass drum of calamity. The fact is that these gentry, like most of their tribe, are detail men. They have no perspective. They can't see the forest for the trees. They fix their eyes so doggedly on a small dab of cloud in the south south-by-west quarter of the horizon that they miss the whole overarching firmament of heaven. In a word, they deny accomplishment.

Now in a circle of such vast periphery as that which necessity forced the American Army to draw in France, the first months of its advent there were certain segments that were bound to be sketched in hastily. One reason for this sketchiness was time; another was distance. In the beginning the Army had against it both time and distance. It had to achieve certain big fundamental ends before springtime, and it had to obtain the materials for such achievement first from a distance of more than three thousand miles, and then after that another immeasurable distance to the sealed brain centers of some slow, leisurely officials in America, who could not see the reason for such undue haste.

Let us take for illustration an episode of last winter, which might have had tragic results had everybody stood upon technicalities. In starting a certain big aviation center in France the United States troops and flying cadets, several thousand of them, arrived before the barracks were up. Sometimes camps are situated in villages, but this one was situated in a vast open mud plain. And it rained. It rained drearily, ceaselessly, soggily; and when it didn't rain or sleet or hail, it snowed. There were no barracks because there was no lumber. Shortage Number One.

Valley Forge Conditions in France

THERE being no shelter, the men had to bed down as best they could in the icy slush and snow. By army regulations two blankets are allowed to each soldier, more making too heavy a pack. But in the present situation two blankets were by no means enough. Not wishing all his young brood of embryo flyers to perish outright of pneumonia, the camp commandant sent in a good stiff requisition for ponchos, blankets and warm woolen shirts and socks.

Back came the laconic reply from the Quartermaster's Department: "Can't fill your order. Shipments held up."

The worried army officer cursed and consigned the whole outfit to blazes for a damned shiftless lot. That was the way it looked to him; but let us separate the tangled threads and see who was to blame.

I am not sure who was responsible for the shortage in lumber, which started the trouble, but I suspect it was the Allies, who had grabbed up every foot of timber available long before America's entrance into the conflict. As for the weather that was handed out those first wintry months in France, it was so consistently evil that nobody less than Satan could have been its progenitor. The shortage of supplies in the Quartermaster's Department was due immediately to the lack of ships, and remotely to the German submarines, which helped to augment that lack. It is possible also that the Quartermaster's Department may have erred on its time margins.

So that in this one single episode we may trace the guilt of the following parties, each one of whom was more or less incriminated in the affair: The Allies; his Infernal Majesty; the Shipping Commission; Von Tirpitz; the Quartermaster's Department. Now, Mister Hew-to-the-Line Dogmatist, you are confronted not with a theory but with an actual condition involving the health of thousands of valuable men. What would you have done? Two courses of action were open: To call on the Red Cross, which had been constituted by the United States Government as the emergency branch of the Army; to stand pat and say "No, sir! The Army's not going to lean back on anybody

but itself. We've got to get round this job, and it might as well be soon as late."

The latter decision, as I said, sounds well from the outside, until one recalls that it involves the useless waste of many human lives. It is the decision of the technician, the small, vain, obstinate, pig-headed mind, interested not so much in the ultimate goal as in proving itself right.

The analysis of this single episode is worth while only because it reveals what is constantly taking place in one form or another all along the Allied Front to-day. The big minds yield, concede, compromise, amalgamate, and so strengthen the common cause. The small mind stands out, resists, intent only on itself. Needless to say, in the incident of the shortage in the aviation camp the counsel of the large open-minded army heads prevailed, and the Red Cross filled the breach. For it was realized that so long as we have a military organization operating on a gigantic plane thousands of miles from its base, across a treacherous, mine-strewn, submarine-filled sea, there must inevitably be reckoned a certain percentage of failures, breaks and gaps. In other words, there is always an emergency condition. The normal is the abnormal. And if the Red Cross with its smaller, more mobile organization can link together these broken parts, supply materials in a hurry, then, so far as it is able to deliver the goods, it makes Von Tirpitz's threats an idle boast. So that between the Army and the Red Cross the dividing fence which may have existed at the commencement of the war has been definitely torn down. There are now no partitions between the two organizations when it comes to needs.

"Look here," said a Red Cross official to an army officer when the two were figuring out a certain scheme of cooperation, "are you drawing a line between the Army and the Red Cross?"

"No, I'm not," repudiated the general warmly. "As I see it, there is no line. Why do you ask?"

"Oh," retorted the Red Cross man, laughing, "I merely wished to know where the line was in case you drew one, so that I could step across it!"

Sudden Calls Quickly Answered

DURING the first six months in France, when everything was bewilderingly strange and new, and a buyer stubbed his toe on complicated war regulations every time he turned round, the purchasing board of the Army and the Red Cross got together and swore an oath of mutual comfort and aid. Two heads were better than one, and so they traded tips. When the Army couldn't find coal, the Red Cross, which had been on the ground first, turned over its own contracts so that the soldiers might be warm. Then in certain camps after they had got coal there was nothing in which it could be burned. The Red Cross furnished stoves—dozens of those little bandy-legged, fat-bellied, sheet-iron monsters that are world beaters for shedding heat. When a new military base hospital was being established and interior equipment was not to be had, the Red Cross provided a thousand beds complete.

A Temporary Canteen Established During the Aisne Offensive of October, 1917

Upon another occasion, when an American transport was wrecked—torpedoed or mined—off the coast of France and several hundred rescued marines were dumped at a seaport without food, shelter, clothes or money to procure the same, the Red Cross again took charge. It rushed a carload of materials to the scene of action, and even lent the stranded sailors pocket money. Some of the big training camps, where the men were not billeted in small French hamlets but in barracks far from towns, were having laundry troubles. In these places the Red Cross installed modern laundry plants, and in addition installed bathing facilities for the men.

Now all these things, strictly speaking, come under the direct supervision of the proper military authorities. But preoccupied as is the Army with a vast multitude of problems in forging a mighty engine of efficiency, it is very glad to give to the Red Cross the job of binding together certain weak points in the harness of war. It's all in the family anyway.

Looking over a recent summary of the military-affairs department of the Red Cross one notes in passing such items as these: 51,000 shirts; 15,560 ponchos; 6000 gloves; 166,500 pairs of woolen socks; 157,000 sweaters; 5500 woolen helmets; 200,000 packages of tobacco, each package containing two packs of cigarettes, three packs of pipe tobacco and one pack of cigarette tobacco; 143,544 handkerchiefs; 216,420 pyjamas. These are just a few items of an endless list, and they prove conclusively that the Army and the Red Cross are working in heartiest collaboration for the physical welfare of the individual soldier.

Outside of emergency calls—which cover, as has been seen, a vast diversity of material—the Red Cross has a regular contract with the United States Army to furnish surgical dressings on demand. And this one contract is the only legal technical tie between the two organizations. That single document, so to speak, represents the letter of the law. And if the Army or the Red Cross wished, either could make a stand on that contract and say to the other: "Hands off! Get out! Thus far shalt thou come and no farther." It speaks well for the leaders of both organizations that such has not been their attitude.

An Army man said: "We were all more or less bewildered these first months. Not one of us realized the gigantic proportions of the job on our hands. If we had I suppose we'd have curled up our toes and died of fright. The physical difficulties alone were staggering. And if the Red Cross and the Army had got at loggerheads over purchases or personalities or limitations of power the consequences might have been grave. But the Red Cross swung into line without an instant's hesitation, put things at our disposal those first hard weeks when it was pretty rough sledding, turned over contracts, steered us straight on one or two big deals; and we're immensely grateful."

Thus from the first both the Army and the Red Cross departed from the letter of the law—the furnishing of surgical dressings, which was the only literal bond between them.

It is not to be supposed that the Red Cross furnishes all the bandages and surgical dressings for the military hospitals. The Army has its own supply. But in addition to this minimum stock it relies absolutely on the Red Cross to maintain a reserve sufficient to meet all needs.

The Reserve Stock of Surgical Dressings

"WHOSE dressings are you using?" I asked the head nurse of one of the big military base hospitals situated up in the American sector about twenty miles back of the Lorraine Front.

"Our own," she replied promptly. "See, here is our workroom." And she showed me a place where uniformed women were bending busily over tables, cutting gauze and winding bandages.

"But you have Red Cross reserves?" I persisted. "You won't rely on your day-to-day supply to carry you through a sudden crisis? Suppose you were to get in five hundred fresh wounded overnight?"

"Here is our Red Cross reserve stock for that," she said, opening another door. "I guess that'll hold us for a while." And after I had looked I guessed so too!

"Nevertheless," she continued, "it takes a simply incredible number of dressings during a busy operating night. Of course we don't get the fresh cases back here—not until after they're evacuated. But you've been through the big surgical hospital at ——"

She mentioned an American hospital center nearest the trenches, where the wounded are brought in by ambulance four, six and eight hours from the field.

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The American Red Cross Officers' Dining and Recreation Rooms at an Aviation Camp in France

VENDETTA

By HARRY LEON WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

BY THE evening lamp in the Arrowhead living room I did my bit, for the moment, by holding a hank of gray wool for Ma Pettengill to wind. While this minor war measure went forward the day's mail came. From a canvas sack Lew Wee spilled letters and papers on the table. Whereupon the yarn was laid by while Ma Pettengill eagerly shuffled the letters. She thought fit to extenuate this eagerness. She said if people lived forever they would still get foolishly excited over their mail; whereas everyone knew well enough that nothing important ever came in it. To prove this she sketched a rapid and entirely unexciting summary of the six unopened letters she held.

Ed Traveled Back a Thousand Miles Just to Get Another Good Licking and Ben Wound Up by Throwing Him Into the Crick in All His Proud Clothes

One of them, she conceded, might be worth reading; and this she laid aside. Of the remaining five she correctly guessed the contents of four. Of the fifth she remarked that it would be from a poor feckless dub with a large family who had owed her three hundred dollars for nine years. She said it would tell a new hard-luck tale for nonpayment of a note now due for the eighth time. Here she was wrong. The letter inclosed a perfectly new note for four hundred and fifty dollars; and would Mrs. Pettengill send on the extra one hundred and fifty dollars that would enable the debtor to get on his feet and pay all his debts, as there was a good season of hog buying ahead of him!

"I guessed wrong," admitted the lady. "I certainly did that little man an injustice, not suspecting he could think up something novel after nine years." Grimly she scanned the new note. "As good as a treaty with Germany!" she murmured and threw it aside, though I knew that the old note and the new hundred and fifty would go forward on the morrow; for she had spoken again of the debtor's large family. She said it was wonderful what good breeders the shiftless are.

"Ain't I right, though, about the foolish way people fly at their mail?" she demanded. "You might think they'd get wise after years and years of being fooled; but—no, sir! Take me day after to-morrow, when the next mail comes. I'll fall on it like I fell on this, with all my old delusions uninjured. There sure does seem to be a lot of human nature in most of us."

Then she opened the possibly interesting letter that had been put aside. The envelope, at least, was interesting, bearing as it did the stamp of a military censor for the American Expedition to France.

"You remember Squat Tyler, that long cow-puncher working for me when you were here last time?"

I remembered Squat, who was, indeed, a long cow-puncher—long enough to be known, also, to his intimates as Timberline.

"Well, Squat is over there in the trenches helping to make the world a pleasant place to live in. He's a good shot too."

The lady read the letter hurriedly to herself; then regaled me with bits of it.

"'The life here is very,'" she read. "That's all he says, at first—'The life here is very.' I should judge it might be that from what I read in the papers. Or mebbe he couldn't just think of the word. Let's see! What else? Oh, yes—about digging. He says he didn't take to digging at first, not having gone there for any common purpose, but one day he was told to dig, and while he was thinking up something to say a million guns began to go off; so he dug without saying a word. Hard and fast he says he dug. He says: 'If a badger would of been there he would of been in my way.' I'll bet! Squat wouldn't like to be shot at in all seriousness. What next? Here he says I wouldn't dream what a big outfit this here U. S. outfit is; he says it's the biggest outfit he ever worked for—not even excepting Miller & Lux. What next? Oh, yes; here he tells about getting one.

"'Last night I captured a big fat enemy; you know—a Heinie. It was as dark as a cave, but I heard one snooping close. I says to my pardner I keep hearing one snoop close; and he says forget it, because my hive is swarming or something; and I says no; I will go out there and molest that German. So I sneaked over the bank and through our barbed-wire fence that everyone puts up here, and out a little ways to where I had heard one snoop; and, sure enough—what do you think? He seen me first and knocked my gun out of my hands with the butt of his. It got me mad, because it is a new gun and I am taking fine care of it; so I clanched him'—that's what Squat says, clanched. 'And, first, he run his finger into my right eye, clear up to the knuckle it felt like; so I didn't say a word, but hauled off quick and landed a hard right on the side of his jaw and dropped him just like that. It was one peach I handed him and he slumped down like a sack of mush. I am here to tell you it was just one punch, though a dandy; but he had tried to start a fight, so it was his own fault. So I took all his weapons away and when he come alive I kicked him a few times and made him go into the U. S. trenches. He didn't turn out to be much—only a piano tuner from Milwaukee; and I wish it had of been a general I caught snooping. I certainly did molest him a-plenty, all right. Just one punch and I brought him down out of control. Ha! Ha! The life here is very different.'

"There; that must of been what he tried to say at the beginning—'The life here is very different.' I should think he'd find it so, seeing the only danger that boy was ever in here was the sleeping sickness."

Hereupon the lady removed the wrapper from a trade journal and scanned certain market quotations. They pleased her little. She said it was darned queer that the war should send every price in the world up but the price of beef, beef quotations being just where the war had found them. Not that she wanted to rob anyone! Still and all, why give everyone a chance but cattle raisers? She muttered hugely of this discrimination and a moment later seemed to be knitting her remarks into a gray sock. The mutterings had gradually achieved the coherence of remarks. And I presently became aware that the uninflated price of beef was no longer their burden.

They now concerned the singular reticence of all losers of fist fights. Take Squat's German. Squat would be telling for the rest of his life how he put that Wisconsin alien out with one punch. But if I guessed the German would be telling it as often as Squat told it I was plumb foolish. He wouldn't tell it at all. Losers never do. Anyone might think that parties getting licked lost their powers of speech. Not so with the winners of fights; not so at all!

At this very minute, while we sat there in that room at a quarter past eight, all over the wide world modest-seeming men were telling how they had licked the other man with one punch, or two or three at the most. It was being told in Kulanche County, Washington, and in Patagonia and Philadelphia and Africa and China, and them places; in clubs and lumber camps and Pullman cars and ships and saloons—in states that remained free of the hydrant-headed monster, Prohibition—in tents and palaces; in burning deserts and icy wastes. At that very second, in an ice hut up by the North Pole, a modest Eskimo was telling and showing his admiring wife and relatives just how he had put out another Eskimo that had come round and tried to start something. Which was another mystery, the man winning the fight being always put upon and invariably in the right. In every one of these world-wide encounters justice always prevailed and only the winner talked about it afterward.

"And lots of times," continued the lady, "this talkative winner has been set upon by as many as three others. But he licks 'em all. Sometimes he admits he had a little luck with the third man; but he gets two of the cowards easy. Why, down in Red Gap only the other night I saw a kind of slight young man in a full-dress suit lick three big huskies that set on him. He put two out with a punch apiece and got the third after about one round of sparring. There he stood winner over all three, and hardly his hair mussed; and you wouldn't of thought in the beginning that he could lick one of the bunch. It was a good picture, all right, with this fight coming in the first reel to start things off lively. But what I want to know is why, out of these million fights that come off, you never hear a word out of a loser! I'll bet all my Liberty Bonds right now that you never yet heard a man tell about how he was licked in a fair fight."

I had to decline the wager. The most I could submit was that I had heard some plausible excuses. The lady waved her entire knitting in deprecation.

"Oh, excuses! You hear 'em a-plenty when the loser can't deny he was licked. Most losers will odd things along till they sound even. I heard a lovely excuse down in Red Gap. Hyman Leftowitz, who does business there as Abercrombie, the Quality Tailor, made a suit for Eddie Pierce that drives the depot hack, and Eddie was slow pay. So Hyman lost his native tact one night and dunned Eddie when he was walking down Fourth Street with his girl. Eddie left his girl in at the Owl Drug Store and went back and used Hyman hard; and all Hyman did was to yell 'Help!' and 'Murder!' I was in his shop for a fitting next day and Hyman's face arrested the attention much more than usual. It showed that Eddie had done something with him. So I says: 'Why didn't you fight back? What was your fists for?' And Hyman says: 'I pledge you my word I didn't know it was a fight.' Oh, excuses—sure! But that ain't what I'm getting at. You've heard the winners talk, like we all have, how they did it with the good old right hook to the jaw, or how they landed one straight left and all was over; but did you ever hear any talk from a loser without excuses, one who come out plain and said he was licked by a better man?"

We debated this briefly. We agreed that the reticence of losers is due to something basic in human nature; a determination of the noblest sort to disregard failure—that is, Ma Pettengill said you couldn't expect everything of human nature when it had its earrings in, and I agreed in as few words as would suffice. I had suddenly become aware that the woman was holding something back. The signs in her discourse are not to be mistaken. I taxed her with this. She denied it. Then she said that, even if she was holding back something, it was nothing to rave about.

Just an anecdote that this here talk about fighting characters had reminded her of. She wouldn't of thought of it even now if Ben Steptoe hadn't told her last spring why he didn't lick his Cousin Ed that last time. And this here Ed Steptoe was the only honest male she had ever known. But that was because something was wrong in his head, he being a born nut. And it wasn't really worth going back over; but—well—she didn't know. Possibly. Anyway ——

These Steptoe cousins come from a family back in the East that was remote kin to mine and they looked me up in Red Gap when they come out into the great boundless West to carve out a name for themselves. About fifteen years ago they come. Ben was dark and short and hulky, with his head jammed down between his shoulders. Ed was blond and liker a cat, being quick. Ben had a simple but emphatic personality, seeing what he wanted and going for it, and that never being more than one thing at a time. Ed was all over the place with his own aspirations, and never anything long at a time; kind of a romantic temperament, or, like they say in stories, a creature of moods. He was agent for the Home Queen sewing machine when he first come out. But that didn't mean sewing machines was his life work. He'd done a lot of things before that, like lecturing for a patent-medicine professor and canvassing for crayon portraits with a gold frame, and giving lessons in hypnotism, and owning one-half of a two-headed pig that went great at county fairs.

Ben had come along the year before Ed and got a steady job as brakeman on the railroad, over on the Cœur d'Alêne Branch. He told me he was going to make railroading his life work and had started in at the bottom, which was smart of him, seeing he'd just come off a farm. They probably wouldn't of let him start in at the top. Anyway, he was holding down his job as brakeman when Ed sailed in, taking orders for the Home Queen, and taking 'em in plenty, too, being not only persuasive in his methods but a wizard on this here sewing machine. He could make it do everything but play accompaniments for songs—hemming, tucking, frilling, fancy embroidering. He knew every last little dingus that went on it; things I certainly have never learned in all my life, having other matters on my mind. He'd take a piece of silk ribbon and embroider a woman's initials on it in no time at all, leaving her dead set to have this household treasure.

But Ed had tired of sewing machines, like he had of hypnotism and the double-headed Berkshire; and he never kept at anything a minute after it quit exciting him. Ben come down to Red Gap to see his cousin and they had quite a confab about what Ed should next take up for his life work. Ben said it was railroading for his, and some day he'd be a general manager, riding round in his private car and giving orders right and left, though nothing but a humble brakeman now; and finally he talked Ed into the same exalted ambitions. Ed said he had often wanted to ride in a private car himself, and if it didn't take too long from the time you started in he might give railroading a chance to show what it could do for him. Ben said all right, come over with him and he'd get him started as brakeman, with a fine chance to work up to the top.

So, after infesting a few more houses with the Home Queen, Ed went into his new profession. He told me, the last thing, that, even if he didn't stick till he got to the top, it was, anyway, a fine chance for adventure, which was really the thing he had come west of Chicago for. He said night and day he pined for adventure.

He got his adventure right soon after the company's pay roll was adorned with his name. He'd been twisting up brakes on freight cars for ten days till the life looked tame to him, even with a private car at the end, and then all his wildest dreams of adventure was glutted in something like four minutes and thirty seconds. On this eleventh day after he'd begun at the bottom he started to let two big freight cars loaded with concentrates down the spur track from one of the mines at Burke, having orders to put 'em where the regular train for Wallace could pick 'em up. Burke is seven miles up the cañon from Wallace and the grade drops two hundred and thirty-five feet to the mile, being a masterpiece of engineering. Ed gets his two cars to the main line, all right, whistling a careless ditty. Then, when they should of stopped they did not. They kept sneaking and creaking along on him. He couldn't get the brake of the forward car up very tight, and in setting the brake of the rear car, with a brakeman's stick for a lever, he broke the chain. Then his two cars really started out looking for adventure.

Ed admits that he had the thrill of his life for seven miles. I guess his wildest cravings for adventure was appeased for the time. He flattened out at the rear end of the last car and let the scenery flash by. He said afterward it looked just one blurred mess to him. His two cars dropped the sixteen hundred and forty-five feet and made the seven-mile distance in four and one-half minutes by standard railroad time. Ed was feeling fairly good, never having rode so fast in his life before, and he was hoping nothing serious would get in the way before the cars slowed up on a level somewhere. He didn't have long to hope this. His cars struck a frog at the upper end of the Wallace yard and left the track. The forward ends plowed into the ground and the rear ends swung over. Ed was shot through the air two hundred and thirty-five feet, as afterward measured by a conscientious employee of the road, and landed in a dump of sawdust by the ice house.

It seems Ben was working in the Wallace yard that day and was the first man to look things over. He put a report on the wire promptly and had a wrecking outfit there to minister to these two injured box cars, and a gang of Swedes repairing the track in no time at all. Then someone with presence of mind said they ought to look for Ed, and Ben agreed; so everybody searched and they found him in this sawdust. He looked extremely ruined and like this little adventure had effected structural modifications in him. He certainly had been brought down out of control, like Squat says, but he was still breathing; so they took him over to the Wallace Hospital on a chance that he could be put together again, like a puzzle. A doctor got to work and set a lot of bones and did much plain and fancy sewing on Ed the adventurer.

So there he was, bedfast for about three months; but, of course, he begun to enjoy his accident long before that—almost as soon as he come to, in fact. It seemed to Ed that there had never been so good an accident as that in the whole history of railroading, and he was the sole hero of it. He passed his time telling the doctor all about it, and anyone else that would drop in to listen: just how he felt when the cars started downhill; how his whole past life flashed before him and just what he was thinking about when the cars poured him off. He was remembering every second of it by the time he was able to get on crutches. He never used that old saying about making a long story short.

First thing he did when he could hobble was to take a man from the resident engineer's office out to the point where he'd left the rails and tape his flight, finding it to be two hundred and thirty-five feet. That hurt his story, because he had been estimating it at five hundred feet; but he was strictly honest and accepted the new figures like a little man.

That night Ben come in, who'd been up round Spokane mostly since the accident, and Ed told him all about it; how his flight was two hundred and thirty-five feet. And wasn't it the greatest accident that ever happened to anybody?

Ed noticed that Ben didn't seem to be excited about it the way he had ought to be. He was sympathetic enough for Ed's bone crashes, but he said it was all in the day's work for a railroad man; and he told Ed about some

He Put It Well. He Said He Had Been Shot From Ambush by a Cowardly Mexican and I Wouldn't Believe How Lawless That Country Was

other accidents that was right in a class along with his and mebbe even a shade better. Ed was peeved at this; so Ben tried to soothe him. He said, yes, indeed, all hands had been lucky—especially the company. He said if them two cars hadn't happened to strike soft ground that took the wheels they'd of been smashed to kindling; whereas the damage was trifling. This sounded pretty cold to Ed. He said this railroad company didn't seem to set any exaggerated value on human life. Ben said no railroad company could let mere sentiment interfere with business if it wanted to pay dividends, and most of them did. He said it was a matter of dollars and cents like any other business, and Ed had already cost 'em a lot of good hard cash for doctors' bills. Then he admitted that the accident had been a good thing for him, in a way, he being there on the spot and the first to make a report over to the superintendent at Tekoa.

"I bet you made a jim-dandy good report," says Ed, taking heart again after this sordid dollars-and-cents talk. "It was certainly a fine chance to write something exciting if a man had any imagination. You probably won't have another chance like that in all your career."

"My report pleased the Old Man all right," says Ben. "He's kind of had his eye on me ever since. He said the way I worded that report showed I wasn't one to lose my head and get hysterical, the way he had known some green hands to do."

"I'll certainly have to have a look at that report," says Ed. "Probably you did get a little bit hysterical at that, seeing there was lots of excuse for it."

Ben says no, he can't remember that he was hysterical any, because the high-class railroad man must always keep his head in emergencies. Ed says, anyway, he knows it must of been a corking good report, and he'll sure have a look at it when he gets to stepping again.

All the same, it begun to look to Ed like his accident wasn't being made enough of. It come over him gradually. Of course he'd got to be an old story round the hospital and people was beginning to duck when he started talking. Then, after he got on crutches he'd hobble about the fatal spot, pointing out his route to parties that would stay by him, and getting 'em to walk over two hundred and thirty-five feet to where he was picked up lifeless. And pretty soon even this outside trade fell off. And right after that he begun to meet new trainmen and others that had never heard a word about the accident and looked at him like they thought he was a liar when he told the details. He was coming to be a grouchy nuisance round Wallace. Even the doctor said he'd be glad when Ed got entirely well again.

Ed couldn't understand it. He must of thought the company should stop all trains for five minutes every day at the hour of his mix-up, or at the very least that the president of the road and the board of directors ought to come down in a special car and have their pictures taken with him; and a brass tablet should be put up on the ice house, showing where his lifeless carcass was recovered. And, of course, they would send him a solid gold engraved pass, good for life between all stations on all divisions. But these proper attentions was being strangely withheld. So far as Ed could see, the road had gone right on doing business as usual.

He couldn't understand it at all. It seemed like he must be dreaming. He wrote to Ben, who was still up the line, that this here fine report he had made must of got lost; anyway, it seemed like the company had never got round to reading it or they wouldn't have took things so placid. By now he was pinning all his hopes to this report of Ben's if any justice was going to be done him in this world. He'd tell parties who doubted his story that he guessed they'd believe him fast enough if they ever got an eye on Ben's report, which was made on the spot, and was so good a report, though not hysterical, that it had drawn compliments from the division superintendent.

It occurs to him one day that he ought to have a copy of this report if he is ever going to be set right before the world. He suspects crooked work by this time. He suspects mebbe the company is keeping the thing quiet on purpose, not wanting the public to know that such wonderful accidents could happen to its faithful employees. So he talks to Charlie Holzman, the conductor of Number 18, and wants to know would it be possible to sneak this report of Ben's out of the files over at Tekoa. Charlie says that wouldn't be possible, but he's going to lay over at Tekoa the very next night and he'll be glad to make a copy of the report.

Ed says he hates to keep Charlie setting up half the night writing, or mebbe all night, because Ben has told him the report was a good one. Charlie says he'll get help if necessary. Ed says get all the help necessary and he'll pay the bill, and not to leave out even the longer descriptive parts, because if it's as well written as Ben says it is he may have it printed in a little volume for sending round to his friends.

The next day Ed is sunning himself on the station platform when Number 18 steams in. He's told a lot of people that Charlie is bringing this report and he's aiming to read it aloud, just to show 'em what a man can pass through and live to tell of it. Charlie swings down and hands him one folded sheet of yellow paper. Ed says, what's the matter—couldn't he get to copy the report? Charlie says the report is all there on that sheet, every word of it. One sheet! And Ed had been expecting at least forty pages of able narrative, even without hysteria. Even before he looks at it Ed says there is crooked work somewhere.

Then he read Ben's report. It didn't fill even the one sheet—not more than half of it. It merely says: "Brakeman Steptoe had trouble holding two cars of concentrates he was letting down from the Tiger-Poorman mine at Burke. Cars ran to Wallace and left track. Steptoe thrown some distance. Right leg and arm broken; left shoulder dislocated; head cut some. Not serious."

It was unbelievable; so Ed did the simple thing and didn't believe it. Not for one minute! He says to Charlie Holzman: "Charlie, I know you're honest; and, furthermore, you are a brother Moose. You've brought me what's on file in that office; so now I know there's a conspiracy to hush my accident up. I've thought so a long time—the way people acted round here. Now I know it. Don't say a word; but I'm going to take it up with Ben at once. Good old Ben! Won't he be in a frenzy when he finds this paltry insult has been sneaked into the files in place of his report on me!" So into the station he goes and wires Ben up the line to come there at once on account of something serious.

Ben gets in that night. He thought Ed must be dying and had got a lay-off. He goes over to the hospital and is a mite disappointed to find Ed ain't even worse, but is almost well and using only one crutch.

Ed first makes sure no one can overhear, then tells Ben about this conspiracy, showing him the false report that has been smuggled into the files in place of the real one Ben had sent in. It takes Ben a couple of minutes to get the idea of what Ed is so worked up over. But he finally does get it. He then sweeps all ideas of a conspiracy out of Ed's mind forever. He says his talk is all nonsense; that this here is the very report he made, every word of it; and, as to that, if he had it to write over again he could shorten it by at least six words, but he must of been excited at the time. He says he has already told Ed that the Old Man complimented him on it because he hadn't lost his head and got hysterical, showing he had the makings of a good railroad man in him. And what had Ed expected, anyway? Didn't he know that your superiors want the simple facts in cases of this kind and no fancy work, wanting chiefly to know about damage to the rolling stock and how long before the main line will be open? Ed must be crazy, making him get a lay-off just for this! Had he looked for some verses of poetry about his accident, or a novel? Ben wasn't any novelist and wouldn't be one if you give him a chance. He was just a brakeman, with a bright future before him.

Ben was quite indignant himself by this time, thinking of two days' pay lost, and Ed could hardly believe his own ears. He just set there, swelling up like a toad in a very feverish way. "But 'some distance,'" says Ed in low tones of awe. "You say I was thrown 'some distance,' like it was a casual remark. Is that any way to talk about a man hurled two hundred and thirty-five feet from start to finish?—which I can prove by the man that taped it. Why, anyone would think them two cheap box cars was the real heroes of this accident. No one would dream that a precious human life was at stake. And 'Not serious'! And 'Head cut some'! Great suffering cats! Was that any way to talk about a fellow man—not to say a first cousin?"

Ben was pretty mad himself now and swore right out—at least the only oath he ever swears, which is "By doggie!" He says, by doggie, it ain't his fault that Ed was so brittle! And, by doggie, he wasn't going to let family affection interfere none with his career, because it wouldn't be right by the children he hopes some day to be the father of! Then he got his temper back and tried patiently to explain once more to Ed that what a railroad company wants in such cases is facts and figures, and not poetry—chiefly about the rolling stock. He says Ed can't expect a great corporation, with heavy freight and passenger traffic, to take any deep personal interest in the bone troubles of a mere brakeman.

It was about here, I guess, that Ed's feelings must of overcome him. He saw it was no use bandying words any more; so he started to do foul murder. He committed several acts of frightfulness on Ben with his crutch, seeming quite active for a cripple. Ben finally got out of range and went and had some stitches took in his own scalp. He swore, by doggie, he was through with that maniac forever! But he wasn't through. Not by no means!

Ed was now well enough to stand shipping; so he come down to Red Gap and started to work. He couldn't get round with his machines yet; so he got a new Home Queen and parked himself in the doorway of a vacant store and made embroidered hat marks for the multitude at one dollar a throw. Yes, sir; he congested traffic there on Fourth Street for about two weeks, taking a strip of satin ribbon and embroidering people's initials on it, so they could sew it in their hats and know whose hat it was. Hardly a hat in town that didn't have one, with thrilled crowds looking on while he done it.

I begged him to take it easy and stay at my house till he was strong again; but he wouldn't. He said he had to do something just to keep from thinking. Of course the poor lollop had never been able to think under any circumstances; but it sounded good. And, of course, he told me his trouble. I don't believe he held back the least little thing from the beginning of the accident down to the time he lammed Ben with his crutch. He now blamed everything on Ben. He said neither the company nor anyone else could take his accident seriously after that lying report Ben put in. No wonder there hadn't been any real excitement about it. He was right bitter.

"'Some distance' Ben says I was thrown. I should think it was some distance! I'll bet it's farther than any other man was ever thrown on their whole rotten system. And 'Not serious'! Great Jeeminetty! What would have to happen to a person before he'd call it serious? Oh, I'll make him take that back if ever I get to be the man I once was! The only trouble with Ben is, he hasn't anything here and he hasn't anything here"—Ed put his hand first on his head and next on his heart, to show me where Ben hadn't got anything—"and that kind of trash may make fine railroad men, but they hadn't ought to be classed with human beings. Just wait till I get firmly knitted together again! You'll see! I'll certainly interfere with that man's career a-plenty. 'Not serious'! He won't make any such report about himself when I get through fussing with him. He certainly does need handling—that Ben Steptoe."

And so on for half an hour at a time, while he might be stitching G. W. G. in purple letters on a strip of yellow satin ribbon. I used to stop on purpose to hear some more

(Continued on Page 73)

I Did My Bit, for the Moment, by Holding a Hank of Gray Wool for Ma Pettengill to Wind

THE FIRE FLINGERS

By William J. Neidig

ILLUSTRATED BY DEAN CORNWELL

XV

RICHARD HATTON entered Olwell's office from the hallway without passing through the main office outside. Closing the door softly behind him he stood for a moment and regarded the room. At the left was the desk that was to be his. Above and behind it were four hooks for his hat and overcoat. One of the hooks was already occupied—Olwell's grip, with which Chris Cotteril had left the house Monday night, was suspended from it. He was calm enough to note that the grip had a mousehole in it, and even speculated as to what the mouse had stood on when he gnawed the hole.

Then he hung up his hat and coat and seated himself at the desk. His first care must be to make himself familiar with the contents of the desk Desk locks, however, are not difficult, and he had Olwell's keys. A little patience, and the locks were his friends.

The papers in the desk were of various kinds, some of them intelligible, some not. With the trade catalogues, price lists and paper samples he was familiar. There were no purely personal papers to bother him, for Olwell had removed all such.

As he was seated thus before the papers littering the desk he heard a latch click behind him. Turning swiftly he saw a small gray man who had entered the room with some proof sheets and packets of copy.

"I'm glad to see you out again, sir," began the newcomer. "That was a bad blow you had. You'll find everything in good order, except that your new foreman left your grip on the floor for you and the mice got into it."

He seemed to make no doubt that he was speaking to Olwell.

"I wondered," replied Richard.

"He said there was a bread sandwich inside"

"A sandwich?"

Richard rose and took the satchel, opened it, and a moment later brought forth the package containing the two hundred thousand dollars in bills. The package was a little mouse-eaten and dribbled crumbs of bread over the desk, but it was otherwise intact. Richard opened it far enough to see the contents, as he thought, then rewrapped it and threw it into the wastebasket behind him.

"I remember that sandwich," he said.

"It spoiled a very good satchel for you, sir—and leather is very high these days"

"Mice must have bread."

Now that he had opened the satchel Richard continued his examination of its contents.

"The absence of your beard makes a great change in your appearance, sir."

"I dare say."

Richard found a patent-medicine bottle and threw it to join the bread sandwich in the wastebasket.

"Dyspepsia cure. I wonder if I ever had dyspepsia."

"Yes, sir." And as Richard glanced at him inquiringly: "Especially in the morning."

"One secondhand hairbrush," said Richard, removing the articles. "Three toothbrushes."

"Aren't those very good toothbrushes to throw away?"

"Take them with you."

The smaller man made a grimace.

"A man could hardly use another man's toothbrushes, sir."

"No, I Don't Understand You at All, Richard. I Never Did. We Married Without Understanding Each Other"

Richard again glanced at him. Then he lifted out and replaced the remaining articles in the grip, closed it and set it on the floor against the wall.

"Very true. When you change men you must also change toothbrushes. Is that what you mean?"

"I have one at home, sir."

"I see. Then you wouldn't need them."

"I wanted to ask you about our finances, sir," continued the other.

Richard, who by now had rehearsed his lesson many times, placed his hand tenderly to his bandaged head.

"Since the other night I seem to have lost my memory. These papers, this desk, this room—they are all as strange to me as if I had never seen them before. Perhaps I haven't."

"I noticed when I called you up this morning, sir, that your memory was impaired. A blow on the head such as yours often has that effect."

"Even you!" said Richard. "Of course I know you've been here for years, but I don't remember you any better than I do that filing cabinet."

"I'm your secretary, Mr. Olwell."

"I faintly recall having had a secretary. If I'd just been released from the penitentiary I couldn't feel more helpless. You'll have to help me out for a day or two, secretary."

"I'll remind you where you forget."

"I don't even remember your name."

The other shook his head sadly.

"I didn't think anyone could forget that, sir. Stoll: James Stoll."

"Stoll," repeated Richard. "Stoll. I don't remember it."

He rose and crossed to the door, his hands to his head.

"If you could see what's going on inside my head, Stoll!"

"You hardly ought to have come down to-day, sir. I didn't like to urge you, but I'm very much worried about our finances."

"Stoll," mused Richard. "Strange how I'd forgotten."

Stoll looked at Richard compassionately; but he persisted in his attempt to secure his consideration of business matters.

"Did you get the package of canceled checks I sent you?"

"When did you send them?"

"The boy left before eight. I impressed on him they were very important, sir. He said the lady said she would give them to you."

"Why did you send them, Stoll? For me to see how I used to sign my name?"

"Did you get them?"

"They hadn't come when I left."

"About our finances, sir ——" persisted Stoll.

Richard began pacing to and fro.

"Learn to do without money, Stoll. Money is as unnecessary as fried potatoes. I can remember when I had fried potatoes three times a day for five straight years."

"If you would try and remember about our finances ——"

Richard turned suddenly upon him: "I wish you would readjust the bandage on my head, Stoll."

"I am not a doctor, sir."

"Neither am I."

"I'll do the best I can if you say so; but you ought to have Doctor Bryan in for work of this kind."

"Do you think a black bat could sprout feathers and learn to live in the sun, Stoll?"

"I don't know anything about that, either."

Stoll laid his papers on the filing cabinet and removed the bandage from about Richard's head. The wound received when the stairs gave way with him Tuesday, thanks to his prompt care, had passed through the preliminary stages of healing by first intention.

"I should say the injury was doing very well, sir," said Stoll. "I had no idea it was such an ugly wound. I don't wonder it affected your memory."

"Glad it looks like a good injury. Tie it up again, a little more neatly than I had it, if you can."

Stoll replaced the bandage as directed. After a few final touches he returned to his attack.

"About our finances ——"

"What about them?"

"You borrowed some money at the bank last week."

"I doubt that, Stoll. How much did the bank lend me?"

"Seven thousand dollars."

"I don't remember spending it. What did I buy?"

"You told the cashier that you were paying off a mortgage. If you would try and remember ——"

"A mortgage! I dare say I was."

"The bank has called its loan"

"Seven thousand, did you say?"

"We haven't money enough in either our local account or our Chicago account to pay it, Mr. Olwell."

"How much have we?"

"About a hundred and fifty dollars, and Saturday is pay day."

"I'm not a forger, and I'm not a counterfeiter, and I'm not a thief. I'm afraid I can't help you out, Stoll. How is the new man doing?"

"The new foreman?"

"Ellery."

"He knows his business, sir. He's a good man. The best we've had for a long time. But I don't know whether you'll like him. He wants his own way. . . . About the bank—if you would try and remember ——"

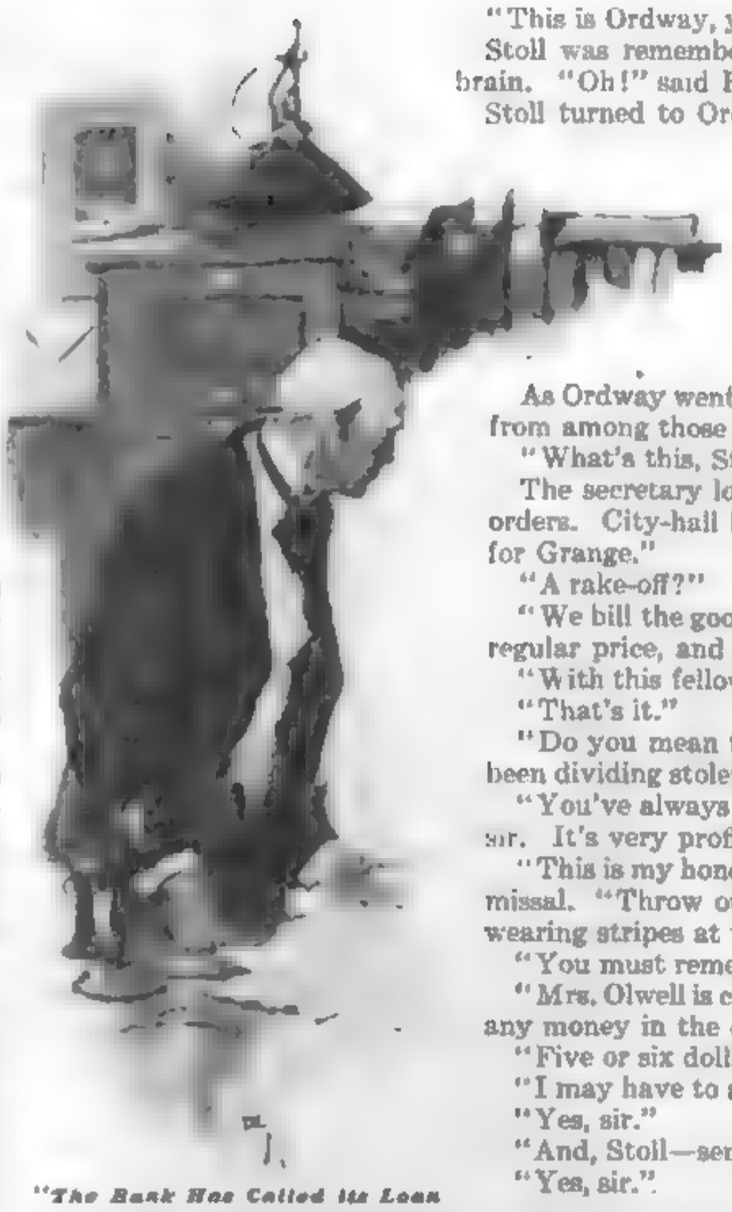
Richard resignedly seated himself at his desk.

"I'll try, Stoll."

The answer seemed to satisfy Stoll for the moment. Crossing to the filing cabinet he now gathered together the papers he had laid down, and placed them on the desk.

"Here's a bill from Brimmer's that I didn't like to pay myself. I told them you never run bills at the restaurant, sir, but they said it was for a dinner with a lady the day you were hurt and you'd O. K. it."

"Pay it," said Richard.



"The Bank Has Called Its Loan and We Haven't Money Enough to Pay It, Mr. Olwell"

Stoll indicated an unsigned check that was attached to the bill. "I made out the check ——"

Richard absent-mindedly detached the check and took up a pen to sign it. He caught himself barely in time. He remembered two vital facts: The first was that Olwell was left-handed; he remembered Chris' caution at the first rehearsal. The second was that he could not sign Olwell's name so that the signature would be accepted at the bank.

"Am I left-handed or am I not?"

"Left-handed. A strange question to ask, sir."

Transferring the pen to his left hand Richard now pretended inability to use his writing muscles.

"Perhaps it's—paralysis, Stoll. I find I can hardly use my signing hand any more."

"A very natural result, sir, where the injured hemisphere of the brain happens to be the one that controls the signatory muscles."

The other looked at him a moment quizzically.

"Just so!" he replied dryly.

"In a left-handed man that would be the right hemisphere."

Richard reattached the check to the bill and handed the papers to Stoll.

"I can't sign checks at present."

"Couldn't you sign with your other hand?"

"I might."

"Or you could make your mark."

"Remind me of it to-morrow," said Richard. And he added: "If I'm down."

He did not think it necessary to explain that probably he would not be down—that he had decided to leave for Washington by midnight at the latest, accompanied by his job foreman, Ellery.

XVI

"I WISH you'd look at these cuts, sir. One of the pressmen got careless and ran his grippers into the form. They're pretty badly mashed."

He laid the proof sheet in front of Richard and indicated the damage.

As he had said, the cuts were badly mashed. The steel grippers had been forced into them to a depth of a quarter of an inch, and the gashes now showed white, as did also the adjacent portions of the cuts.

"It's those borrowed Piper cuts, sir," explained Stoll.

"Write them to send us duplicates, with a bill," said Richard, ignoring the proof sheet.

Stoll crossed to the filing cabinet and found a letter.

"They advise us in their letter of the eighteenth that they can't be replaced, and ask us to be especially careful of them."

"Never send an only cut to press! Make an electrotype! Always!"

"You yourself ordered it, sir. I suggested electros, but you thought it would be a needless expense."

"I must have been pretending I was a farmer. We'll look at the cuts, Stoll. Perhaps they can be saved."

"This is Ordway, your foreman."

Stoll was remembering the injured hemisphere of the brain. "Oh!" said Richard.

Stoll turned to Ordway, who was puzzled and embarrassed by Richard's failure to recognize him. "Mr. Olwell since his injury has forgotten the names of people he used to know."

"Oh!" said Ordway.

"I forget people and I forget ethics," said Richard. "But especially ethics."

As Ordway went out Richard held up an order blank from among those on the desk.

"What's this, Stoll?"

The secretary lowered his voice. "One of Grange's orders. City-hall business, sir. There's a rake-off in it for Grange."

"A rake-off?"

"We bill the goods to the city at an advance over the regular price, and then divide up the difference."

"With this fellow Grange?"

"That's it."

"Do you mean to tell me that the Olwell Press has been dividing stolen money with a thief?"

"You've always been paying commissions like that, sir. It's very profitable."

"This is my honest day!" He made a gesture of dismissal. "Throw out that order. Grange ought to be wearing stripes at the stone pile. He's a thief!"

"You must remember ——"

"Mrs. Olwell is coming down to-day, Stoll. Have you any money in the cash drawer I can give her?"

"Five or six dollars is all."

"I may have to ask you for it."

"Yes, sir."

"And, Stoll—send for Ellery."

"Yes, sir."

When Chris found him the head of the Olwell Press was pacing the floor of the office. He had abandoned the papers upon his desk. His mind was back in yesterday's channels—thoughts of Mrs. Olwell, Chris, himself, Stoll, the police, all tumbling over one another riotously. But mostly it was Mrs. Olwell. "Has it come, partner?" asked Chris when Richard did not speak.

"Not yet." He crossed to the window and looked out. "You never ought to have stayed here, Chris. You ought to have gone to New York by that first train."

"Both of us!"

"No, Chris. We couldn't have got halfway."

"I told you Tuesday why I didn't go. I was afraid."

"Did I say that I believed you?"

"I've got to have somebody to lean on, partner. You know that. Remember the trial, how I wilted? Remember how the prosecutor held it up as evidence? When you gave me that bunch of money I thought nothing would be easier than to go straight to New York. But I couldn't. I was afraid."

"Afraid for me, not for yourself."

"What good could I do you by staying?"

Richard turned away from the window.

"Drop it, partner! I can see right through you. Tell me now about the job room. How are you getting along?"

"That foreman job suits me! I've been making good. And the place needed me. I never saw such a looking mess. When I moved in Tuesday noon you couldn't find stone room to lock up an eight-by-twelve Gordon without moving stuff round. Nothing tied up. Just pushed aside, with a piece of reglet for a prop. And dead matter! You couldn't set up a nickname without picking for sorts. You know what that kind of thing does to a printer's time."

"To type too."

"I've changed all that. I lay out copy for them and lay down rules for them and boss them round and try to make a showing."

"It's a man's job," said Richard.

"But it gives me a funny feeling at the pit of the stomach when I think what's happened. Kicked out of the shop for a hobo on Monday, and sent back as foreman on Tuesday. One morning a hungry tramp printer six months out of San Quentin; the next, new clothes, new looks, new name—cock of the roost!"

Richard seated himself at his desk and began fingering a sheaf of bills. But he did not look at them. He looked off into space.

"I've changed my mind," he said at last. "I don't see but what you might stay right here, now you're doing so well. I'd rather like to have you."

"Why?" asked Chris.

"On Mrs. Olwell's account. She needs you."

"How about you? Doesn't she need you?"

"She needs both of us."

"Are you going to stay?"

"No."

"It looks as if you could if you wanted to."

Richard paused for a moment, as though weighing the statement.

"It isn't a question of looks, Chris. My appearance somehow seems to serve, probably because no one knows how Olwell looked without a beard. The police have me tagged as Olwell. The longer they see me the harder it will be for them to suspect me."

He rose and again began pacing the room.

"But I failed. There's more to a human life than a brain and a face."

"I know how you feel."

"You can dodge the fence posts, but you can't dodge the barbed wire."

"I'll stay if you will," said Chris.

"I don't dare, Chris."

He tried to avoid saying the thing, but there seemed to be no alternative.

"There are complications connected with Mrs. Olwell."

"Other ones?"

"She asked me this morning for money. Me! Coming to me for her own money! After what she did for us, Chris!"

"I didn't think of that."

"I can't even draw her own money for her from the bank, because it's in Olwell's name and I haven't learned his signature."

"It's wrong."

"It's horrible! And that's not the worst. You can't fling fire about as we've been doing without starting a blaze."

He looked at Chris somberly.

"Mrs. Olwell speaks of dismissing her suit for divorce."

"You can't let her!"

"I can't stop her!"

He paced back and forth for a moment, and then again stopped in front of Chris.

"I've merely been courteous and decent. I sent Ellen with a message that she was to continue to occupy her part of the house. Olwell had driven her out. I couldn't do less than that, could I?"

"No."

"I had to stay in the house because of our plans. And of course I had to speak to Mrs. Olwell when she spoke to me."

"Yes."

"Olwell must have been a brute."

"If you're pretending to be Olwell, you'll have to do what he did. You can't act to please yourself."

"Throw a cup at her? Swear at her? Threaten to kill her? Bring another woman to the house?"

"If you're pretending to be Olwell."

"The point is I'm not Olwell. Oh, I don't intend to let the thing get beyond my control!"

Chris did not pretend to misunderstand.

"You haven't—fallen in love with her, partner?"

"I'm afraid I have, Chris."

"Is that why you sent for me?"

"Yes."

The younger man walked over to the window.

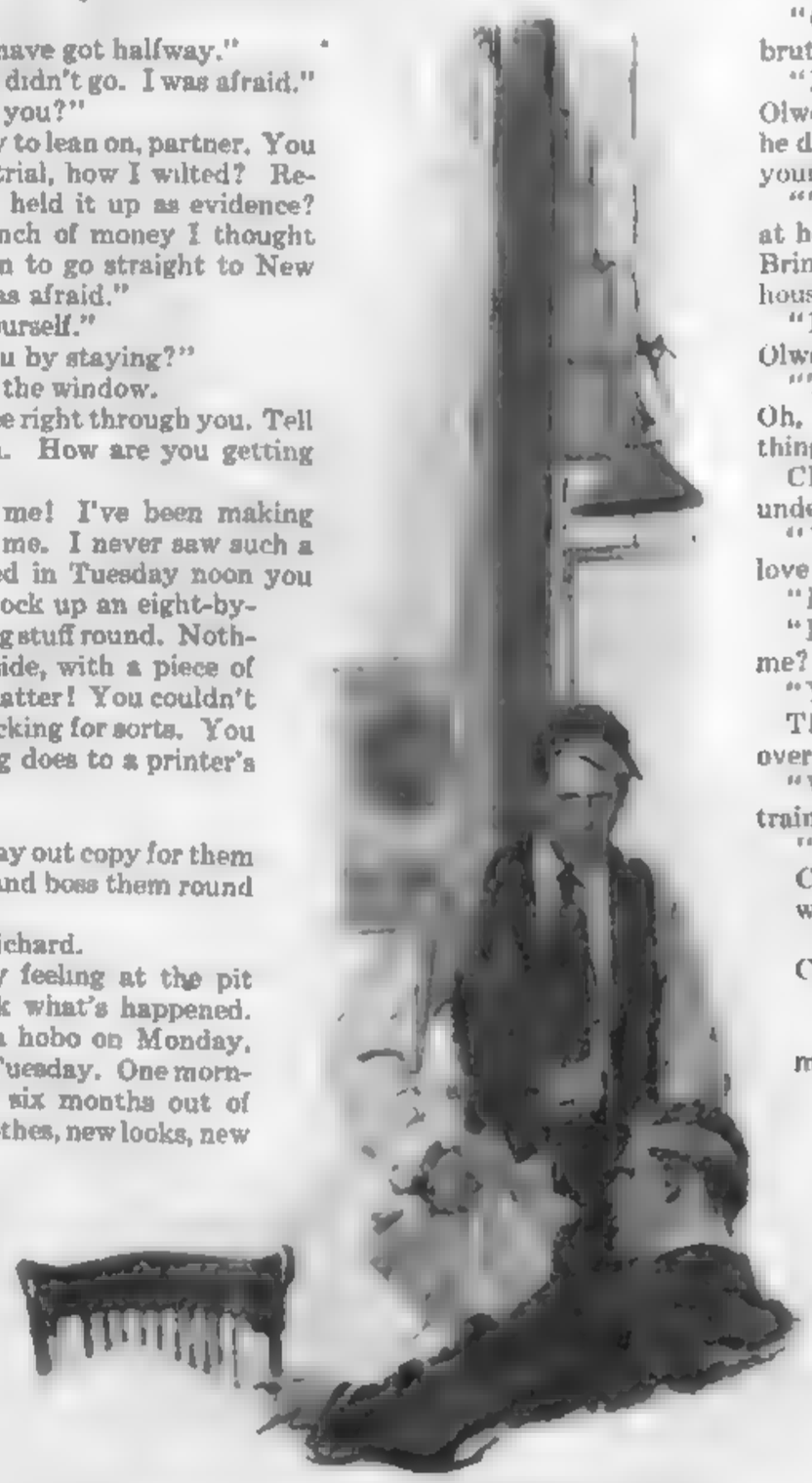
"We ought to take the first train out," he said after a little.

"There's a train out of Chicago at five-thirty that we could catch."

"I ought. Not you, Chris."

"We'll go out together."

"That will be best, maybe. Provided I can raise some money for her. Stoll has six dollars in the cash drawer. I told her to call at eleven, but it's almost that now. We may have to stay over. We can't leave her without money." Thrusting his hand into his trousers pocket Chris produced the money that Richard had given him on Monday.



"You Haven't—Fallen in Love With Her, Partner?"

"I'm a sentimentalist, too, partner. Here's the money you lent me, except fifty dollars I had to spend."

"Could you spare the third hundred?"

"A hundred? She'll need it all. I have three days' pay coming."

"I've already given her what I had," said Richard. "There were some back bills had to be paid. I'll send Stoll out to make some collections after lunch. We won't need a large amount. Perhaps we can catch that five-thirty."

"That will be best, partner."

Richard slipped the bills into an envelope, sealed it, and wrote Mrs. Olwell's name upon it.

"Thank you, Chris. If she doesn't get down I'll leave it with Stoll for her "

Stoll announced the arrival of Mrs. Olwell almost before the ink of her name on the money envelope was dry.

"Better stay, Chris," said Richard as the secretary went out. "I wish to be very formal."

Richard's good intentions took flight from the time the door opened. Mrs. Olwell was so happy and so interested and so kind mannered that rudeness to her became impossible. "I'm here, you see!" she cried.

She spoke as one who expected her friendly greeting to be received with entire friendliness. Richard placed a chair for her and invited her to be seated. He had not intended doing this.

"Won't you sit down?"

"Thank you," she said, accepting the courtesy.

She looked round the room as frankly as a child might have done.

"It's been so long since I visited your office I'd almost forgotten where it was."

"I found I'd forgotten, too," replied Richard.

"And you were only away three days " She corrected herself: "Two days. Tuesday, Wednesday; this is Thursday."

"It must have been longer."

"Two days. The extent of an absence isn't always measured by its length."

Richard crossed to the desk, found her envelope and handed it to her. "I hope you will recognize this. Your pay envelope."

"Thankyou, Richard," she said feelingly.

"Don't thank me."

"Oh, thank you!" In her excitement she sprang to her feet. "That's more money than I've had for years! Please go right on if you're discussing office matters," she said, resuming her seat. "I can listen; that's the best way to learn."

"Ellery is foreman of the job room."

Chris, who had been standing silent and grim at the window, started for the door. With his hand on the knob he mumbled something about having to be back in the job room to answer questions about a three-color folder, and he would look in again pretty soon. Then he vanished.

"He seemed frightened," said Winifred. "I hope not on my account."

"That's only his way, I think."

"Haven't I seen him before?"

"You must have seen him," said Richard quickly. "He called at the house Tuesday evening."

"Not then; but his voice is strangely familiar, and I'm sure I've seen him. It will come to me in a moment."

"The human voice is a very deceptive organ."

"But, Richard! There are some voices that can't deceive one."

The danger of discovery became suddenly of no importance.

"You are right."

Winifred looked at him intently. He felt as if she were watching his tiny soul where it cowered before the farthest walls of his mind.

"Your own voice! It changes a great deal, because your mood changes, but I'd never fail to recognize it." And she added: "Nor you mine, I think."

"Nor I yours."

"One's voice is his color."

"Don't I know?"

"To-day is Thursday." She smiled ruefully. "We were married on a Thursday. And here we are, nearly five years later, on the point of being divorced. I don't believe we were ever really acquainted.

"I remember when you first came to our house. I was just a scared little country girl. You and my cousin had come up to our town on a hunting trip. You wore a beard even then. You were a city man, and much older; but you seemed to like me, and we had some good times together, and when you returned to the city I thought about you more than I ought. And then you came back, and before I knew it we were married."

She paused as if expecting a reply, but Richard remained silent. When she continued there was a catch in her voice.

"But we didn't get along together."

"There is nothing I can say."

"Somehow I made you hate me."

"I Want You to Explain to Your Wife Why You Sold Seventy or Eighty Thousand Dollars' Worth of Stocks and Bonds in Chicago Last Week"

"Not that."

"I did."

Richard repeated to himself that he was Olwell that at any cost he must not forget he was Olwell, and must act as Olwell would have done. He was not acting as Olwell would have acted, not in the least talking as Olwell would have talked. He could not bring himself to do either. The situation demanded brutality, and he was only an ex-convict.

"You are unfair to yourself," he protested.

"Anyhow, you grew to hate me."

"Not hate!"

"You became indifferent to me. That's worse."

Winifred herself had been forgetting, in spite of her words to the contrary, that she was speaking to the man from whom she wished only to be free. Now she seemed to remember her position. Her manner suddenly changed. She sprang to her feet with a little laugh that was intended to be careless and tolerant.

"So we're getting a divorce!"

She crossed to the window and looked out on the street below.

"Forgive me for talking like this. I don't know why I did it, unless it's because you've been so—so considerate." And when Richard did not reply: "You wish me to get a divorce, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Tell me frankly—do you especially desire to be free so as to marry someone else?"

"I shall not marry—anyone else."

She looked at him for a long moment. Had he dared meet her eyes he would have seen questions in them. Had he seen the questions he might have made haste to reply to them with a falsehood.

But Richard Hatton did not know of them, and after a little he heard Winifred's answer that she herself had been obliged to make.

"I'm not sure I wish a divorce."

"It will be better," said Richard.

"Why?"

He could not tell her why, and remained silent.

"You do wish to be free," she continued.

"I wish you to be free."

She shook her head slowly. "No, I don't understand you at all, Richard. I never did. We married without understanding each other. Then when I gave you my money to put into your business ——"

Richard, forgetting that he was Olwell, made an exclamation of anger.

"You're angry with me for mentioning it, but I didn't mean it as a reproach."

"I'm not angry with you for mentioning it," he said.

"Since then we've been living mostly apart. Then came that terrible night two days ago, when you were not yourself."

Richard again heard the catch in her voice.

"And then suddenly you change and become more kind and likable than I've ever known you to be, but ask me to go ahead and get a divorce."

"You must. For your own sake, you must."

"Oh! In all the years I've known you, you've never spoken like that, of my doing anything for my own sake! And I believe you mean it!"

She looked at him; he felt the thrill of her emotion where he stood, dumb and miserable, at his desk.

"I've changed my mind about the divorce. If you wish a divorce you can get one yourself. I'll not stand in the way."

Richard forced himself to meet her eyes.

"Why do you look at me like that?" she continued.

"You don't know what you're saying."

"Perhaps I don't. I don't know what I'm actually saying. No one ever does. But I know what I mean to say, and that's very simple. I wish to be happy and I wish my friends to be happy. Even my husband!"

"Husband!"

"Even you, Richard!"

"I hope you will believe me when I say it is imperative you must not think of changing your plans."

"Why?"

"It is more than imperative."

"But why?"

"I can't tell you. Only believe me."

"I'll think it over," she said smilingly.

Winifred's intuition, which had led her to turn her shoulder to his protests against her decision, now prompted her to make a very daring speech.

"Why don't you call me by my name?" she asked. "You haven't used my given name once since I've been here."

"Winifred," he said as if dazed, after a moment's hesitation.

"That's once, but it only half suits me. Call me Winnie, as you used to."

"Winnie."

"Thank you—Dick! That's twice, Dick! And I've spoken your name twice in payment. You've made me very happy!"

She turned the knob of the door and partly opened it.

"The first thing I'm going to buy is a stand lamp for your den, so you can read with some comfort. I'll be back to tell you where, and you can drop in at the store and look at it."

Then she went out, and he came to his senses.

"A stand lamp for my den! And coming back to tell me where she bought it! What have I done?"

XVII

STOLL'S entrance had apparently gone unnoticed, as had also his first words. He now spoke again.

"I was explaining to you about our finances, sir. You said you'd try and remember ——"

Richard did not allow him to complete the sentence.

"I want your help, secretary. I may have to go to Washington this afternoon. If I do, see that Mrs. Olwell doesn't need for money. Take care of her first."

(Continued on Page 89)

ACES HIGH

By Sergeant Pilot Harold E. Wright

OF THE FRENCH FLYING CORPS AND THE LAFAYETTE FLYING CORPS

THE average person, I fully believe, does not comprehend the importance and the valuable assistance offered by the aviator in a land battle, when the enemy, under cover of its barrage fire, starts over the top and comes across No Man's Land in perfect droves. The boche method of going over the top and across No Man's Land to take trenches, as a rule, is considerably different from that employed by the Allies. The Germans apparently starting with the hypothesis that they don't care a heel's click how many of their men they lose—these men being mere cannon fodder anyhow the German commanders start them over the top in companies in very close formation, each company divided into squads of eight, with officers sandwiched in at frequent intervals.

These squads go in double rank, thus:

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

The men are but a few inches apart and frequently shoulder to shoulder, so close that they get in each other's way. Wave after wave advances in this formation, and wave after wave drops. Naturally a machine gunner can mow down a whole company in almost no time if he gets the range. With Germans so close together scarcely any Allied bullets are really wasted, provided the gunner can sight the boche line through the smoke and dust.

The French system of advance is quite different: The French leave their trenches to attack the Germans, in long single skirmish ranks, considerably more spread out.

It is at once obvious that many machine-gun bullets will be wasted by Germans in picking off the French. I shall not attempt to go into this subject from its many angles; I simply wish to let the reader note the essential difference.

Improving His French Accent
Above—Escadrille in Camp, Off Duty

Air Work at Vimy Ridge

AT VIMY RIDGE, also at Rheims, from airplanes one thousand feet up we could see the Germans coming in massed formation so thick that the English could not load machine guns fast enough to pick them off as they kept climbing over their dead and tumbling on across No Man's Land. Their officers were cursing and kicking the men to make them go ahead. At Vimy, particularly, the English fired so many shots that their machine guns got hot and jammed, so they took their trench mortars, and instead of firing them in the usual way—the shell flying in a parabola and dropping—the gunners simply aimed the barrels of the mortars point-blank right into the German hordes. The wholesale slaughter was absolutely frightful. The projectiles cut paths right through their ranks for distances of one hundred feet or more before the shells even exploded.

At times the smoke over Vimy was so dense that it formed a great screen for the Huns, so that the English could not see them coming; and then it was that we aviators with mitrailleuses got in some effective work from above. We tore down behind the smoke clouds and blazed at the boches as they came pouring from the trenches, struggling up from the fire step. As soon as the Huns would see that they were under airplane fire they would flop back and dive into their dugouts, much to the chagrin of the officers. I saw as many as fifteen try to rush for one dugout door and become jammed in it, and, from what our tracer incendiary bullets told me, I doubt if a single German in that trench escaped.

The usual method we employed in trench raiding was for some of our fastest machines to start out as a squadron, and we might be followed shortly—a minute or so—by one or more similar groups. In cases where the enemy front-line trenches were fairly regular our first man would take the first ditch and, flying very low to dodge our own barrage fire, scarcely missing the tops of the parapets with his landing wheels, he would send a vicious enfilade fire into the trench. His speed would be at the rate of 136 miles an hour or better, for the nearer to earth the faster we can fly, on account of the air density. Furthermore, the machines are so powerful that puffs of wind or detonations of bursting shell have little or no effect upon the control. If the reader has seen automobile speedway races from a point close to the track, where cars average sometimes 114 miles or so an hour, he can imagine what 136 miles an hour looks like to the men in the trenches.

Following almost abreast of our first man the second one buzzes along the second-line trench, and in getting in his deadly work prevents machine-gun nests from scoring effective fire at a first-line man. The third-line trench is covered by our third man, who tries to clean up that furrow and demoralize it. Such machine gunners as may essay to blaze at us as we approach are attempting risky work, and they find us hard to hit at this speed, for we are upon them and gone again before they can switch their muzzles into accurate aim. We usually take them by surprise as they do not see us at any great distance.

The Attack and Get-Away

IN FLYING parallel to the earth the airplane tries to climb, so that to skim along close to the ground with a chasse avion it is necessary to keep the nose of the plane pointing downward slightly. This permits obtaining the desired angle at which to rake the ditch with our rigid chasse gun and to keep our aim continuously in control, for the entire plane is aimed.

Meanwhile our fourth flyer, following the others, does not fly in a straight line, but zigzags across the trenches diagonally, looking out for machine-gun nests that may be blazing at us from behind; for after we have passed, the gunners know that we cannot fire to the rear, and therefore have nothing to fear except from those who follow us. Of course, the enemy antiaircraft guns are helpless. They cannot shoot at such a low angle.

Then comes the mean part for us. After shooting up all the trenches we care to, or after our ammunition is exhausted, we have to fly through our own barrage fire to get up and back home. For bear in mind, all the time we are raiding these ditches we may receive a bursting shell at any instant from our own guns, for our artillery cannot see our flying wedge. When open fighting develops more extensively on the Fronts, as it probably will, airplanes will play a more and more important part in raiding infantry attacks.

We are frequently called upon for special mission work in raiding transports. Often in the middle of a poker game a call would come, and like a flash cards would be laid face down and the table instantly deserted. I recall one particularly warm and interesting game that was interrupted by a call for nine men for transport raiding. The captain wished three machines to attack and six for the protection of the trio. In a jiffy we were scrambling into our Eskimo-style suits; and our mechanicians were rolling out the Spads.

It seems that the enemy was bringing up reënforcements along a certain road. The keen eyes and powerful field glasses of our balloon observer had obtained this intelligence. The captain assigned me as one of the attackers, and we started for our mounts.

Group of Chasse Planes at an Aviation Camp

A quick inspection of the two mitrailleuses, mounted side by side on the cowl, the two long belts of deadly pellets; a rapid glance at the numerous dials and indicators—and I was ready for business. The motors were roaring away, spitting out blue smoke, literally straining at their leashes, these leashes being wedge-shaped blocks in front of the running gear, ready to be yanked away by the ropes fastened to them. The air was full of the unpleasant odor of burning castor oil.

Off we started, systematically, in rotation—one at a time, taking our signal from the captain. As the machines joy-rode down the field getting up speed, finally rising gracefully as they hit an eighty-mile-an-hour velocity, the roar and spitting of the motors changed to a loud, vibrant hum, like that of so many giant bumblebees.

Penetrating the enemy antiaircraft barrage in crossing the great barren strip worried us not a bit, for we had become so used to this procedure. Climb, zigzag, dive, wing slip—all the usual tricks—and presently we were out of real danger, several thousand feet up.

The leader after a short time spotted the road that was our objective and signaled to us. Our three attacking planes began to pique for lower altitude. The white lines scratched on the surface of the earth gradually became thicker, and in a few minutes resembled what they were—roads. Soon we could distinguish the enemy's camions, apparently standing still on the highway, but in reality making about eight or ten miles an hour. At intervals were white spaces, separating the numerous companies. The trees at the roadside were sparse and failed to obscure the movements. Down, down closer, with motors throttled. Then at about six hundred feet over German heads, we started in with our bitter, sickening work. Taking the cue from our formation position I pounced like a hawk upon the first division, our next man taking the second group, and so on.

Routed

AT A DISTANCE of one hundred feet we opened fire, trying to pick off officers, the object being to demoralize and, if possible, to rout the entire train, rather than to see how many men we could kill. Our operation was purely a strategic one. Of course, to break up the train we had to shoot the horses drawing the supply wagons. How we hated to slay these poor animals as they reared on their haunches! I have always loved horses, and it seemed so bitter to have to do this. We skipped from company to company, blazing with bursts of twenty to thirty shots at a time, alternating the guns so as to keep them as cool as possible. Whatever fire the infantry returned from their muskets was negligible. They were instantly too demoralized and panicstricken for their fire to count for anything. Here and there a German bullet would puncture our wings.

There is not much to tell about that raid. The poor devils simply scattered madly, trying to hide under roadside trees, and we would skim over these trees raking them with copper. The ten or twelve companies became completely disorganized within a few minutes—their morale completely blasted. A hundred or more killed, many wounded; all of the horses down; supplies set afire by our incendiary bullets—havoc generally.

It would be hours before that troop train could proceed to its destination. With the road blocked other troops would be prevented from passing on to the Front. In short, we achieved that for which we made our sortie. It was all in the game.

More Men Were Drowned in the Mud of the Shell Craters Than Were Hit by Shells

A Typical Ambulance Camp in France

Back at our bassenau safely we resumed our card game, concentration on our cards enabling us to forget the fight of a few minutes before. Some of the boys were outside hitting fungoes, and a couple were indulging in wrestling.

There was not much sporting-goods equipment among our escadrille and I cannot appeal too strongly for athletic goods for our boys over there. Baseballs, bats and boxing gloves, plus tobacco, help to take the curse off the hell stuff at the Front.

It will not require any great stretch of imagination on the part of the reader to realize that nearly one hundred German and Allied machines in the air at the same time and at the same place could cause quite a mix-up. Furthermore, at the same time artillery fire from both sides for miles up and down the line converged at this spot—the German guns all concentrating on a small segment of our lines, and our batteries tearing the stuffing out of the enemy position just opposite, only a few hundred feet across the ownerless divide. Merry 'ell was certainly let loose!

It was in November, 1917, and our escadrille, as well as several others of our escadrilles, will have plenty of cause to remember it, for up to that time it was the biggest air mix-up in the history of the French Flying Corps; and for all I know it has not been equaled since.

Things had been rather dull for some days and there was nothing to indicate in advance what was coming. At distances of two miles apart all along our Front there were French observation balloons, three of which were visible from our bassenau. They were approximately three miles back of the first-line trenches.

Snap-Shots

DIRECTLY opposite us Fritz had three Drachens sullenly watching our lines with telescopic eyes. These were just outside the range of our guns. It was early in the afternoon. The air was clear and not a plane visible.

Suddenly we were roused from a game of bridge by an unusually loud bombardment coming across that barbed-wire tangle and presently the French observation balloon nearest us was shot down by artillery—torn to shreds. What the Hun had done was to move up a heavy battery from behind his third line to his first-line trenches. There was the dickens to pay! He was preparing for an infantry attack across the big waste.

Our escadrille immediately sent the adjutant across the lines with a single-seated photography Spad plane, for it was essential to locate the exact position of that battery at once. Three battleplanes were detailed to protect him and I never saw a quicker get-away made. There was not a second wasted. The orders were simple; the men knew what to do.

In the meantime our forces were winding down the two other French observation balloons, for obviously it was impossible to save them should the Germans decide to work for their range.

In protecting the photographer three battleplanes had their hands full, for they were soon outnumbered by enemy chasse planes; but in less than five minutes the sharp eyes of our ace exploring at dangerously low altitude had located the Hun battery and photographed it. He paid no more attention to the antiaircraft shell bursts than if they had been raindrops. The dozen enemy chasse planes were so many mosquitoes to him. Back he came with his escort in wonderful formation—all the machines scarred but none hopelessly out of commission. The impatient dark-room expert could scarcely wait for that plate to come

(Continued on Page 65)

French 220-Millimeter Mortar, Just After Firing

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PHILADELPHIA, JULY 6, 1918

If Your Copy is Late

BECAUSE of the unprecedented transportation conditions, all periodicals will frequently be delivered late. If your copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST does not reach you on Thursday please do not write complaining of the delay, as it is beyond our power to prevent it. If your dealer or boy agent does not place THE SATURDAY EVENING POST on sale Thursdays it is because his supply has been delayed in transit. He will have it later.

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Democracy Must Win

THE Declaration of Independence was only a scrap of paper; but it was written, rewritten, and is now being written anew in the blood of the Nation. It was only a promise to posterity, but millions have died to keep that promise. It was only an ideal—the castles of a vision that a few men saw clear and complete on the far horizon, where duller eyes could see nothing but the clouds—yet no enemy has prevailed against it. The Declaration of Independence stands for something much greater than the freedom of the body—it stands for the freedom of the spirit.

To-day all over the world men are dying for their ideals—Prussianism, Bolshevikism and Democracy. We cannot assume that the whole German people is being whipped into battle with the flat of the Kaiser's sword. Nor can we believe that Russia plunged down into the pit in a spirit of sheer deviltry. In both countries the leaders have held up before the people certain ideals, or rather ideas of life and government. The Germans have been promised booty—the loot of a dozen countries; the Bolsheviki were promised the land and the goods of every class in Russia except their own. Democracy promises no material thing.

Men and nations must be judged by something besides their professions and their promises. Phrases must prove up. Even an ideal must work. It must have its head up among the clouds, but its feet must be on solid earth. Neither Prussianism nor Bolshevikism can stand the test.

Every human affair, whether it be the laborer's grind, the conduct of a corporation or the governing of a nation, goes back to a few simple first principles. Prussianism recognizes this. But it is based solely on the struggle for existence. Life under the Prussian system is finally life under natural law—as remorseless, as pitiless, as brutal as life in the primeval slime, where the strongest was the fittest and the bloodiest the best. In Germany, the strong German will stand no nonsense from the weak German. In the world outside, strong Germany will stand no nonsense from the weak nation. Gloss it over as one may with sentimentality, music, poetry and science, that is all there is to the German ideal. In every line of her modern literature, in every utterance of her leaders, from the King-god down, Germany throws back to the simple first principle: Take if you are strong; yield if you are weak.

Of the three systems Bolshevikism mouths the finest phrases and promises most. It proclaims liberty, equality and fraternity for mankind, and inaugurates the reign of liberty by delivering Russia into the hands of Germany and by stifling the aspirations of struggling Finland. It seeks equality in the mire, by dragging down all classes to the level of the lowest. It promotes fraternity by accentuating class lines and despoiling all classes but its own. In short, Prussianism recognizes no law but natural law; Bolshevikism repudiates both natural law and human law. Both systems arrive at the same conclusion: Prussianism, despotism by the all-highest; Bolshevikism, despotism by all the lowest.

Democracy recognizes natural law and builds on it intelligently. It governs by human law, but it is governed by moral law. It discards all theories of immediate perfection and strives to give every man a chance according to his deserts and desires. It recognizes the hopelessness of bringing about absolute equality, but it is trying to give equality of opportunity; it hopes to lessen the disparity in the lot of men by lifting up those on the lower levels to higher ones; it is making for fraternity by preaching love instead of hate; and it is working toward true liberty by teaching that no man has any rights who does not first consider the rights of others.

Democracy is the only system on trial to-day that is intelligently planned and fitted to the needs of the world. With all its mistakes, blunders and imperfections it has given to a hundred million people greater opportunity, prosperity and happiness than any other nation in the history of the world has ever enjoyed. Other systems may talk well or read well, but Democracy works well. The old Germans in this country who are regretting the vine-clad Rhine through the softening haze of a generation of absence, and those earnest and uplifted young thinkers who, at a distance of five thousand miles, are viewing Bolshevikism sympathetically through their tortoise-shell rimmed glasses, could be condemned to no harder fate than banishment from Democracy to life in the land of their realized ideals.

No doubt there are those who will say that it is unfair to judge Bolshevikism by the outcome in Russia. To the theorist it is always unfair to use facts when dealing with theories.

America has been a good place to live in; it can be a better. But Kultur will not make it better. Bolshevikism and all its kindred isms will not make it better. Even that grand old nostrum, Socialism, will not make it better.

After every excursion into Altruria, after every experiment in making everybody rich and happy, all of a sudden and all at once, humanity comes back to the old, slow, individualistic process of educating and helping men up one at a time.

Democracy works with the individual for the good of the mass. Socialism would work with the mass for the good of the individual; but it cannot be done.

Since the Declaration of Independence was written Britain and France and Italy have lined up beside us in the brotherhood of Democracies. Sooner or later Russia will pass from the red morning of her Revolution to the day of Democracy; and finally Germany will learn that there is a higher law than that of the beast.

Democracy Must Win.

Spending Our Money

THIS Congress has so far failed in one of the most obvious and exigent duties war imposed upon it. A year and a half ago Washington knew war was at the gate. It knew, from Europe's experience, war would involve expenditures by the Government on such a scale that all it had expended from its foundation down to date—including costs of the Civil War and three others—would be surpassed in a comparatively few months. It knew its methods of expending public money were so defective that waste attended every step. That condition had been circumstantially pointed out. No one denied it.

From that day to this it has not corrected its methods or shown any vital interest in the subject. It is now proposing to deal with twenty-five billion dollars or so of public money by methods that were shown to be quite inadequate for dealing with eight per cent of that sum.

There has been time—an abundance of time. Anyone who entertains the least doubt on that subject can resolve it by simply glancing over the Congressional Record. A great deal of time has been devoted to subjects of much less importance. There has been time. What was lacking was the inclination. This subject requires not merely close study and hard work, it requires personal sacrifices from the members of Congress—sacrifices of prestige, pride of office, political pull. These have not been forthcoming. In its own intimate affairs Congress has refused to meet the demands of the war.

It has done much. It has done various good things. But as to its own particular business—its own organization and proceedings—it has failed.

The Country's Income

GROSS income of the people of the United States is believed to have risen to fifty billion dollars against thirty-odd in 1914—the rise being due, of course, to higher prices and greater production. Subsistence must come out of that. Very respectable authority has ventured an opinion that the surplus may reach eighteen billions—which would still fall several billions short of meeting the war bill of the new fiscal year.

If we take the surplus over subsistence at eighteen billions, it is probably three times as great as it was before the world war. Whatever the actual figure of income may be, the surplus over subsistence has probably increased threefold; and war history everywhere shows that a nation's net income, in the sense of production over and above civilian consumption, is capable of an astonishing progressive expansion.

But not of a miraculous expansion. There is no legerdemain about it. Income cannot be got by making passes in the air. Congress seems more or less infected by the miraculous notion—not so much in the readiness with which it votes huge appropriations as in some other exhibitions of its attitude toward the subject. For example, as when recently it talked of eliminating war profits and in the same breath of getting a greatly increased sum of taxes from them, and in its persistent indifference to every suggestion of economy in its own methods of appropriating money.

The miraculous notion is just what we do not want. However many dollars there may be, there are finally just so many and no more; and for every dollar, war raises a presumptive demand for at least a dollar and a quarter. Never in the country's history was there greater need of treating each dollar as though it were the sole survivor.

No Borrowing

WHATEVER else may be debatable in this matter of economizing to meet the war, one point stands out clearly enough: There should be no borrowing; no use of credit except for productive or really necessary purposes.

That applies to the individual. He has no business to borrow or go into debt except to increase his productiveness or for some fairly unavoidable need. If his house has burned down he might be excused for borrowing to rebuild it. He is not excusable for going into debt to build an addition, or to buy needless luxuries, or for any such purpose.

It applies especially to states, towns and other political divisions. Streets and roads must be kept in reasonable repair and necessary upkeep should be attended to; but all public improvements that cannot justify themselves as contributing directly to the health and industrial efficiency of the community should be deferred. The new courthouse, the new park, the new highway can wait until this other tremendous public job of winning the war is disposed of.

The rule is incumbent upon all public bodies, not only because their undertakings are on a large scale, and so set up a more formidable competition with the National Government for materials, labor and credit, but because their example must have great influence on individuals. The man who wishes to build a new garage this year will probably lay aside his plans when his city lays aside its plans for mere adornments and conveniences.

Small towns and rural districts must remember this duty as well as big cities. An unnecessary public improvement, undertaken now, advertises obtuseness to national need.

OUR WAR LIMITATIONS

By Floyd W. Parsons

THE present war is to be a match of resources. But it is also going to be something more than a contest in the development and rapid utilization of our natural and artificial wealth. With Russia out of the conflict the Allies—including only the self-governing British dominions and Continental United States—still have 11,000,000 square miles of territory, 303,000,000 people and $495,000,000,000 of national wealth. The Teutonic alliance has 1,250,000 square miles of land, 147,000,000 people and $134,000,000,000 of wealth. The Allies owe a debt of $69,000,000,000, equal to 14 per cent of their total assets. Germany and her supporters owe $37,000,000,000, or a debt equal to 28 per cent of their wealth.

On paper, therefore, the Allies have all the best of it. But we have learned that such resources as coal and iron are of no value in the present emergency unless these basic materials can be made immediately available at the battle front in the form of implements of war—shells, powder, guns and airplanes. The Russian Army had plenty of men and muscle, but it was impotent at times for lack of the paraphernalia necessary to win battles. The present moment is one in which dispatch is better than discourse, and the shortest answer of all is in doing a thing.

American Troops at Mess in a Trench

There is no one to-day who can tell for certain just how the situation in the East may develop. Russia, excluding Poland, has 20,000,000 more people than the total population of the Teutonic alliance. Our enemies are sure to draw supplies from this vast human storehouse, and it is possible that Germany eventually may try to put all her men in the field and use prisoners and Russians to run her industries.

America Thought to be Bluffing

GERMANY, even with her acknowledged ability to organize, cannot extend Russian industries sufficiently to improve measurably her manufacturing capacity in time to be effective, but she will use this opportunity if possible to solve her problem of man power.

The Entente has five men for every two available to the alliance. However, this superiority in the number of effectives is partly nullified by the advantage of centralized effort possessed by the Teutons. By virtue of their compact position they are able to present a dense front and speedily shift their point of attack. In the matter of shells and other supplies Great Britain and America must both handle each ton of material three times in getting it from the point of manufacture to the Front. The Teutons handle their supplies but once before dumping them in the battle zone. Even our water barriers have their disadvantages.

Germany was well aware of the physical difficulties attending America's active participation in the war. She did not anticipate that we would be willing to make either the effort or the sacrifices necessary to overcome the handicaps imposed by distance. Only a few weeks ago a distinguished German official, commenting on American participation in the struggle, said: "Americans are past masters in the art of bluffing. They talked glibly about crushing Germany with 100,000 airplanes, but not one such machine has yet reached France. Concerning their shipbuilding program the only things lacking are wood, steel, shipyards and workmen. The fiasco has also been complete with regard to effectives. If the English were chased from France American intervention would no longer have any object. A naval war is only a vain threat. Aid from America this year may be considered a negligible quantity. As for the quality of the American soldiers, the Allies have just had a sorry taste of it." Here we have the true Teuton conception of our war efforts to date. The German mind has been scientifically trained to regard America as an overrated nation of money grabbers. They are rejoicing in the belief that we are so lacking in Kultur that American manufacturers for the sake of personal profits will send inferior and defective airplanes to France for their own sons to fly in. The Hun character now stands revealed, for a nation's ideals are the true measure of its character. A people that overvalue themselves will undervalue others, and those who undervalue others will oppress them. German pride dwells not in principles but in demeanor.

Slow but Sure

ONLY through victories of American arms on the battlefield shall we be able to substitute a wholesome respect in the minds of the Germans for the contempt in which they have held us. We have been slow in reaching out for the enemy, but our tardiness is due only to the fact that we are building a deep foundation for a long and terrible war. Our purpose is great, and our achievements will be greater. The American rifle is the best in the world, and it fires the highest-power cartridge of all. Our automatic pistols are different from the others in that they use a slow-velocity, large-caliber cartridge, designed to stop a man rather than to go through him. They are made for close fighting, and few Huns will keep coming to do further execution once they are struck by one of these 45's. The pistols of other armies will often shoot a hole through a man but still not stop him from making his attack with bayonet or knife.

America has never been content to follow other nations, and she will not be so now. Her initiative and inventive forces are commencing to tell. The much discussed Liberty motor is now being turned out in quantity.

When told of the entry of the United States into the war Von Hindenburg shrugged his shoulders to emphasize his unconcern. German writers in referring to the incident now say, "And again Hindenburg was right." I doubt, however, the permanency of this assumed indifference. The greatest friend of truth is time. The slurs of the Huns are bedded deep in the hearts and minds of the American people. We are not beginning our fight with crutches; so we shall not have to end with them. Kaiser William would have us fall on our knees and pray for mercy, but he will find instead that American soldiers stand erect and think. We are aware that we can succeed when Germany does not believe in us, but never if we do not believe in ourselves.

The German hosts are already in

A "Pill Box" on the Western Front in France. Within These Small Forts Several Soldiers are Stationed With Machine Guns, and Because of Their Protected Position and Wide Sweep They are Able to Do Serious Damage to the Oncoming Enemy. These "Pill Boxes" are Bringing About a Material Change in the Method of Fighting, and the Germans Particularly are Abandoning the Trench for the "Pill Box." These Small Fortifications are Built of Reenforced Concrete, and are Now So Substantially Constructed That a 9.2-Inch Shell Only Takes a Small Bite Out of Them and Does Not Destroy the Structure. They are Often Placed at Intervals as Close as 100 Feet, and are Located at All Advantageous Points Without Any Reference to Regularity or System

contact with the vanguard of our fighting forces. We shall challenge their boast of a superior civilization. We shall match their submarines, boat for boat, and we shall put more of these craft into the water than the Kaiser ever possessed. America does not relish building war machines that can lie in wait and then in cowardly fashion be made to strike a defenseless foe unseen; but since we must play a game not of our own choosing we have devised a splendid engine, battery and motor for our submarines.

The German stories of huge undersea cruisers have not materialized. We have no record of any that are greater than 800 tons displacement. The North Sea is comparatively shallow, and there is some question as to whether this body of water can be utilized at all by enemy supersubmarines. An 800-ton craft needs a depth of 80 to 100 feet for comfortable clearance under ships of great draft.

The Master Optimist on the Job

Perhaps some Americans overguessed in the matter of affording speedy relief to our Allies, but the Germans were even further from fact in their belief that American transports would not get across the Atlantic.

The Teutons will also find food for thought in our shipbuilding activities. When the emergency-fleet program was started there was not a shipyard in the world but required from six to twelve months to launch a vessel. Soon after we got going a steel ship was put into the water in 90 days and a record was established. Then came a launching in 80 days, and soon Pacific Coast yards reduced the time to 66, then to 61 and finally to 55 days.

This roused the Atlantic Coast builders, and one company by a system of schedule charts announced on April eighth that it was laying the keel for a steel ship that would be put into the water in 27 days 4 hours and 50 minutes. The officials of the company who made the announcement, however, failed to reckon with the patriotic spirit of their workmen, and as a consequence the estimate was wrong—it was 1 hour and 40 minutes too high. The result was a new world record, and a second bad day for the Kaiser.

I have just referred to a second bad day for Germany. The first was when Charles M. Schwab, master optimist of the universe, became Director General of the Emergency Fleet Corporation. A man must have more within him than brown eyes and a good appetite to pick up a small and unpromising eight-million-dollar steel company and in a dozen years make it about the greatest munition works in the world. Mr. Schwab is a postgraduate in the art of getting the best out of men, and when it comes to picking the right fellow for the right job he is chief of the tribe. If this were not so he would not have hired a boyish-looking young man named Grace, who had difficulty working his way through college, and who today as president of Bethlehem is the highest-paid officer in America and yet according to Mr. Schwab is the cheapest man in his employ. One single statement of Mr. Schwab clearly typifies the man. He said: "No man ever worked for me in my life, but many thousands have worked with me."

If every shipyard in the United States building steel ships could launch a vessel in each of the available shipways as speedily as the one mentioned above we would turn out nearly 4565 ships a year, assuming that there are 300 working days in each twelvemonth. If all of the ships were the same size—5500 tons—the total tonnage would be 25,107,500. This would give us enough vessels with sufficient capacity to furnish all needed supplies to an army of 12,000,000 soldiers in France.

It is certain we shall not have that many men in France, and it is equally sure we shall not get such an annual output of ships. However, with 82 new shipyards, having 235 steel shipways—or 26 more than at present exist in all England—and with 550,000 earnest, efficient and patriotic workmen giving their best efforts in these yards the outlook is more than promising.

Our Allies, who have so nobly held the Huns at bay, will find that Yankee ingenuity is not a myth and that their faith has not been misplaced. Thousands of American engineers are working on plans and along lines that will change present methods of warfare. The initiative will not remain for long with the Teutons. German innovations will not be the only surprises sprung on the Western Front. Let Americans who are impatient get one thought in their minds—our forces are not going to spill anything until the job can be done right.

Take the question of gases now used so extensively by the Huns in their various attacks. A small army of chemists in the United States is working day and night on this problem. Our university faculties have been depleted of their most celebrated scientists, and these men with hundreds of assistants are pitted against each other, some making the deadliest of poison fumes, while others are engaged solely in devising means of defense against the gases that their comrades manufacture. In our great American game of football the first fundamental is—do not use your best plays until the crucial moment arrives, when they will net you a touchdown and bring home a victory. The future German record will read: "We have had one busy day with American gas."

Right here I cannot pass on without sounding one note of warning: We must not have anything that resembles a military aristocracy in this country. Certain of the European nations have the semblance of such a thing. In our war machine there should be no place for the man in uniform who considers all ideas emanating from civilians as unworthy of notice. The nation is doing much, but there still remains a vast reserve of more than 100,000 technically trained men whose capacity for war work has not been utilized. Volunteer efforts have so often met obstacles that many men are discouraged.

In the meantime there are hundreds of war problems that remain unsolved. The airplane, machine gun and barbed wire need improving. The present style of tank needs improving. Light armor for the soldier is another problem, for it is not at all unlikely that our men over there will in course of time battle the enemy in suits of steel, as did the knights of old. These and other problems are for the coördinated brains of the nation, and not simply for the attention of one or two men, no matter how clever they may be.

Increasing Efficiency

The past year has been a time of great achievement on the part of American inventors. I have seen a record of more than six hundred very important commercial and war developments. Among these were many extremely valuable inventions. An American chemist has devised a process for dissolving iodine crystals in water only, eliminating all iron and manganese, making an absolutely pure solution—something hitherto deemed impossible. This discovery promises to revolutionize chemical science, and provides a solution for healing and antiseptic purposes that is far superior to anything now available; for it does not coagulate the blood when applied to a wound, but assimilates with the tissues.

Uncle Sam's efficiency is increasing day by day. The hospitals we are building are the largest on earth. One camp just being completed has made provision for 20,000 beds. We have put up towns on what was barren land, and these new settlements have paved streets, model systems of drainage and sewerage, a good water supply, electric lights and telephones. In one such community 55 hospital buildings have been erected, and most of the materials used in this construction work came from the United States. At a single seaport used by Uncle Sam as a debarkation base we have nearly eight miles of docks and wharves, practically all of which we have built during the last year. It is no wonder such feats are being accomplished, for in one regiment of engineers 60 per cent of the men are college graduates, and most of these young soldiers are now working as day laborers. It is sacrifices like these that should make those of us here at home ashamed to mention such a thing as an eight-hour day or a summer of idleness at seashore or mountains.

We are putting forth this great effort for the accomplishment of a single purpose. Is there a limit to the total of how much we can accomplish? What are the chief factors that may restrain us? Shall we be compelled to change materially our mode of living? Is it going to be necessary to sacrifice businesses and private incomes?

One first thought is just this: If our Government has the right to take all its men of certain ages and dispose of them in whatever way it wishes, then there is no justice in any plan which in this urgent emergency exempts from all sacrifice our men of other ages not included in the draft. It therefore rests on every man at home to submit uncomplainingly to the necessities of the hour. We can succeed in doing the thing we have set out to do only by substituting war work for peace work. The reason is plain. The basic materials of modern industry are coal and iron. The production of these necessities is wholly dependent on transportation. The quantity of material we can haul is controlled by the number of locomotives, cars and tracks we possess; and we have not enough railroad equipment to provide for the additional industrial expansion entailed by the war.

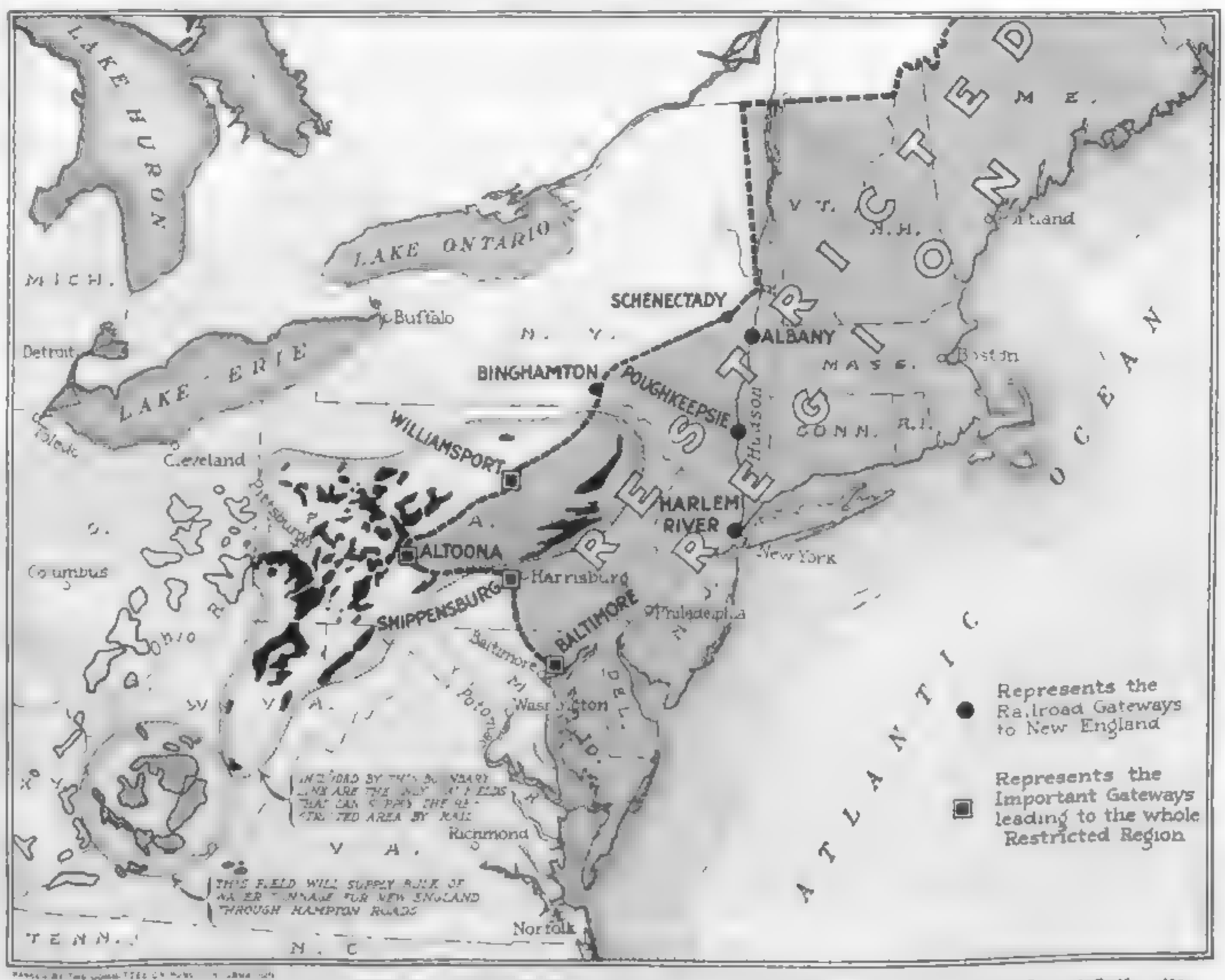
It is easy to say get more cars and engines and track; but it cannot be done. In fact, it looks as if we have our hands full providing enough equipment of various kinds to replace what is wearing out and going to the scrap heap. The order placed by the Government for 100,000 cars sounded big, but this was the first time that orders for all roads were bunched into one.

We shall need at least 150,000 cars for replacement alone this year. To make even this small number we shall have to fall back on a composite design so that wood will largely replace steel in the construction of this equipment.

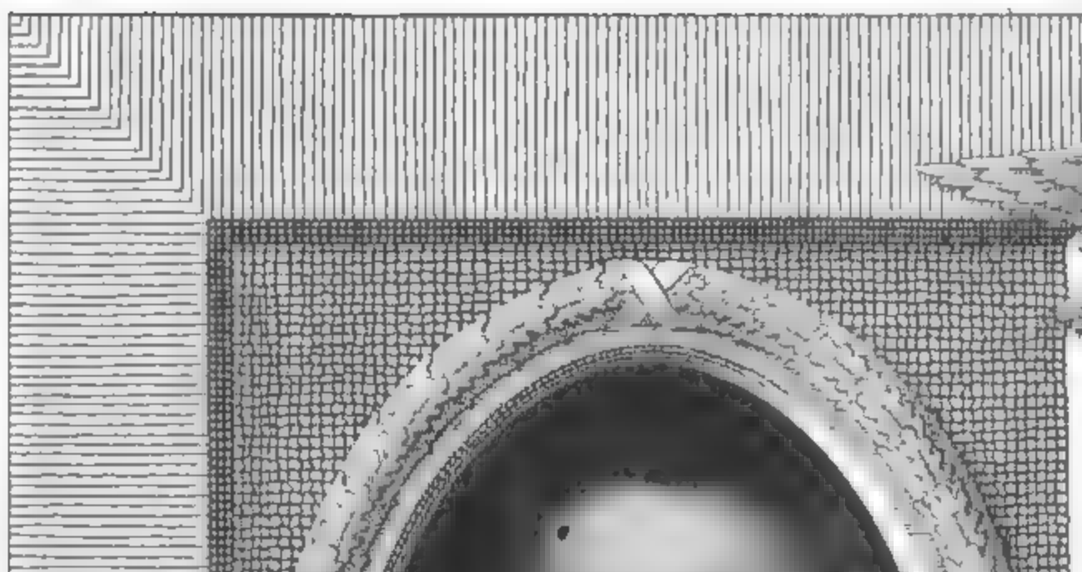
There is another difficulty not generally considered, though it is of major importance. Let the reader look at the accompanying map of the United States. Let him note the congestion of population in a small area of our territory. Here we have the principal answer to our most serious troubles. Forty-five per cent of our population inhabits eleven per cent of our area. In this small Eastern district, which includes the New England States, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, Ohio, Indiana and parts of Illinois and Michigan, we have 138 people per square mile; in the South we have 47 people per square mile; land in our great Western country, comprising nearly 75 per cent of our total area, we have only 16 people on each square mile of land.

For every mile of railroad in the East we have 693 people; in the South we have

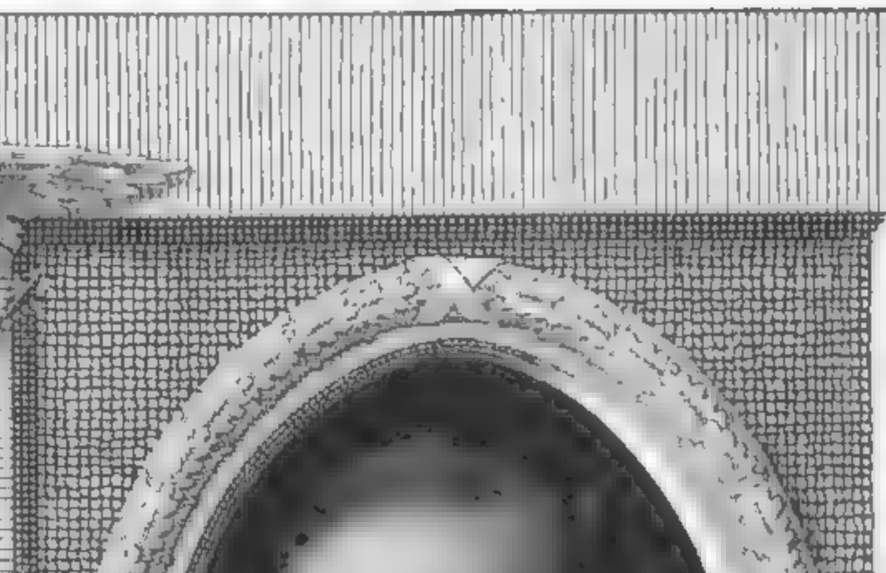
(Continued on Page 24)



Showing the Restricted Area Where There Is a Congestion of Manufacturing and Population. There Is No Coal Except Anthracite Produced in This Entire Region. All of the Fuel for Industrial Purposes, Except What Goes to New England by Water, Must Pass Through Four Railroad Gateways



LINCOLN



WILSON

Dedication and Re-dedication

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

A Lincoln

WE are now about to accept the gage of battle with this natural foe to liberty, and shall, if necessary, spend the whole force of the nation to check and nullify its pretensions and its power. We are glad, now that we see the facts with no veil of false pretense about them, to fight thus for the ultimate peace of the world and for the liberation of its peoples, the German people included; for the rights of nations great and small and the privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life and of obedience. The world must be made safe for democracy. Its peace must be planted upon the trusted foundations of political liberty. * * * *

* * * * But the right is more precious than peace, and we shall fight for the things which we have always carried nearest our hearts—for democracy, for the right of those who submit to authority to have a voice in their own governments, for the rights and liberties of small nations, for a universal dominion of right by such a concert of free peoples as shall bring peace and safety to all nations and make the world itself at last free.

To such a task we can dedicate our lives and our fortunes, everything that we are and everything that we have, with the pride of those who know that the day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and her might for the principles that gave her birth and happiness and the peace which she has treasured. God helping her, she can do no other.

Woodrow Wilson

JULY 4 1918
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(Continued from Page 22)

407 and in the West only 252. In the latter territory there are 15 miles of area per mile of line; in the East only five. Nearly 400,000 miles of railroad track are operated in the United States. The West has as much main-line track as the South and East combined, but the East alone has practically the same mileage of yard track and sidings as the West, which is one indication of the greater density of location of manufacturing plants along the Eastern roads. Proof of congestion in the Eastern lines is shown by the fact that in the West only four men are employed per mile of road, whereas in the East there are twelve. A further fact indicating the density of industrial activity in the thickly populated East is the tonnage of manufactures originating in this region. Of all the manufactured goods produced in the United States nearly 70 per cent of the tonnage originates in the small Eastern territory. This class of goods needs plenty of raw materials to produce the finished articles, and this means a huge movement of iron, coal and other bulky materials into the crowded region.

Recently the Government ordered 1025 new locomotives. We already have 64,750, so that if we assume that none goes to the scrap heap we are only increasing the number of engines on all our roads about 1.6 per cent. Considering the seriousness of the transportation situation this order for new equipment will afford very slight relief. In the matter of freight cars the recent order for 100,000 will add 4.3 per cent to our total freight-car equipment. When we recall that the wear and tear of ordinary service depletes our car supply at the rate of 6.4 per cent annually the much advertised government order for cars dwindles into insignificance. It falls more than 50,000 short of covering necessary replacements. And that is not all; the really important phase of the situation is the inability of locomotive and car companies to produce an adequate number of locomotives, even if the Government should decide to place orders for more equipment.

Coal

The chief concern of American industries and people is the outlook for coal next winter. I do not want to be unduly alarming, but it is impossible to analyze the situation and discover any hope therein. Nothing short of a miracle can prevent a serious fuel scarcity this coming January and February, if not earlier. We are up against a situation that has been a very long time in the making. A few years ago coal formed 36 per cent of the country's total freight; this has gradually decreased until to-day coal is less than 29 per cent of all the freight that our railroads carry. In 1908 we produced 415,000,000 short tons of coal, and the railroads had 800,000 coal cars in which to move it. This year the production of coal estimated as necessary to fill known requirements will have to total 738,789,000 short tons, of which 100,000,000 short tons are anthracite. To move this large tonnage we have only 960,000 coal cars. In other words, during the last decade the output of coal has increased 70 per cent, and the number of coal cars only 20 per cent. The railroad program as now outlined proposes to increase the coal-car supply 5.2 per cent. At the same time we are aiming to produce 15 per cent more coal. It cannot be done. We shall have to reduce our war program or curtail our less essential activities

One thought that should be unanimous to-day in the minds of all Americans is the absolute necessity of utilizing our railroads for the sole purpose of winning the war. There should be no thought of profit or loss in the operation of the country's transportation systems. What do we care if the roads show a deficit this year of $500,000,000, or even $1,000,000,000? They have been starved so long anyway that Uncle Sam should dig down and make amends. Our national existence is at stake, and our youths will fill graves in France if we are not up and doing. We have no higher duty at the moment than to indicate to the President that we are with him should he frown on all those who would stop to bargain while our sons wait and die. Our population is in the East; our soldiers across the ocean. Our food is principally in the West. What do we care if the cars that bring necessary supplies East go back empty, so long as our people are fed, and grains and meat get to the boys over there? When we send wheat and beef and shells to France, do we wait until we can load the ships before we send them back? Do we hold up our hands in horror at the economic waste of sending them home empty? We do not! Let us have no patience with those who cannot or will not depart from conventional ways and economic principles that were fine once but that have no place in these days of war.

The Side of a Steel Ship During the Period of Construction. The Riveters and Reamers are Fastening the Plates Into Position. Some Idea of the Enormous Tonnage of Steel Required to Build Such a Hull is Here Conveyed. Nearly Six Hundred Thousand American Workmen are Engaged in Carrying Out Our Vast Marine Program

The map printed on page 22 is an interesting study. It outlines a restricted area that is now termed the "Red-Flag Region." This territory is the most congested section of the United States. It takes in New England, New Jersey and parts of New York, Pennsylvania and Maryland. This map shows conclusively it is unwise to locate new manufacturing plants in this congested section. The reader here asks: Why is this a restricted area? The answer is plain if attention be directed to the limited number of railroad gateways leading thither.

What the Map Shows

Last winter there was a fuel famine in New England. The map shows the chief cause for this famine. There are only three gateways for coal to pass by rail into our North Atlantic States. These are the Harlem River gateway and the ones at Poughkeepsie and Albany. The situation is very much like that which exists when a crowded theater catches fire. The number of people that can get out of the building in a specified time depends on the number of doors available. The New England gateways will take so much and no more.

The program for this year is to give New England 10,000,000 net tons of bituminous by rail, and 20,000,000 tons by water. Of the water shipments 15,500,000 tons are to come from Hampton Roads and 4,500,000 from New York and Philadelphia ports. This is considerably in excess of what New England received last year, and if railroad men are to be believed it is more coal than they will get this year. The three piers at Hampton Roads are adequate to handle the tonnage, for they have an annual capacity of 23,000,000 net tons.

The map further shows the four important gateways to the whole restricted district. These are at Williamsport, Altoona, Shippensburg and Baltimore. The latter two, as located on the map, are placed slightly back of the actual point of congestion. At Harrisburg the actual gateway is east of the city, though the map shows it at the west. Minor gateways are at Binghamton and Schenectady. The coal fields that can supply the restricted region, both by rail and water, under the new zoning system are shown in outline.

The chief purpose of this map is to convince the reader that it is futile to plan on the construction of new plants of any kind in this so-called "Red-Flag Region." Not only can new plants not get coal, but old ones, especially if largely extended, are likely to have considerable difficulty getting adequate fuel. An estimate of the requirements of the region for 1918 totals 90,000,000 tons of bituminous coal. Also in this area 80 per cent of the anthracite production, or 80,000,000 net tons of hard coal, were used last year and will be needed again. It is evident, therefore, that 23 per cent of the total coal production of the nation is required for use in this congested region, where the great bulk of our war essentials is

(Continued on Page 26)

A Nation Of One Mind

Almost every section of the country knows, now, that Republic Tires *do* last longer.

The idea is firmly grounded. It is thoroughly supported by the experience of Republic users everywhere.

The one thing which has done most to promote the fact and the conviction is the Republic's Prōdium Process.

Rubber compounded by this secret process is transformed into an amazingly tough, strong substance.

It becomes more responsive and lively than it was before.

Its tough strength gives it remarkable wearing qualities in a tire; and it also offers great resistance to serious road cuts and abrasions.

These are the qualities which make Republic Tires last longer.

Republic Inner Tubes, both Black-Line Red and Gray, have a reputation for freedom from trouble

The Republic Rubber Corporation
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Originator of the First Effective Rubber Non-Skid Tire
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The Famous Garde Républicaine Band of France

—with members and leader now playing in this Country, other members fighting in France.

Hear this greatest of all the great European Military Bands

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30136	The British Patrol Garde Republicaine Band	12"	1.25
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Every *prominent* European Band plays for *Pathé* Records.

You think you've heard good band records before.

But—*just for your own satisfaction*—

Follow the Cornets in the Garde Républicaine's playing of—for example—the "Siamese Twins" (70051), $1.50.

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You can play Pathé Records on your machine, no matter what the make.

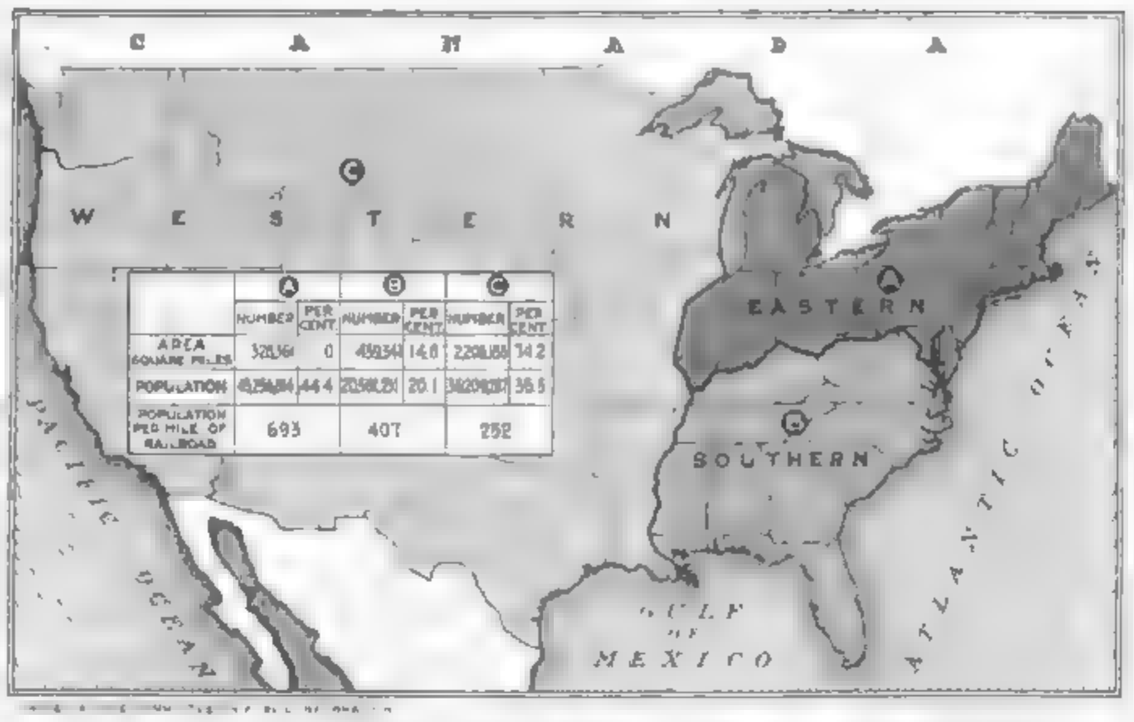
MURATORE

This noted French Tenor sings *exclusively* for *Pathé* Records.

(Continued from Page 24)

manufactured. It is likewise true that this enormous coal tonnage must all go through these narrow "bottle necks," and the quantity that can pass is definitely limited.

New plants that are needed for war production must be located outside this area unless all peace industries lying in the restricted region are still further curtailed. Our South Atlantic and Gulf ports will have to handle a rapidly increasing tonnage of supplies for our forces in France. One truth stands forth—we shall have to win this war with our present equipment. Or let me be ultra-conservative and say with present equipment slightly extended. It is going to tax our mightiest effort to keep our present plants working at top speed; and it certainly would be unwise to hold up our present war shipments and clog our railroads with the tons of raw materials necessary to build additional works.



One of the Principal Causes of Our Inability to Produce More Supplies for War Purposes is the Unequal Distribution of Our Industrial Life. The East is Over-Developed and the West Under-Developed. Nearly One-Half of Our Population Lives on One-Eighth of Our Area

Minimum Coal Requirements

The average person is so apt to say: Why is it that we are having so much trouble to supply 75,000,000 or 100,000,000 tons of coal for war work when we expect to produce 700,000,000 tons this year? The answer is: We cannot furnish any fuel for war purposes until we have first supplied enough to preserve our domestic life. In order to heat our offices and homes and cook our meals we must have at least 125,000,000 tons. Our railroads must operate or all industry will stop, so here we have an item of 166,000,000 tons that must be taken care of. Our exports are not much, but what we have are necessary largely to secure certain materials in trade, and they total 24,000,000 tons. We cannot make steel to manufacture rails, farm implements, and a thousand other necessary articles that we must have if we stop making coke, so here we have a demand for 57,000,000 tons. The American troops in France must live and have supplies with which to fight, so our growing fleet of ships must ply the ocean, and to do so they need 14,000,000 tons. Everyone is aware that we cannot shut down our public utilities, and to keep them running we have to supply 35,000,000 tons. Ice is nearly as necessary to health and life in the summer as is coal in the winter, so here we have an additional 5,000,000 tons to make ice. The mines that produce the coal burn nearly 13,000,000 tons of their output in operating their plants.

If the reader will total up these few primary requirements he will find that the sum amounts to nearly 440,000,000 tons, or about 63 per cent of all we can possibly produce. Now consider that we have not set aside a single ton of coal for any of our industrial plants, whether they are necessary or less essential to our war program. Just to give an idea of what is needed to carry on our business life, here are some of our industries and the amounts of coal they consume: Steel works and rolling mills—exclusive of blast furnaces—24,000,000 tons; brick, tile, pottery and clay products, 11,000,000; cement, 8,000,000; paper, 7,500,000; foundry and machine-shop products, 7,000,000; cotton goods, 5,000,000; slaughtering and meat packing, 3,500,000; chemicals, 3,250,000; glass, 3,000,000; woolen goods, 2,000,000; flour mills, 2,000,000; and lumber, nearly 2,000,000. In addition to all these demands we have the plants that produce leather, sugar, lead, zinc, copper, salt, rubber, petroleum refining, paint, furniture, fertilizers, electrical machinery, confectionery, cans, butter, bread, automobiles, brass and shoes.

And yet these are only a few of our coal consumers.

The time is coming when America must wake up and begin to understand what we are up against. There is not one chance in a thousand that we shall have enough coal to go round this coming winter. Our reserve supplies are practically gone and there is small hope of replenishing them.

We are 20,000,000 tons behind so far this year on our coal schedule. The railroads seem to have an idea that if they can do a little better than they did at the same time last year everyone should be satisfied. But this is a dangerous idea to foster. We need 75,000,000 more tons than were produced in 1917. May production was fairly good, but it was not enough; and as the railroad officials tell us we are now witnessing maximum shipments for the year we can be sure that trouble lies ahead.

I have shown that our entire war effort is limited by our congestion of population and manufacturing in a small area on our Atlantic seaboard. It was also pointed out that this thickly settled region is restricted in its productive capacity by a limited number of railroad gateways through which all of our coal and iron and most of our food must pass. We cannot build additional gateways—at least not now. All we can do is to increase efficiency, eliminate waste and concentrate our energy on war work. Mr. Noyes, Director of Conservation for Doctor Garfield, has developed plans that will save at least 20,000,000 tons of coal, principally through better practices in firing and through the curtailment of less essential industries. The new zoning system for coal distribution, which is being handled for the Fuel Administrator by J. D. A. Morrow, will help a lot, for it will eliminate long hauls and is designed to increase production as well as care efficiency.

The railroads in the future will have to burn coal that is assigned to them, and not purchase fuel that is especially needed for domestic, metallurgical, gas or marine purposes. The people of Chicago and the Middle West, now being deprived of anthracite, will have to burn the coals produced in Southern Illinois. Considerable trouble will be experienced here, for most of the stoves in that region are base-burners and will have to be changed to use bituminous coal. All these changes from usual procedure must carry loss and discomfort to many. For example, one of our largest public utility companies stands to lose $200,000 annually through the enforcement of the new zoning plan. One great problem to-day is how to accomplish the ends desired without rendering injustice to innocent people and legitimate business.

There are some unreasonable and I might say unpatriotic people, like the official who said "If you refuse us anthracite coal we will refuse you wheat"; or the official who complained of the unfairness of the new coal-zone system because it prevented the purchasing of coal in an adjacent field and compelled his people to burn the fuel mined in their own state, which they had hitherto shipped to another region. Americans, almost as a whole, in these serious days, have proved themselves patriotic and unselfish. Some men will always rake the fire under their own pot, but in many cases where this has seemed true the fault has been that officials in Washington have been too busy or have neglected to explain, and have asked for blind submission.

A Partial Remedy

There is one partial remedy that must be applied soon, and that is the curtailment of passenger traffic on railroads. Particularly in the East is such travel excessively heavy, for in this thickly settled territory the average number of trips per inhabitant is 13.6 as compared with 7.5 in the West. In the month of April between Baltimore and Philadelphia the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad averaged 23 freight trains a day, or nearly one train an hour. On the same track they ran 11 passenger trains one way in 24 hours. This shows what a relief it would be to freight traffic if passenger travel was materially curtailed.

The Railroad Administration is putting measures into effect and developing plans that are sure to be beneficial. Investigation has shown that as a general rule fifteen per cent of all our locomotives are in the repair shop.

(Concluded on Page 28)

Constructing an Armored Car for Use by the American Army. When it is Possible, Our Soldiers Will be Conveyed Through Dangerous Zones to the Front in Cars of This Kind. The Construction of Such Cars Will Consume Large Tonnages of Coal and Steel

These two *"dependables"* smoke *dependable* cigars

WHETHER you march away with them or are one of the "dependables" who cheer them on their way, you can profit by their example.

And, by the way, if you *do* go with them you will probably find OWL and WHITE OWL at your destination. For the boys in khaki at camps all over the country are showing marked friendship for these *dependable* cigars.

So whether you go or stay, light up an OWL or WHITE OWL cigar. Settle back for a good half hour of downright pleasure.

We make OWLS and WHITE OWLS only from leaf which has cured to the very "peak-point" of mellow fragrance. To so cure leaf requires, on the average, about 18 months.

And this policy demands a leaf reserve so great as to insure always a sufficient stock of "ready" leaf for OWL and WHITE OWL. Such a reserve is never worth less than $1,000,000. At some seasons its value is almost $2,000,000. And by these means will OWL and WHITE OWL dependability be insured—always.

WHITE OWL ■ Invincible Shape 7c

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Branded for your protection — Banded

DEALERS:

If your distributor does not sell these dependable cigars, write us.

GENERAL CIGAR CO., INC.
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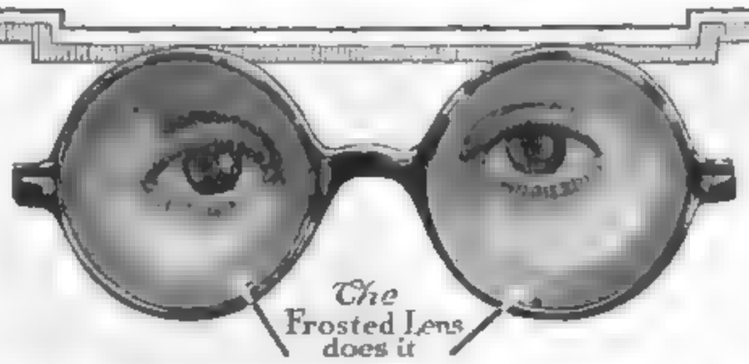
OWL 6c

white OWL 7c

TWO DEPENDABLE CIGARS



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Squinting is caused by too much light—not necessarily too strong, but coming from too wide an angle solidly into the eye. The natural tendency is to half-close the eyes. The NOSQUINT shuts out all light from the outer circle of vision and tones down the light that is excessive. *The NOSQUINT does your squinting for you.*

There is an EYETECTS for every purpose—NOSQUINT for squinting; VENTIFLEX for dust; ALLWON for overhead glare; RESISTAL for safety, etc.

Go to the Store Where Eyetects are Sold.

The EYETECTS Dealer will show you the EYETECTS you should wear. The leading Druggist, Sporting Goods, Hardware, Department Store, Jeweler, Optician and Motor Accessory Dealer will show you the complete line of EYETECTS—Goggles for Every Need.

Write us for illustrated catalog and name of your nearest dealer.

TO DEALERS:—Send for dealers' book and details of our co-operative selling plan.

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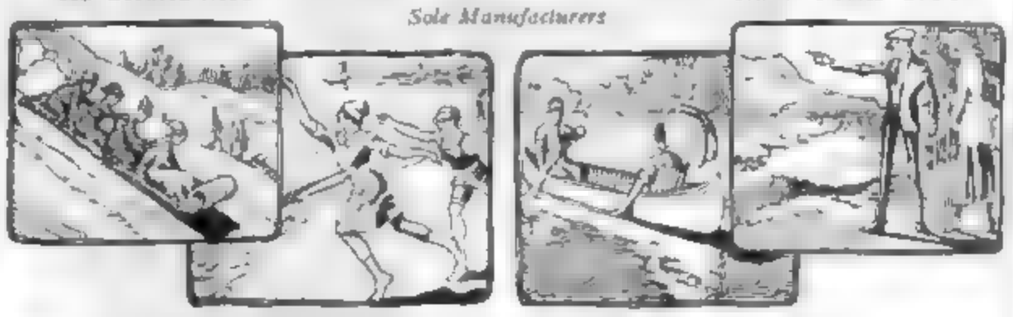

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the Life of a
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NO matter what happens, your battery can be repaired at slight expense, unless the plates fail. When plates go, the battery dies.

Be sure, then, that your new battery is a USL with the USL exclusive machine-pasted plates. It is sold on a 15 months guaranteed adjustment plan. It is the rugged, powerful, long-life battery.

Visit the USL Service Station in your city regularly for free battery inspection. It will add months of life to your battery.

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Factory: NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

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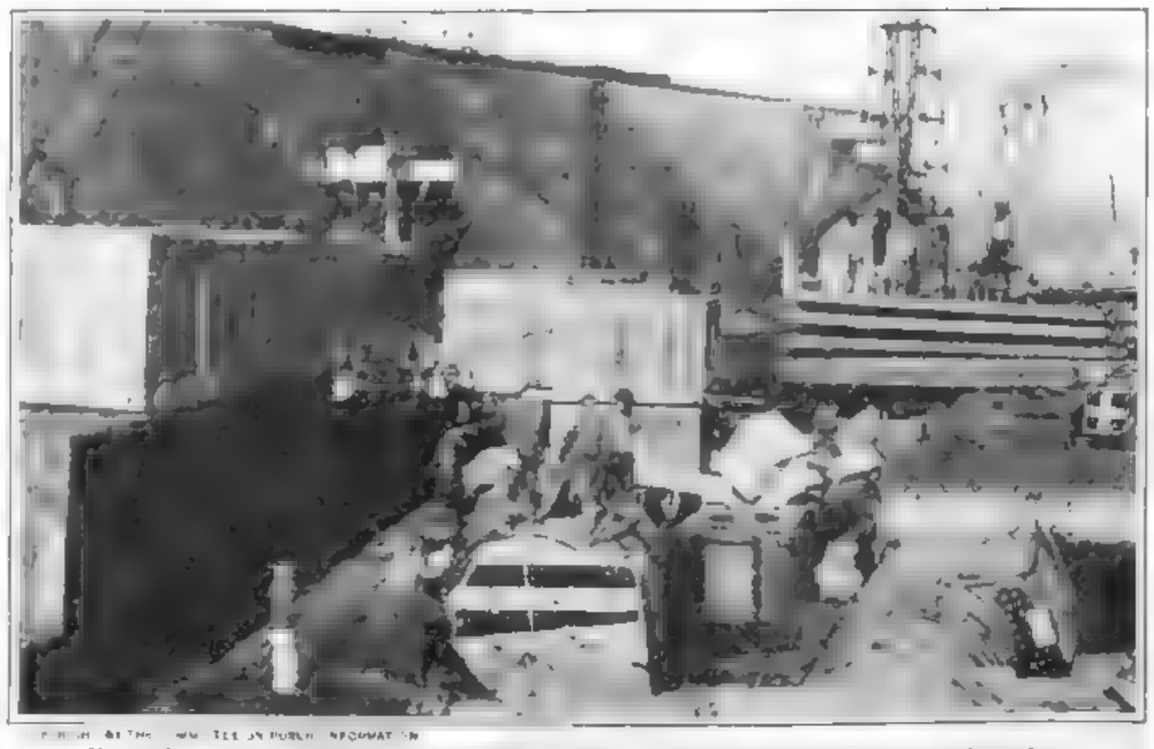
We will send you a 50c Battery Book Free if you mention the make and model of your car



Unloading American Locomotives in France. The United States Has Undertaken to Reconstruct Many of the French Railways and Supply Them With New Equipment. Note the Gigantic Ocean Liner in the Background, Nearing Completion

(Concluded from Page 26)

If this can be reduced as much as one-third by careful handling and prompt attention to small defects there will result an addition of 3233 engines to the operating force. That real results along this line are being actually obtained is evident from a recent record covering four consecutive weeks. During this period there was a total increase of 2913 in the number of locomotives turned out of shops with repairs that required more than 24 hours.

Another line of endeavor that is sure to help the situation is the plan to secure maximum loading of cars. Just to show how this will add to the relief of our transportation sickness it is interesting to note a single instance: During the month of March, in Baltimore, 2222 more tons of fertilizer were loaded in 318 less cars than were loaded in March of last year. In this particular case the policy of careful maximum loading saved 423 cars, or an average of sixteen a day. Think what great benefits would result to the country from a national movement along this line.

In the matter of clean coal the Fuel Administration has organized a division to remedy the evil. Standards have been established for insuring proper preparation. Miners who get out dirty coal will be penalized, and a bonus system is being developed. Mines that fail to observe the requirements will not be allowed to ship by rail. There is reason for hope in all this, for every per cent of ash that is removed from our total production of coal adds 130,000 cars to the available supply.

In the matter of a sufficient labor supply we shall of course have our difficulties during the coming months. One ray of optimism lies in the probable early completion of many great government projects, such as the sixteen army cantonments, and the dock and terminal extensions on our seaboard. This will release thousands of workmen. It is likely that most of these men will be shifted to our shipyards, and thereby add impetus to our marine program.

The chief danger in our labor situation is the foolish policy of encouraging production on a cost-plus basis. All a manufacturer has to do at present is to secure his contracts from the Government, and then get a supply of workmen from some neighboring plant by offering them increased wages. The Government will have to solve this problem, and that soon, for it has been proved that in many cases wages are so high the men find it easy to live in comfort when working only part time. The cost-plus plan is pernicious.

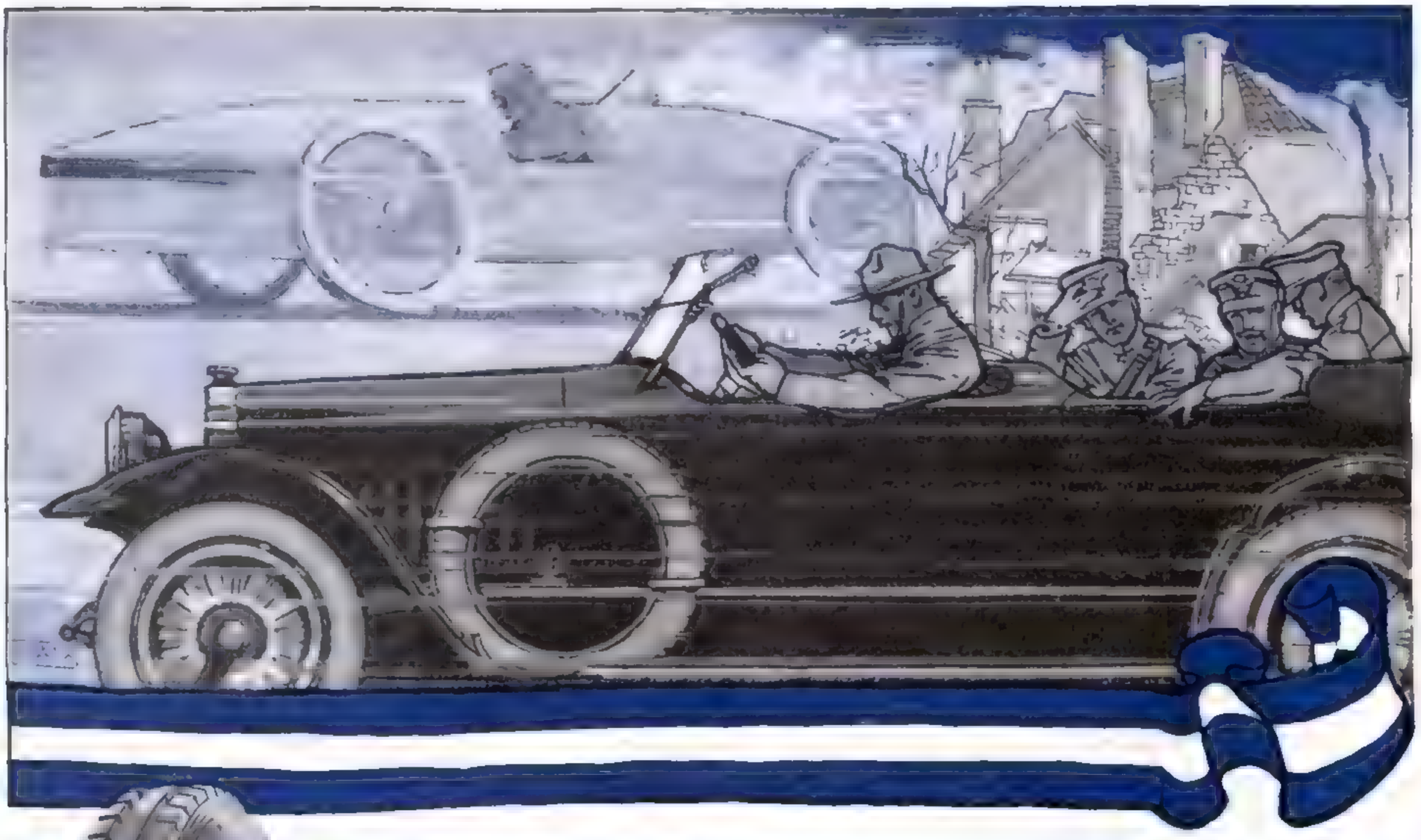
Out in Montana the copper companies now pay untrained boys $5.25 a day. Plumbers get $9; and lathers, whose chief skill is in knowing how to drive a nail, receive from $12 to $15 a day. What high wages have done to coal mining is shown by the report of one large anthracite company, where the daily proportion of absentees runs from 10 to 20 per cent. Instead of greater production per man, efficiency sheets indicate less output per man per hour. Too many workmen feel that when they have subscribed to the Liberty Loan they have done their full share. Unless there is a jacking up of labor in mining and many other industries by the national leaders the nation will fall short in all its plans.

Let me state the conclusion of the whole matter: We are performing incredible feats, but what we are doing is not half our maximum effort. We shall not be in the war as we should be until every woman in the nation who has health and intelligence is working hand in hand with the male portion of our population in doing something useful and constructive. We shall not be on the right road to victory until the idler and the parasite, male and female, stand before their friends disgraced; until luxury is banished.

This does not mean that we should fail to preserve our institutions to the best of our ability. We must leave no place of authority in our national life for the inconsiderate and narrow man who would follow brutal practices in the handling of our businesses, under the guise of war necessity. There is no reason why harsh treatment should prevail when kindlier and less destructive methods will secure the desired result.

Uncle Sam's uniform or any kind of Federal employment, even in the face of our present crisis, does not carry with it a license to be insolent or unreasonable. If we give no thought to the days following hostilities we shall start that era of peace in the same unprepared fashion in which we entered the war.

The final outcome of our fight is certain. We shall accomplish what we set out to do. Let us hope for the best, but prepare for the worst. However, we must not start figuring on what might happen and forget to note what is happening. Victory is only a question of indomitable resolution and rigid application. If our faith is tried let it only develop our patience. We must be dead in earnest, and not forget that though conceit may puff up a nation it will not prop it up.



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One of the five

The First Mile Under 30 Seconds

28 1/5 seconds, made *over 12 years ago* at Ormond Beach by the Stanley "Bug."

It was made on Cord Tires,

—the pioneer tires of cord construction, first of the many makes that followed.

They were developed and produced by an important unit of the United States Rubber Company.

Years of experience and ceaseless toiling for improvement have enabled us to perfect the cord tire principle.

'Royal Cords' are the final development.

And the same principle of construction which achieved new records when speed was a sport is setting the pace on the firing line where tremendous speed is part of a day's work and lives hang on tire dependability.

Layer on layer of powerful little cords assure greatest structural strength and longest wear.

Each layer is impregnated with live rubber to give elasticity and life.

'Royal Cords' will carry you farthest at least expense for tires, repairs, gas and oil.

They are the real thrift tires of the day.

United States Tires are Good Tires

For passenger cars—'Royal Cord,' 'Nobby,' 'Chain,' 'Usco' and 'Plain.' Also tires for Motor Trucks, Motorcycles, Bicycles and Airplanes.

Why Rex Chain Was Standardized Late

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Such chains still have side bars of uniform thickness.

But the weaving and side sway of chain under load exerts a breaking strain that is not uniform.

It is viciously focused on the side bar at a point near the cross-barrel, causing frequent breakage.

REX CHAINS avoid this breakage because they were standardized late.

Their side bars are designed like a cantilever beam.

At the section of exceptional strain the side bars are therefore exceptionally strong. This cantilever design is only one of the REX features that late standardization has made possible.

Another is the GRIPLOCK method of linking, which makes chain much stronger than its link pins. Another is the machine-turning of rollers, so that REX Roller Chain tracks true and prevents the breakage due to sticking.

These and many others all contribute material aid in making REX CHAIN save power, labor and money.

This Rex Griplock Chain, with its cantilever side-bar design, is giving exceptional service on the drives of pulp and paper mills, textile mills, munitions plants, coal mines and pockets, canning factories, packing plants, saw-mills, sand, gravel and cement plants, and many other industries. With attachments it is used in the same industries for conveyors and elevators.

You can secure standard Rex Sprocket Chain of any style or type, either from distributors or direct, for every transmission and conveyor need

REX CHAIN

Rex Traveling Water Screens, Rex Concrete Mixers,
Rex Sprockets, Rex Elevators and Conveyors.

CHAIN BELT COMPANY, MILWAUKEE

GREEN, YELLOW AND BLUE CROSS SHELL

(Continued from Page 4)

got on to the battery and the casualties were only two—both caused by a direct hit on one of the guns by a gas shell. If the boche had been able to concentrate his shell on and round the battery instead of giving it just the same amount as the unoccupied surrounding country the effect might have been very different.

One possible reason for the promiscuous and sometimes very casual shooting may have been the fact that the boche at that time had practically no air observation. Our flying fellows had temporarily chased his planes out of the skies and had shot down all his observation balloons. This made it impossible for him to pick his targets, and he either had to bombard the countryside or shoot "by the map," neither method being particularly conducive to good results with gas shell.

On the other hand, one or two places that he knew were pretty certain to be occupied by our troops were given their full dose. One such place was Caterpillar Wood—a big narrow spinney running off from the Fricourt Valley and so named because of its shape and the fact that on the ordnance maps, on which the woods are colored green, it looks just like a green caterpillar crawling over to the shelter of Mametz Wood. This place was continually shelled with large numbers of the Green Cross Shell, and as it stood in the side of a valley the gas persisted longer there than elsewhere and built up a tidy concentration which caused a lot of trouble.

The gunners were among our chief sufferers from these gas shells, as their guns were so frequently placed in sunken roads and folds in the ground for protection against explosive shells and aerial observation, and these were just the kind of places that held the gas longest. In the open much less damage was done. I remember one night the first-line transport of a battalion of the Black Watch ran into a patch of country into which the boche was raining 77-millimeter Green Cross Shell, and came out with only three casualties, two of which were from a direct hit on one of the wagons, the driver being killed instantly.

It seems particularly bad luck to be killed by a direct hit from a gas shell, for the bits of shell that fly about don't do much damage in the ordinary way and don't travel great distances. Indeed it is remarkable, even in the biggest gas-shell bombardments, how very few men are hurt by the fragments.

How Discipline Counts

The first week or two after the advent of the Green Cross the toll of gas-shell casualties was considerable if not alarming, but steps were immediately taken to get the situation in hand. It is in a case like this, where a surprise had been brought off, that Discipline, with a very big "D," counts for so much. Fortunately the gas discipline of the British Army was pretty good, and it was not difficult to get new instructions carried out and orders obeyed. Once they got going their effect was most apparent and the gas-shell casualties dropped from week to week until they approached a minimum.

Among the important steps that were taken were a revision of the methods of spreading the alarm, and the protection and clearing out of dugouts into which the gas had penetrated.

Mention has already been made of the slight noise caused by the explosion of the gas shell, and instructions were accordingly issued that all shell that sounded like duds were to be regarded as gas shell, and the respirators adjusted accordingly. This got over one of the elements of surprise.

A great many men, especially those in battery positions, had been gassed in their dugouts before warning of the gas bombardment had been spread. Numbers of these men were actually gassed in their sleep and were awakened too late by the choking fumes themselves. What was done was to post a gas sentry at every battery in just the same way that it was done in the trenches. Special local-alarm signals were arranged so that the sentry could wake everyone in the neighborhood without having the alarm spread beyond the limit of the gassed area. These alarms generally took the form of bells or of gongs made from big shell cases; but later on policemen's large rattles were found to be the most effective "weapon" for the purpose, and numbers of these were distributed up and down the line and in the battery positions. It was feared at first that the noise of the rattles would be mistaken for machine-gun fire and no attention be paid to it, but this did not materialize and the rattles have done good service.

The only thing about them is that they are made of wood—and nicely pickled, easily burning wood at that. In the trenches kindling chips of any kind are eagerly sought after to make a miniature fire to warm tea or cook an egg. When men will go the length of shaving the handles of their entrenching tools to obtain dry wood it could hardly be expected that policemen's rattles would always be respected. I am afraid a number of them disappeared. With the artillery things are not so bad, as fuel is easier to obtain, and the rattles are therefore less liable to get lost.

Probably the most important thing that was done as the result of the Somme Battle experience was to insist on there being at least one protected or gas-proof dugout at every headquarters, battery position, signal station, aid post, or wherever gas shell were particularly likely to drop.

Air Locks of Blankets

I have deferred describing these protected shelters until now, but as a matter of fact they had been devised and adopted nearly a year previously, though not many of them had got into actual use. The protection consists essentially of a damp blanket fitting closely over the entrance to the cellar or dugout or emplacement, whichever it may happen to be. The value of the blanket depends on the fact that if you prevent the movement of air you prevent the movement of gas. That is all there is to it. Stop any possible draft and you will keep out the gas. In practice the blankets are kept rolled up out of the way and are let down only when the alarm is sounded or when gas is about. In order to get an air-tight joint the blanket is made to rest on a sloping framework set into the entrance to the dugout. To make sure that the blanket really does remain stretched out over the frame and does not gape at all, two or three wooden battens are fastened across it at intervals.

Where space is available two such sloping blankets are used, at least two feet apart and preferably far enough apart to allow a stretcher in between. This forms an "air lock"—you must go into the lock and close the outer blanket before going through the inner one—and not only makes protection of the interior doubly sure but makes it possible to enter the dugout even in the middle of an attack or bombardment. In the old days the blankets used to be sprayed with the Vermorel sprayer solution, but anything that will keep them damp and flexible will do. In the early days, too, the companies or batteries used to do all their own work on protecting dugouts, and it was always possible in cold weather to obtain an extra supply of blankets on the plea that they were required for making gas-proof shelters. Nowadays a close eye is kept on these supplies, which are doled out by the engineers, and it is seen that if blanket material is supplied for protected dugouts it is going to be used for protected dugouts, and for nothing else.

Gradually all dugouts, cellars and buildings within the gas-shell area—let us say up to three miles from the front line—are being provided with blanket protection, which means a big decrease in casualties, for once inside such shelters men can sleep in more or less comfort until they again have to don their respirators and face their tour of duty in the poisoned air outside.

It practically came then to this—that protection against the poison-gas shell was a question of gas-proof dugouts on the one hand and rapidity of spreading the alarm and quickness of getting protected on the other. At the gas schools and in the regiments and batteries men are trained to be so quick in their movements that they can get on their masks in six seconds. They are

(Continued on Page 33

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This Silver Anniversary is an historic event. A quarter-century ago Elwood Haynes devised America's pioneer gasoline "horseless carriage."
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Fortified with this vast reserve of successful experience, the Haynes will continue the vanguard of the industry it fathered.
In these war times we are especially grateful for the knowledge of how to build worthy and enduring cars. A census indicates 80 per cent of Haynes cars are of business aid to their possessors.
This multiplies the national manpower.
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(Continued from Page 31)

also taught on the burst of a gas shell in their neighborhood to hold their breath at once. It sounds easy enough to do this, but it must come to a man automatically in any circumstances he may happen to find himself—and you can find yourself in some queer circumstances in war—and to assure this a great deal of training is needed. Anybody, however, can hold his breath for thirty seconds, and with practice it is possible to go well over a minute. During this time it is possible to make a fool of oneself in half a dozen different ways in putting on a respirator, and yet get it on in time in the end. But drill sergeants will stand for nothing less than the standard time and the most meticulous accuracy. God bless these tyrants—they must have saved a lot of lives!

One of the difficulties we began to encounter with regard to gas shell was the spreading of the alarm among men on the march or in communication trenches where no alarm devices are installed. In some battalions it was the custom to teach men to spread the glad tidings by taking off their steel helmets and beating them with their bayonets. This certainly makes a good old noise, but unfortunately it is just when gas shell are coming over that shrapnel is also likely to be in the air, and to deprive a man of his tin hat at this time in order to provide him with a gas alarm is rather robbing Peter to pay Paul.

The best way undoubtedly, and the one now taught throughout the British and American forces, is to hold the breath, then put on the respirator, and finally spread the news to everyone else by shouting "Gas shell!" as loudly as possible with the mask on. In this way the information can be spread throughout a big working party or from front to rear of a column of infantry on the march in a remarkably short space of time. Even in the trenches it is well to give word-of-mouth warning as well as by means of the local alarm devices, for a second or two of absolutely invaluable time may be saved in this way. One soldier questioned by an officer going the rounds as to what he would do in the event of a gas shell bombardment replied nervously: "Put on my gas mask and shout 'Rattles!'"

Von Buelow's Instructions

For the remainder of 1916 the boche treated us with gradually increasing numbers of Green Cross Shell. His tactics, too, got a bit better—I mean for him—for he began to make more concentrated bombardments on particular targets. Possibly this was because of special orders that were issued on the subject. One of these was by General von Buelow to the artillery of his army, in which he said: "There have been many instances of Green Cross Shell being fired in small quantities. This is a waste of ammunition, as with all gas shell good effects are only obtained by using them in large quantities. The firing of small quantities of gas shell has also the disadvantage that the enemy is practiced in the use of his antigas appliances and attains a higher degree of gas preparedness. For this reason the effect produced by larger quantities will be reduced."

This showed the increasing interest in the use of gas shell taken by the German General Staff, and heavier and more concentrated bombardments based on the above orders became more frequent. One of these, brought off in unusual circumstances, occurred at Arras in December, 1916. I say "unusual" because the weather was so cold at the time that the Green Cross liquid did not evaporate so quickly as usual but hung about in some places for long periods. The bombardment occurred at night and about three thousand shell must have been fired into one corner of the town—in fact, all round the old gateway through which the whole of the transport from the St. Pol road would have to pass. The surrounding houses and cellars got filled with gas, and in such billets, especially where shell had actually burst inside a room, the liquid soaked into the walls and floors and only evaporated the next morning when the air grew warmer. A lot of men were gassed in this manner on the following day, as they naturally thought the gas had vanished, and were gradually overcome as things warmed up.

In the open, gas disappeared more at its usual rate, though it hung about all during the bombardment and for several hours after, thus forcing men in the neighborhood to wear respirators for long periods. Some of these men, overcome by fatigue, actually slept in their respirators. I think this was the first time I had heard of its being done, though it has been done often enough since.

By this time the British Army had been fitted out with the celebrated box respirator—a respirator of particular interest to Americans, as it was the type adopted for and at present in use in the American Army. A short description of it will not be out of place. The principle of the respirator is to have a box filled with chemicals and attached by a flexible tube to a face piece or mask, which fits closely to the face. All air breathed by a man must therefore pass through the chemicals, and these are so chosen that they will absorb any and every poison that may be present in the atmosphere at the time. In order to keep the air pure in the mask and to have a double line of protection a man breathes through a special mouthpiece and has his nose clipped. So, even if the face piece, which is made of rubber cloth, should be torn or damaged in any way the soldier is perfectly safe as long as he does not attempt to talk—that is, if he keeps his nose clipped and does not remove the mouthpiece from his mouth.

The respirator is not only active against a diversity of poisonous gases but it will keep out very high concentrations of gas for many hours.

Misleading Statements

One of the most misleading statements made about gas masks—sometimes by newspaper men and consequently given wide publicity—is that such and such a mask will stand up for so many hours against gas. It is a very natural thing to want to know or to state how long your respirator will last, but without stating what concentration of gas is being talked of it is impossible to give such definite information about any mask. It simply depends on the amount of gas there is in the air. But the box respirator if kept in good condition and properly used is guaranteed to keep out German gas continuously for many hours, even in concentrations which it is quite impossible for the boche to maintain in the field. In the American modification of the box respirator the absorptive power of the chemicals used is even greater than in the British box, and this makes it the best respirator in the world, which is very reassuring for those who have to make use of it.

The box respirator is contained in a haversack and is carried slung on the shoulder until such time as the soldier comes into the forward areas, where it must be carried tied up on the chest ready for instant adjustment in case of need. As I mentioned before, it can be put on in six seconds from the word "go," and once a man is practiced in wearing it he can walk, run, shoot, dig, speak or do anything but eat and smoke in it; and this for long stretches at a time. I know many cases where men have been forced to wear masks literally continuously for more than eight hours; and much longer periods than this, with perhaps short intervals of rest in protected dugouts or in unaffected areas, are common.

Of course the soldier has to be practiced in putting the mask on quickly. It is not quite so simple as the old "gas bag," about which a drill sergeant said to a squad: "You just whops it out and you whops it on." But it does not take long to make men proficient with the respirator, at any rate on the parade ground. It is making him proficient under conditions of war that counts and all his instruction is now aimed toward this end.

With the mask in position and a tin hat on top of his head a soldier has a peculiar beetlelike appearance, which is not very improving, though the following conversation was reported to have been overheard by an officer about to enter a dugout:

"'Ere, mate, take yer gas mask off."

"It is off."

"Then for Gawd's sake put it on!"

The Germans were much interested in our new respirators and their development,

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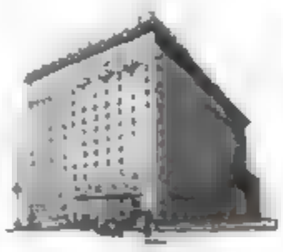

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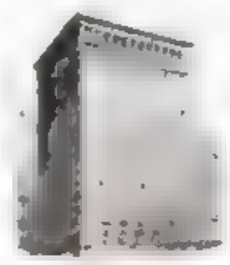

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Gentlemen:

Our first building, erected 26 years ago, was roofed with Carey Roofing. It has given such good satisfaction that we have used it on practically every building erected since.

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and apparently had great difficulty in obtaining specimens for examination. During the winter of 1916-17 German soldiers were being offered a reward of ten marks for every British box respirator that they brought in; but as we were doing most of the shooting at that time I can hardly think that Fritz made a fortune out of his chance.

But to return to the gas shell. During 1917 it became apparent that the Germans were placing more and more reliance on the use of gas shell and were manufacturing them in enormous numbers. For a whole year after the introduction of the Green Cross there was only one modification of the chemicals used and that was the admixture with the diphosgene of a material which has been called "vomiting gas." This substance is a chemical named chloropicrin, and it certainly lives up to its pet name if you take a real good breath of it. The boche mixed it with his diphosgene in order to make the latter more potent if possible, or else because he was running short of diphosgene; but he still calls the mixture Green Cross and uses the gas for its killing power.

The chief development, however, was rather in the tactics than in the chemicals used. Gas shell were no longer thrown away; each target or area was apparently considered separately and was given enough shell to make certain of putting up a very high concentration of gas on it. At this time the boche divided his gas-shell shoots into two classes—those for "destructive" effect, and those for "harassing" purposes.

The destructive fire was intended to take on big targets, which were not only definite but were known to contain living targets—for example, concentration points where troops were bound to be gathered; billeting areas, including well-known villages or towns; areas known to have a number of batteries collected in them, and so on; in the latter case the batteries themselves would be taken on individually if their positions were known.

Apart from a number of fairly big bombardments, like that at Arras, mentioned above, the destructive shoots were chiefly counter-battery ones, intended if possible to "neutralize" our artillery while it should be actively engaged in putting down a barrage, either to prevent a German attack or in preparing the way for our own infantry when we were attacking, which, of course, was much more frequently the case in 1916 and the first half of 1917.

Neutralizing Artillery Fire

This neutralization business wants a bit of explaining. It will have been realized that the Germans were and still are using two very distinct kinds of gas shell—those which kill, like the Green Cross, and those which only temporarily put a man out of action, like the lachrymators and nowadays the mustard gas. Of course, the idea underlying the use of gas shell in general—and the whole war for that matter—is to put men out of action. The most effective way of doing this is to kill, as that puts a man out of action for good and he doesn't return. But you can kill men with gas only by taking them by surprise, because of the excellence of the gas masks.

After the surprise has been effected the chief use of the gas shell is to force the opposing side to continue wearing their gas masks and in that way to hamper them and reduce their fighting efficiency for considerable lengths of time. This is where the lachrymators and mustard gas and similar stuffs come in, because they are very persistent, and a little goes a long way in forcing a man to keep his respirator on. The quick-killing gases, like phosgene and the Green Cross, are not very persistent, and it would be waste of material to continue shooting them when you could effect the same thing with another stuff, which would hang about for hours or perhaps for days.

Now see how this affected the German "fire for effect," or destructive shooting, as applied to a battery, and why the gas shell are so particularly suited for taking on targets of this kind, which used to be engaged only by high-explosive shell. Imagine a battery of, let us say, field howitzers. Our men are making an attack. The howitzers are busy pounding the German trenches to bits, and then they are going to "lift" on to the support trenches when our men go in. The whole of the success of the infantry assault may rest on the guns' keeping up to the program with the requisite amount of fire. The boche business then is to try to put our guns out of action. If he can do this he has the infantry—I won't say at his mercy, but at any rate at such a serious disadvantage that their losses will be tremendous compared with what they would be under cover of a good barrage from the guns.

Now if the enemy uses high-explosive shell to take on our batteries he can put them out of action only by registering a direct hit. If the guns are well dug in in good emplacements with head cover it will be possible for high-explosive shell to drop within a dozen yards without doing anything but scare the gunners. Not so, however, with the gas shell. Drop enough gas shell within a dozen or twenty yards of the battery position and the gas will float down with the wind and penetrate every nook and cranny. If the gunners are not quick some of them may be gassed; and if, as is sometimes the case, the gun has been worked short-handed this alone may throw down the rate of fire to a very considerable extent. Add to this the fact that the remainder of the crew will have to don their respirators in order to fight their gun at all, and it can be seen that the rate of fire may be reduced to such a low limit as to make it of little value for the time being; or the gun may even be put out of action completely.

Once the first surprise is over and no more immediate killing can be counted on, the bombardment may be continued with persistent gas shell, which are just as effective in making the men wear masks.

A Question of Training

From our point of view it all comes down to the ability of the gunners to be quick enough at first in preventing themselves from being gassed; and then later of their being capable of carrying on with their firing while wearing masks. It means that gas training and discipline are, if possible, more important for the artillerymen even than for other branches of the service. This is realized to the full in all their training and practice, for if they are not able to respond to an S O S call from the infantry an otherwise abortive German attack may be turned into a disaster. It is like everything else in this war—a question of training and discipline.

The neutralization of the infantry or the transport is conducted on similar lines, and though it rarely reaches the point of being complete a partial neutralization of reserves which prevents their getting up in sufficient numbers or in time, either for reënforcement or attack, may have most serious consequences in an operation. The partial neutralization is attempted, just as for the artillery, by killing as many as possible by heavy surprise bombardments with the lethal shell and then continuing with persistent gas in order to force the remainder to wear their gas masks.

Let me describe as an example a particular way in which the infantry may be partially neutralized if they are not thoroughly steady, well-disciplined and trained up to the final dot in gas-defensive measures and the use of their respirators. Troops in the front line, whether they are in settled lines of trenches or merely in temporary positions, are absolutely dependent on their supplies. Supplies of ammunition, barbed wire and, above all, rations must be brought up to them constantly; otherwise they cannot continue to fight. All these things are brought up at night. The motor lorries of the Army Service Corps take the supplies up to selected points, where they are taken over by the first-line transport—that is, the regimental transport, which consists of horse or mule drawn general service or limber wagons.

As night approaches everything is loaded up and departure timed so that the trysting place with the infantry carrying parties is reached after dark. These meeting places are very frequently crossroads immediately below the lines, and in position warfare are usually situated close to the entrances of the communication trenches. Pass by such a place by day and you will find it deserted, but as soon as darkness has fallen it becomes a hive of activity—as busy a crossroads as you might find in the center of a big city. There is a constant movement in and out of men, animals and vehicles. Unloading and taking over of the supplies alternate with checking off the goods and the moving off of the carrying parties. Military policemen direct the traffic and relieve the ever-threatened congestion. Altogether it is one of the busiest and most

(Continued on Page 36)

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Can't start those dull leg pains; can't make you unconsciously nervous through leg "binding"; can't make your legs weary before the day is half done—*they gird your legs so gently!*

And, Ivorys have no metal to rust from perspiration and start irritations; no pads. But clasps and buckles are strong and give fine service. Nothing to break or get out of action. The rubber button will not tear the lightest sock.

Durable silk or mercerized in popular shades to meet your taste, Ivory Garters assure unusual wear as well as the utmost satisfaction. 35c to 70c a pair. Buy Ivory Garters everywhere men's goods are sold.

IVORY GARTER COMPANY, New Orleans, La.

(Continued from Page 34)

important phases of the routine side of war, and anybody there without a special job is a nuisance and is not wanted.

Places like this of course are apt to be well known to the boche, and every now and again he will drop in some high-explosive shell or put over some shrapnel in the hope of catching the crossroads at its busy hour. But even if he is lucky and manages to get on to the spot it hardly holds up the work at all. I have seen a big shell drop into just such a place and make a huge hole in the road, killing men and horses and smashing up a wagon. Half an hour later there was hardly a sign that anything had happened. The hole had been filled in and the material débris cleared away. The wounded of course had been looked after first.

Now imagine instead of ordinary shell that a number of gas shell had been dropped into this busy center. On a dark night, probably very muddy underfoot and with all the excitement of kicking mules, flares going up and anything from machine-gun bullets at long range to shell of every size dropping in or expected, things are difficult enough. But with the advent of the gas shell every man must get himself protected. It is now that the "hold the breath, and mask on in six seconds" stunt is going to be of value. With well-trained troops the losses from the gas may be negligible, and it is equally true that they will be heavy if the discipline is poor. But whether one way or the other it means that all the frightened horses and mules must next be fixed with their respirators and the work in hand must be proceeded with by everybody while wearing gas masks. This is the real test.

If the men are well trained the carrying parties—perhaps with loads of barbed wire on their backs—will get away as before and proceed up the filthy communication trench to the front line; swearing probably, uncomfortable certainly, but safe. Similarly the drivers will be able to get their teams away from the gassed area as soon as they are unloaded, and the serving out of the supplies will go on as before, though at a reduced rate. But if the soldiers were not able to carry on in these terrific circumstances—could not wear masks for long periods and could not do anything in them—confusion would undoubtedly supervene and the work be brought to a standstill. If this happened the men in the front line next day would be short of rations, of ammunition, of wire. They would, in fact, be neutralized.

Afraid of Being Joshed

It is attempted neutralization of artillery and infantry by methods such as these, carried out over large selected areas and generally as a preface to an attack—either their own or ours—which constitutes the German "fire for effect." The "harassing fire" is simply the same thing on a smaller scale and with no immediate tactical reason at the back of it except that of killing and general annoyance. As a rule a sudden burst of a few shell will be landed on some likely place, such as the entrance to a communication trench, a sunken road, a bridge or an observation post. These small shoots were always causing us a few casualties. There was no warning, or somebody was not quick enough, or did not get his respirator on, or took it off too soon. There would always be some reason—but in the end it would generally come down to something that the disciplinary thumbscrew could cure.

It is almost unbelievable nowadays that at one time one of the chief sources of these constantly occurring casualties was shamefacedness at being seen in a mask. Men would not protect themselves until absolutely forced to do so, for fear others would regard them as being too easily frightened. This was especially the case with newcomers, who did not want to drop in the estimation of the older hands.

One case was reported where a corporal in charge of a small party of men in passing along a communication trench ran into some pockets of gas from a bombardment that had just stopped. He ordered his party to don their masks and proceeded up the trench. A few yards farther on they passed through the support line, which happened to be fairly free from gas, and here they were met by jeers from some of the supporting troops who shouted "Hello, got the wind up?" and in this way induced the corporal, really against his better judgment, to order masks off. Not more than twenty or thirty yards farther along the party ran into a particularly bad pocket of Green Cross and the corporal and several of his men were so badly gassed that they had to be sent to the rear.

The attitude of the officers is always reflected in the attitude of the men. At that time you would sometimes meet young officers who had either been on the outer fringe of a gas-shell shoot or had merely smelled tear gas thinking they knew all about it and refusing to believe in the extreme deadliness of the poison gas and the need for enhanced discipline. They would damn the gas and the need for taking precautions, and their men would consequently damn the gas and the need for taking precautions. This of course would mean another batch of casualties when Fritz did treat them to the real article.

Just to show how a small matter of indiscipline may result in disaster I would instance the case of two men who took off their respirators in a front-line trench. Their battalion was going to be relieved that night and they took off their webbing equipment for the purpose of fastening on the haversack and pack. Absolutely against orders they also removed their box respirators, and of course it was just that moment that the boche chose for dropping in half a dozen small trench-mortar bombs filled with phosgene. These vicious little guns are very accurate and most of the shell landed on or near the parapet and filled the fire bay with gas. Both men dived at once for their respirators and in so doing upset three other men in the bay. All five were gassed and three of them died later.

Misunderstood Mustard Gas

This was pretty well the position of things in July of last year, when the German use of gas shell underwent a radical development due to the advent of the so-called mustard gas. So much has been written about this gas and so many misstatements have been made concerning it that it is as well for the public to understand what mustard gas is, what it can do and what it cannot do. On the one hand, it has been credited with such impossible potency as would make it wonderful that any Allied soldiers remain at all. On the other hand, it should be realized that in mustard gas the Germans possess a very powerful weapon of war and one which they are using to a very considerable extent.

In the first place let it be said that mustard gas is not a killing gas like Green Cross, but that it is of the persistent type, like the older lachrymators. Unlike the lachrymators, however, its effects are not transitory and a man put out of action by mustard gas is going to be a casualty for several weeks and perhaps longer. Mustard gas principally affects the eyes and the lungs, but in a very strong vapor or in contact with any of the actual liquid from the shell a man's skin may be burned very severely—even through his clothes. More attention has been turned to this blistering effect of the gas than to anything else, but as a matter of fact the blistering is of secondary importance and in itself does not result in the loss of many men to the line. Of course one has to be very careful. It is foolish, for example, to lean up against sandbags that have been spattered with the liquid or to sit in a mustard-gas shell crater. Sooner or later the skin underneath will develop a severe and possibly extensive blister, which is very painful and certain to last some time.

These burns are not dangerous, but they are most uncomfortable, to say the least, especially as they are most easily produced on the more tender parts of the skin.

Great excitement was caused at first among the Highland regiments because the story was spread about that the Scots were particularly susceptible to the mustard gas because of their attenuated clothing. As a matter of fact the kilt doesn't seem to be a source of danger at all, and Highlanders are burned no more frequently than others. Possibly the continued exposure of their legs hardens them.

The chief effects of the mustard gas are on the eyes and lungs. The first thing you notice is the smell—which is slightly of garlic or mustard—and irritation of the nose and throat. Neither effect is enough to make you feel gassed, and the chief symptoms develop later on. When the gas is strong it is apt to cause sickness and sometimes actual vomiting. Later on the

(Continued on Page 39)

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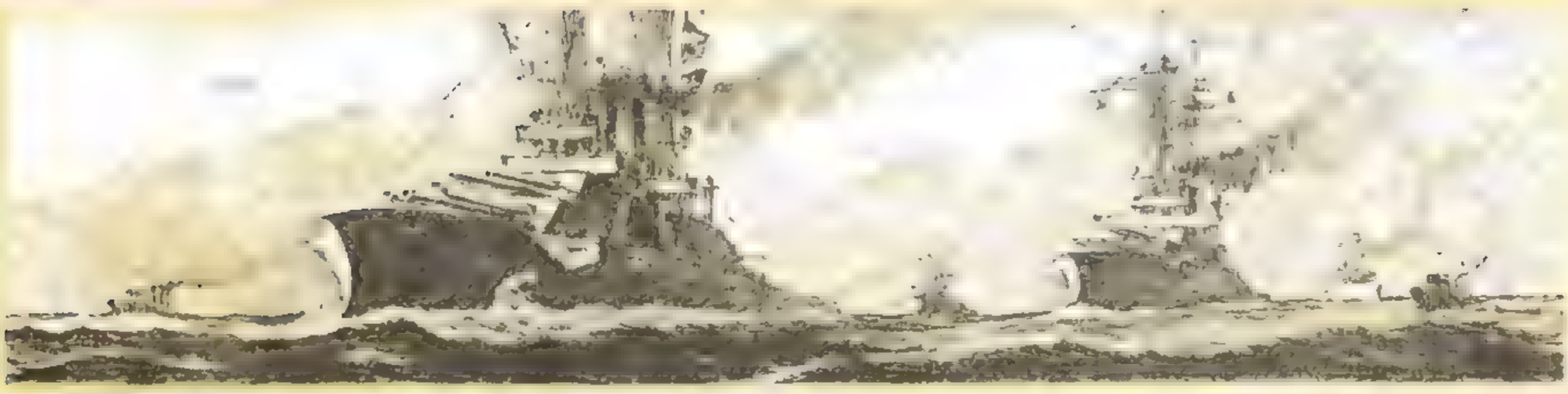
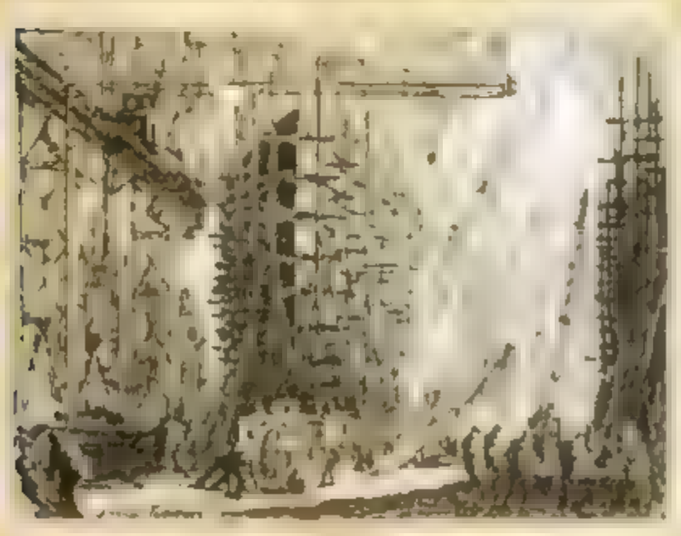


On the Great Gray Ships of War

In Hospitals

In Government Offices



On Cargo Ships

IN these great days when we are fighting for the rights of free men, when this republic is one vast workshop of war, manufactured products, like men, are measured by their practical service to the cause of the Nation.

The product which this company makes has received the greatest honor that could come to it. It has been found valuable for service in the war.

It serves the mighty armies training in the camps of Democracy. In their hospitals, where life hangs in the balance, it serves the need of sanitation and quiet. In their kitchens, it serves the need of cleanliness where food is prepared. In Y. M. C. A. centers, it lends comfort to the soldier's recreation.

In our navy linoleum serves on every fighting craft from torpedo boat destroyers to super-dreadnaughts. The new cargo ships now being built to carry supplies "Over There" have been called "a bridge across the ocean." And linoleum might well be called the "floor" of that bridge, for it is an integral part of these ships.

But not only in direct war uses does linoleum serve the Nation. It is the *only* floor-covering yet devised by man which is appropriate and widely used for *every* type of floor, from battleships and factories to churches and homes.

All through the Nation, where thrift must be more rigidly practised now than ever before, where dollars must do double duty, linoleum is displacing more expensive, more extravagant and *less durable* floor-coverings.

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Floor-coverings made upon a felt paper base are not linoleum. Such felt paper products have a black interior which is easily detected upon examining the edge of the fabric.

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LINOLEUM

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(Continued from Page 36

eyes inflame and get very sore, the lids swell and blister, but no permanent injury to the eyes takes place, though the victim may be temporarily blinded. The effects developed in the lungs are equally painful and consist of severe inflammation and bronchitis, which may take some time to get better and if not well looked after may develop into pneumonia.

It will thus be seen that for a persistent gas, though not deadly poisonous, mustard gas is a nasty proposition. First the gas does not of itself force a man to protect himself. With the old lachrymators a man either put on his mask or his eyes would smart and water so badly that he could not keep them open. With the Green Cross and similar gases a man either protects himself or dies. But with the mustard gas, though the smell and irritation may be perfectly apparent, the effect is not such as to force a man to don his mask. Yet if he does not do so and continues to live in the vapor unprotected he will certainly become a casualty. It may take half an hour, it may take several hours to come on, but come on it will.

Another particular disadvantage of the mustard gas is its persistence. It will hang about in shell holes for many hours and even for days. If it gets into a dugout it is very difficult to get rid of it, and as long as there is enough to produce the faintest smell or irritation of the nose there is enough to bring on serious symptoms eventually. This means that when it is used our fellows are forced to wear their masks for very long stretches of time.

The mustard gas is known officially by the Germans as Yellow Cross gas, and the shells are marked on the sides with bright yellow crosses and bands. The paint used for these bands changes color in contact with the mustard-gas liquid, so that if a shell should leak it at once becomes apparent and can be taken away and buried.

The Yellow Cross gas was first used at Ypres and bombardments there were quickly followed by similar ones at Nieuport and Armentières. Enormous numbers of shell of all calibers were employed, including a new and larger size the 8.3-inch howitzer shell, which holds nearly three gallons of the liquid and can be fired a distance of six miles.

At Nieuport more than fifty thousand shell were fired in one night, and equally large numbers were used in deluging the other towns. Since then the numbers used have continually increased, especially when the boche was preparing for an attack or expecting one of ours.

Fighting Gas With Fires

Duds that were collected showed that the mustard-gas liquid was a chemical called dichlorethyl sulphide, a liquid that gives off its vapor only slowly. The shell themselves were similar to the previous gas shell except that the small ones have a new type of fuse—a very simple and quick-acting fuse which bursts the shell before it can get into the ground, and consequently produces a very little crater. This of course helps to spread the gas round more than if a big hole were formed. The respirators keep out the Yellow Cross gas completely, and the blanket protection of dugouts will also keep out the gas splendidly. Of course if a dugout gets a direct hit with a mustard shell there is nothing for it but to leave it empty for some days, as the liquid cannot be removed by ventilation with either fans or fires.

A case that will illustrate what I mean was one in which a three-inch mustard-gas shell got a direct hit on a doctor's dugout and gassed him and his orderlies. Some time afterward the remaining orderlies thought they ought to send the doctor's things down the line and went in and got them out of the dugout. They noticed a faint smell but did not worry about it, and soon afterward found themselves gassed in consequence.

A fire was then placed in the dugout to clear it. In the meantime the medical sergeant secured another dugout by clearing out some infantrymen. In the evening the infantry felt soul-sick and wanted somewhere to sleep, so they went into the original gassed dugout and slept there. In the morning they all went down, gassed.

Where there has been no direct hit and the mustard-gas vapor gets into the dugout, it can be cleared out just like ordinary gas, by ventilation either with fans or by means of fires. For clearing dugouts a great deal of reliance is placed nowadays on building small fires inside. A dugout with two entrances can be very quickly cleared by means of fires, as a through draft is produced, which carries the gas away with it; but difficulty is frequently found in getting the necessary fuel for the fire and in keeping the stuff handy. Bundles of firewood and kindling material are supposed to be kept in the dugouts ready for use; but, as has already been explained, the Tommies are always on the lookout for combustible materials for their own fires, and continual inspection has to be made to see that the special supplies for ventilation are kept available. One officer told me that he always had the supplies of wood, paper and kerosene kept in an army-biscuit tin which was closed and sealed; because, as he said, no Tommy would ever investigate the contents of a biscuit tin unless absolutely forced to do so for lack of other food.

It should be realized, however, that properly protected dugouts have given perfect immunity from the mustard gas as long as the protection has remained intact, and a great deal of attention is being paid to increasing the number of the protected shelters in order to give the men the necessary rest from wearing their respirators occasioned by the extensive use by the boche of his Yellow Cross Shell. In Nieuport a special gas patrol was instituted for going the round of the town to see that blanket protection of cellars and shelters was kept in good condition, as there was always a chance that they would not be well looked after or that the blankets had been taken down by some enterprising Tommy for his own personal use.

Bombs That Make Men Sneeze

Round about battery positions the most annoying feature of the mustard gas is the length of time it persists. In the shell holes it can at any rate be partly destroyed by sprinkling with chloride of lime. It is rather interesting to find that in some captured German instructions great secrecy was laid on the use of chloride of lime for getting rid of the effects of mustard gas. The boche kept boxes of chloride of lime in all positions where the gas shell were stored, and issued instructions to his own troops that "the use of chloride of lime for the protection of our own troops against Yellow Cross liquid must not become known to the enemy. Observation of the strictest secrecy is a matter of duty just as much now as it was previously. The troops will be thoroughly instructed in these precautionary measures, but nothing will be taught them as regards the nature or composition of the antidote employed."

During the present offensive the Germans have used very large quantities of mustard gas, generally for holding purposes and against our rear lines, battery positions, communications and reserves. This is kept up for many hours in order to wear out the patience of our fellows and weaken them for the coming assault.

Strong points that the boche does not wish to attack are also swamped with the gas, and when Armentières was evacuated by the British, Yellow Cross liquid was actually running down the gutters. But in places that he intends to assault he will complete the mustard-gas bombardment against our troops some considerable time before he advances; otherwise his own troops would run into it and be forced to don their respirators.

The quantities of shell used in this preparation are enormous and supplies of the mustard gas must have been accumulated during the winter to an unexpected extent and their manufacture proceeded with to full capacity.

Take it altogether, Yellow Cross gas is very much more than an annoyance, but there is no question that good discipline and thorough appreciation and carrying out of the orders laid down for the protection of troops have reduced the losses in very much the same way that the screwed-up discipline reduced the losses after the first introduction of Green Cross Shell. One of the most objectionable features of the mustard gas is the continual care that has to be exercised to prevent casualties. It is so easy for a man whose clothing is slightly contaminated with gas to enter a dugout and contaminate the whole of the interior and all its occupants. Sentries also have to be posted to warn troops passing through or into an area that has been bombarded with mustard gas, so that respirators can be put on. After a cold night the officers must be continually on the watch to see whether the vapors that rise from the warming of the earth by the morning sun are charged with mustard gas, and to take the necessary precautions on the slightest detection of the characteristic smell. This smell to my mind is much more like garlic than mustard, and the use of the term "mustard gas" is purely the origination of the Tommies themselves. As a matter of fact, so as not to confuse the Yellow Cross liquid with true mustard oil, efforts were made at first to prevent the stuff from being called mustard gas. But once the British Tommy decides on a name for anything, that name it is bound to have, and as he adopted the name "mustard gas" for it mustard gas it will remain for all time.

The other new material that was introduced by the Germans in the summer of 1917 and which, like mustard gas, has been in use ever since is the German "sneezing gas." For a long time high-explosive bombardments were reported on many occasions to be accompanied with violent sneezing, which at the time was laid down to the presence in the air of undecomposed explosive from the shell. As a matter of fact the sneezing was due to the presence inside the high-explosive shell of bottles containing chemicals the chief effect of which is to cause violent sneezing when small quantities get into the air. This sneezing material, or sternutator, to give it its scientific name, in this case was a solid which is atomized into tiny particles when the shell bursts. Chemically speaking, it is called diphenylchlorarsine. This material is used embedded in the trinitrotoluene of the explosive shell in most cases, and such shells are called Blue Cross Shell, and are marked accordingly. This is the third of the present trilogy of the German colored-cross gas shell. The sneezing gas is also sometimes mixed in with the contents of the Green Cross Shell in considerable proportions.

The idea underlying the use of this sneezing gas by the Germans was apparently partly that of getting a gas which they thought might go through our masks. In this of course they were disappointed, as the respirator keeps out sneezing gas perfectly well. The other idea underlying its use was apparently to cause such violent sneezing as to prevent men from getting their masks quickly adjusted or to cause them to sneeze them off if they had been put on.

Tricks of the Huns' Trade

This and all sorts of other tricks of the gas-shell business have been tried out at various times by the Germans. While putting over Green Cross or Blue Cross Shell, or both, they will suddenly accompany them with violent bursts of shrapnel, the idea being that men will be so busily occupied in putting on their masks or in sneezing that they will not take the usual care in finding immediate cover from the shrapnel; or that, on the other hand, in taking cover from the shrapnel they will not get their masks on in the minimum time or will displace them in their efforts to get away.

The sneezing caused by the Blue Cross Shell is a most peculiar and violent kind. If you get the smallest dose of this stuff into your lungs you start sneezing at once. You seem to sneeze from the very bottom of your stomach upward, and feel as if the whole of your chest were going to come out with it. This may continue almost continuously for a short time; but there are apparently no after effects unless the gas has been very strong indeed, in which case there is very painful irritation of the whole of the throat and lungs which will produce bronchitis.

This is the present stage of development of the German gas shells. Whether they will add another color to their lot of Green, Yellow and Blue Cross Shell we do not know, but we are prepared for it when it does come, and in the meantime he is getting as good as he gives.

It will be news to most people to realize how the gas shell are gradually dominating the field. Some bombardments are composed entirely of gas shell. As many as a quarter of a million have been fired on the attacking front during twenty-four hours, and probably at least one-quarter of all German shell of all calibers are gas shell.

It must be remembered that there are certain things that gas shell cannot do

(Concluded on Page 41)

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(Concluded from Page 39)

They cannot replace high-explosive shell for the demolition of fortified works, for example. Nor can they be used for cutting barbed wire previous to an advance; and the creeping barrage that preceded the assaulting infantry cannot be made up by gas shell. An S O S barrage in No Man's Land, to cut up an attack, also would have to be shrapnel and H. E. so as not to gas the defending troops. When all these are cut out it will be realized that the proportion of gas shell that are used against living targets must be very big indeed. It is hardly too much to assert that at the present day, of the actual methods of attacking men direct gas is the most important. It must be realized also that it can become, and is likely to become, still more important, and that the fight between the offense and the defense on both sides will continue until the end of the war.

Since December of last year the boche has been copying a method invented by the British for firing a large number of big drums of gas simultaneously. These drums are used chiefly against the front-line troops and are generally filled with pure phosgene. As each bomb contains a gallon and a half of liquid and many hundreds are fired at the same moment a good high concentration of gas is produced. Warning is given by the tremendous roar from behind the German lines when the flock of canister or rum-jar bombs starts on its way. Every man who hears the noise gets his mask on at once, even before there is any sign of gas; and if he does this there is little danger, as the respirators are quite capable of dealing with even the very high concentrations of phosgene produced.

PASSED BY THE COMMITTEE ON PUBLIC INFORMATION

Typical Breakup of a Gas Shell, Showing the Type of Pieces Formed

If a man keeps his head and obeys orders there is little to fear from gas. But discipline must be high. As one Tommy said: "You must be so well disciplined that when the gas alarm goes you will even drop the rum ration so as to get your respirator on in time." Beyond that it is simply a question of carrying on the work in hand while wearing a respirator, and this is entirely a matter of practice

Editor's Note—This is the fourth and last of a series of articles by Major Auld.

Comments on the War

Drowned in Speech

NOT more than one per cent of the debate that goes on in the Senate is ever read by as much as one per cent of the national electorate. As a means of informing and influencing public opinion senatorial debate has become almost negligible.

And legislation is affected by debate to but a comparatively small degree. Mostly, in fact, the legislative program is threshed out in committee rooms and caucuses. Only now and then would the vote on any measure be different if it were submitted simply with the committee reports and went to vote undebated.

Under the rule of unlimited debate, talk in the Senate deteriorated, in point of real effectiveness upon public affairs, pretty nearly to the level of dinner-table and club smoking-room conversation. Largely it served no other purpose than to indulge the speaker's pleasure in hearing himself talk.

A considerable part of the debate was really unreadable. We rather doubt that there is a solitary Washington correspondent or a single editor in the United States who read through the Senate section of the Congressional Record for the Sixty-fourth Congress. If such an exception exists his patience deserves commemoration.

This is obviously a pity. The deliberations of so small a body, vested with such great public powers, ought to be so important that people interested in public questions would turn to them regularly. Under the rule of unlimited debate the privilege to talk without hindrance was so abused that the Senate simply drowned itself in speech.

The New Chapter

THIS war will mark an end of preparedness for war as Europe has known it; or it will open a new chapter in universal preparedness beside which all that went before will look amateurish.

It has long been perfectly clear that only Germany was really prepared for war on the modern scale; and, as we have said before, preparation on the German plan is not to be had in a few years or by merely voting big appropriations. It requires a long and thorough disciplining of the population. It requires an extensive long-continuing school or caste of military leaders. Undoubtedly Germany's military power has been more efficiently handled than has the military power of the Allies—because the Junker caste has been trained to military leadership for generations.

On that point Trotzky says: "For the ancient race of Hindenburgs, Moltkes, Klucks—hereditary specialists in mass murder—is just as indispensable a condition of German victory as are the forty-two-centimeter guns, the last work in military technical skill."

Neutrals

SOME time ago the President said this was the last great war the United States could hope to keep out of; and finally it became impossible for the United States to keep out of this one.

It is clear enough now that for a nation of much commercial importance actual neutrality is virtually impossible in such a conflict as this. Holland tragically illustrates the point. Exposed to Germany's land forces, self-preservation has prompted it to avoid a quarrel with the Power that overran Belgium, Serbia and Rumania. One of Germany's first acts after announcing ruthless submarine warfare was to sink half a dozen food-laden Dutch vessels, bound for a home port. Unable to retaliate, Holland proposed to keep her shipping in port; but that would help Germany in her effort to drive ships away from England quite as much as though Holland were Germany's ally.

So England began exerting pressure upon Holland to compel her to keep the ships in service. Exposed to one great belligerent on land and to the other at sea, Holland had the strongest possible motive for remaining neutral; but, in fact, whatever she did was bound to help one antagonist, to the injury of the other. She could take no course whatever that would not, in fact, help the one and hurt the other. Every neutral country in the world that is of much commercial importance is in the same situation to a greater or less degree.

In such a conflict strict neutrality—in the sense of affecting both sides with perfect equality—is out of the question. The great antagonists drag the whole world into the scales on one side or the other.

And it is certain that any future conflict between big nations will have an even more extensive web. The choice is virtually between world war and world peace. The latter can be assured only by a federation of nations to preserve peace.

Class Government

AN ASSOCIATED PRESS dispatch from Moscow quotes the new Russian Minister of Finance as reporting to the Central Executive Committee of the Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates as follows:

"The railroads are carrying seventy per cent less freight than before the war, while cost of operation has risen to one hundred and twenty rubles a verst. The wages of employees have been increased several hundred per cent and the hours reduced, necessitating three and even four shifts."

The present government of Russia charged that the one which it supplanted was a class government—controlled and operated by the bourgeoisie for its own benefit, without regard to the rest of the population. So it set up another class government, controlled and operated exclusively by the organized wage-earning class.

Class government of any sort is merely a question of which class is going to do the robbing. The Russian experiment suggests that a so-called lower class may prey upon the country less intelligently and more rapaciously than a so-called upper or middle class.

Democratic people want no sort of class government. If they are compelled to choose they may as well flip a coin. An upper class will probably be more moderate. A lower class will probably distribute the plunder more widely. It's a toss-up.

Cash vs. Checks

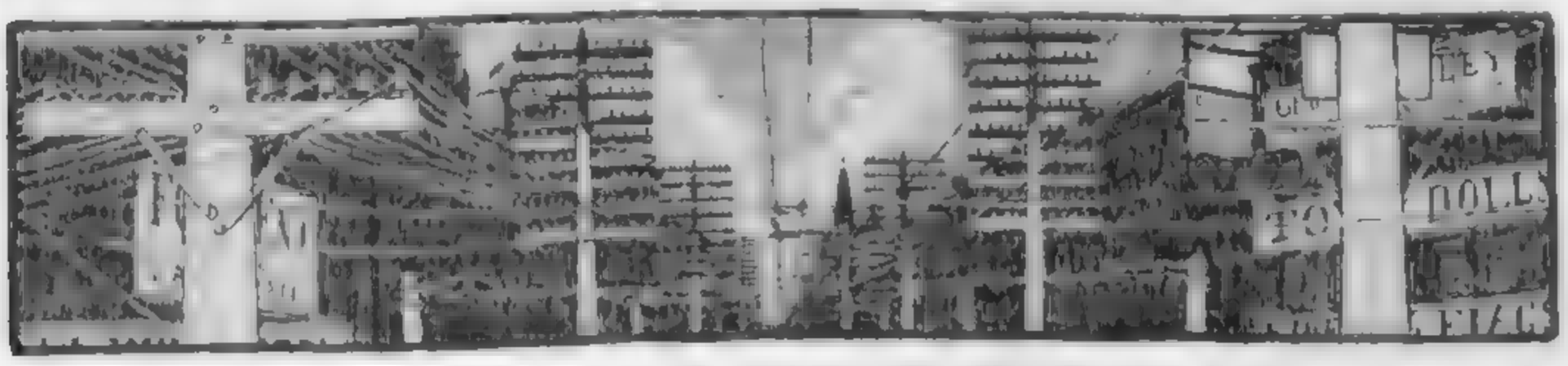
CANADIAN bankers are appealing to their patrons. Clerical forces have been greatly reduced by enlistments. To augment them is difficult. War throws considerable extra work on the banks. They ask patrons to avoid drawing small checks when they can do so without real inconvenience.

The United States does not wish to restrict the use of bank accounts and checks. Our bank-check currency is much better than the Continental bank-note currency. But, like all good things, it may be abused.

That part of the urban population which enjoys an income above the bread line has got into the way of having everything charged and settling the bill by a check. Like various other things which are good enough in the lump under normal conditions, this system develops wastes that ought to be cut out in war. Four yards of ribbon come to a dollar and eighteen cents. The merchant must enter it on his books. At the end of the month he must make out and mail a bill. The customer makes out and mails back a check. The merchant's bank handles the check. The clearing house handles it. The customer's bank handles it.

Also, there is no doubt that the charge-and-check system, on the whole, tends to extravagance—to the making of purchases that would not have been made if the buyer had planked down cash.

Avoid the little bills. Use your check book discreetly.



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Whenever and *wherever* one of your springs break, there is an exact duplicate in size and kind, ready to put on at once, without delay or trouble. One of the 3,000 Vulcan dealers is likely to be located near the point where your need arises.

Vulcan Springs are immediately procurable for all popular cars, by reason of this land wide, convenient distribution. Dealers usually have complete assortments.

VULCAN The Replacement Spring

Vulcan Springs are made of finest oil-tempered steel, fabricated with accurate care; strength-tested at treble their normal loads.

The Spring That Should Always Replace a Broken One.

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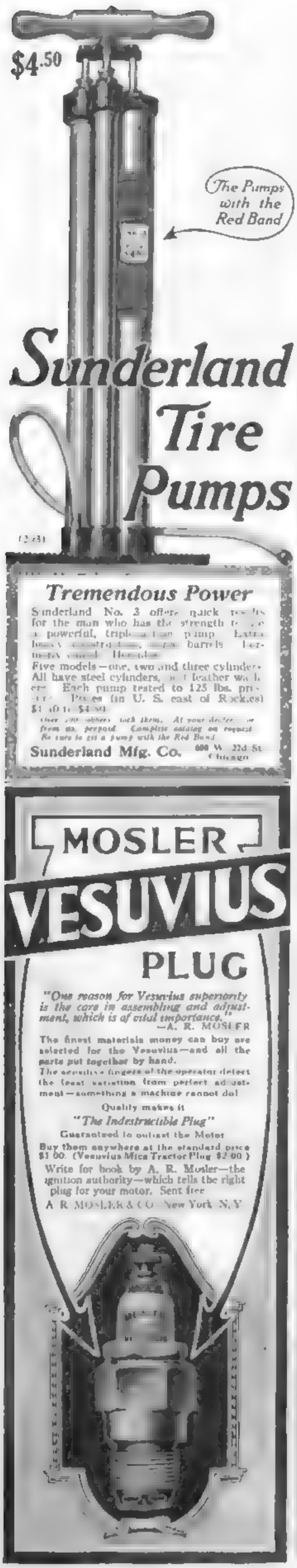
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Sunderland Tire Pumps
Tremendous Power
Sunderland No. 3 offers quick results for the man who has the strength to use a powerful, triple-action pump. Extra heavy cylinders, extra barrels. Extremely sturdy. Handles
Five models—one, two and three cylinder. All have steel cylinders, best leather washers. Each pump tested to 125 lbs. pressure. Prices (in U. S. east of Rockies) $3.50 to $4.50
Over 500 others use them. At your dealer's or from us, prepaid. Complete catalog on request. Be sure to get a pump with the Red Band
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VESUVIUS
PLUG
"One reason for Vesuvius superiority is the care in assembling and adjustment, which is of vital importance."
—A. R. MOSLER
The finest materials money can buy are selected for the Vesuvius—and all the parts put together by hand.
The sensitive fingers of the operator detect the least variation from perfect adjustment—something a machine cannot do!
Quality makes it
"The Indestructible Plug"
Guaranteed to outlast the Motor
Buy them anywhere at the standard price $1.00. (Vesuvius Mica Tractor Plug $2.00)
Write for book by A. R. Mosler—the ignition authority—which tells the right plug for your motor. Sent free
A. R. MOSLER & CO. New York, N. Y.

VALUES

(Concluded from Page 9)

His arm slipped away from her and they faced each other in painful obstinate misunderstanding.

"Esther," said Cameron, "do you care more for your work than for me? That's what it all comes down to."

"How can you ask me that?" she cried indignantly. "You might just as well ask me if I like fires better than windows, or—or sewing thread better than writing paper. It's just as different as that."

"Don't quibble," he said. "And please don't talk in paradoxes. There isn't time for that. I've been so absorbed in loving you—you've seemed to me so dear, so wonderful, so beautiful—and it's been so wonderful and beautiful that you should love me—that I haven't seen—well, how could I see?—that it was only a sort of interlude for you, and not anything more. And those two or three little books up there mean more to you than—than anything I can give you." He glanced at the mantelshelf, where Lora had proudly placed copies of The Wings of Satira and Clomartie beside the white pottery bowl of flowers. "So it comes down to just that," he repeated: "Do you care more for your work than you do for me?"

"I might ask you that, too, Cammy," she said; "but I don't. And why not? Because I know what work is to anyone who works in earnest. Work's not bigger than love, Cammy—but it's different. It's—it's like personal honor. It's—it's——" She groped for the word. "It's the mind's integrity. I can't throw that away—or treat it like a piece of knitting, to be picked up now and then, Cammy."

"I guess you've answered me," said Cameron, getting to his feet. "It doesn't seem worth while to discuss it any more."

Esther rose too. The fire had died down to a handful of rosy coals and the candles were almost gone, but there was light enough to see the misery on the two faces. She wanted to cry out to him that it didn't make any difference, that nothing would make any difference if he would only love her and take her in his arms; but the cold finality of his last words had touched her pride. He had been neither kind nor just, she told herself; and now, unless she was very much mistaken, he was deliberately jilting her. She slipped from her finger his hoop of sapphires and diamonds, and handed it to him silently. In silence he took it; and a moment later he was gone.

She ran to the door and listened to see if he would return. But no; she waited until the last sound of his tread had died away on the stair. Then she ran to the window. She could see him walking down the street, just as straight, just as unconcerned as always when she watched him. She put her hand to her throat and choked back the impulse to call him—call so desperately, so wildly through the stillness of the spring night that he would hear her and come flying back to her. But that was madness, impossible madness, of course.

At last she turned away and blew out the candles and flung herself down on the sofa beside the fire, her face in the cushions he had so lately leaned against. Tears would not come; but shivering, dry-eyed sobs shook her from head to foot. And it was there in the morning that Lora Greene found her.

She told Lora, very briefly and without looking at her, that she and Cameron had parted. She did not say why, but she made it clear that it was an irrevocable decision with both of them. Lora had made no answer save "Well, you'll have a lot more time to write." And the matter-of-fact way she offered this consolation put the finishing touch of irony on the situation.

Yes; that was true—she would have more time to write. She would have more time for everything, now that there would be no Cammy calling her up and begging her to come out with him, or coming in in the evening and staying late. She would have all day and every day. She could write and write and write and write. She remembered how often they had talked in bitterness of the wasted years before they had ever met.

"To think I had to wait until I was thirty-six—middle-aged," Cammy had said, "before I met you, Esther! And we might have had our youth together—all our youth!"

It had seemed cruel and intolerable to them both. Remembering this, Esther got up suddenly to go to the telephone. But her hand fell from it. After all, he had said the last word—not she. He could not want to come back.

She came back into the studio and took the copies of Clomartie and The Wings of Satira off the mantelshelf and tore their pages and threw them on the fire. And then she went back to her little writing room and put her head down on the manuscript of her new book—scribbled untidy pages thrown about in confusion—and, finding tears at last, cried until she could cry no more.

After a day or two of this loneliness she found she was managing to go through with the ordinary motions of life. She dressed and walked and sat at table, and even talked to Lora Greene and to casual callers. She sat before her writing table and mechanically finished the chapter on which she had been working when her world had been thrown into chaos. But as she watched her hand, holding the pencil, going back and forth across the page, it seemed to her as if her hand was a strange little piece of mechanism that worked by a power which came from outside somewhere.

Then came days when this outside power failed and her hand would not move to begin a new chapter. She could only sit still there at the writing table and think. What was it she had wanted? What was it she had insisted on to Cammy? The integrity of the mind—or some such high-flown phrase. She had told him her work was not bigger than love; but that it was different. And now she knew love was bigger and stronger, and that she was more of a slave to it than she had ever been to her work. Her work, indeed! A handful of printed pages—trash—"Among the fall fiction a new novel by Esther Tredway is scheduled"—this, this was what she had thrown in Cammy's face as a substitute for his tenderness.

She went to all lengths in humiliating herself until she ultimately reached the depths wherein she declared to herself it was right that he should not come back—he was right in thinking she was not worth his love; that she had failed him vitally.

She had written in The Wings of Satira about a woman who had been jilted, and once she opened the book to recall what she had said; but she closed it again in shuddering revulsion. Why, she had been witty and clever about that poor creature's suffering—she had made it part of the whole amusing, bantering, diverting story! This, too, was part of her shame.

Through all this she was listening, with a dull, sick conviction that she would never hear it again, for Cammy's step on the stairs; for his triple ring of the bell. He might come—he might! He might still care enough to come—and see whether she was really so base as she assured herself she was. But he did not. If the telephone rang she was listening, with every nerve of her tight and tense, for his big voice to come over the wire. But it never came.

And then came a day when spring turned to summer; a day so fair, so beckoning, so importunate that she could not withstand it. She had gone into her writing room, and had sat down determinedly before her table intending to make the new chapter go, no matter how woodenly and stupidly. But the blue and gold of the day was too much for her resolution. It called her imperatively; and beneath its call there was a definite purpose and direction. It was as if the soft wind that blew in and ruffled her papers commanded her to do what she did. Certainly she got up and put on her hat in a queer dreamlike way, as a person under some pleasant hypnosis might have done. She went into the studio and called to Lora Greene. The words came from her lips quite without her own volition.

"Lora," she said, "put on your things. I'm going down to Cammy's office and see if he won't marry me!"

There was an interval of amazement; but Lora Greene presently appeared, hatted and about to be gloved.

"Well, I'm glad you've come to your senses," she said, as if she was accustomed always to be summoned to weddings in just this way. "I was getting worried about you—you haven't been eating enough to keep a bird alive. It's all very well to write books, I say; but it's nothing at all to having babies. But—look here—don't you think we ought to have a taxi? Wait, and I'll telephone."

"I don't want to wait; but I will," said Esther, her head up, color in her cheeks. "Only hurry it."

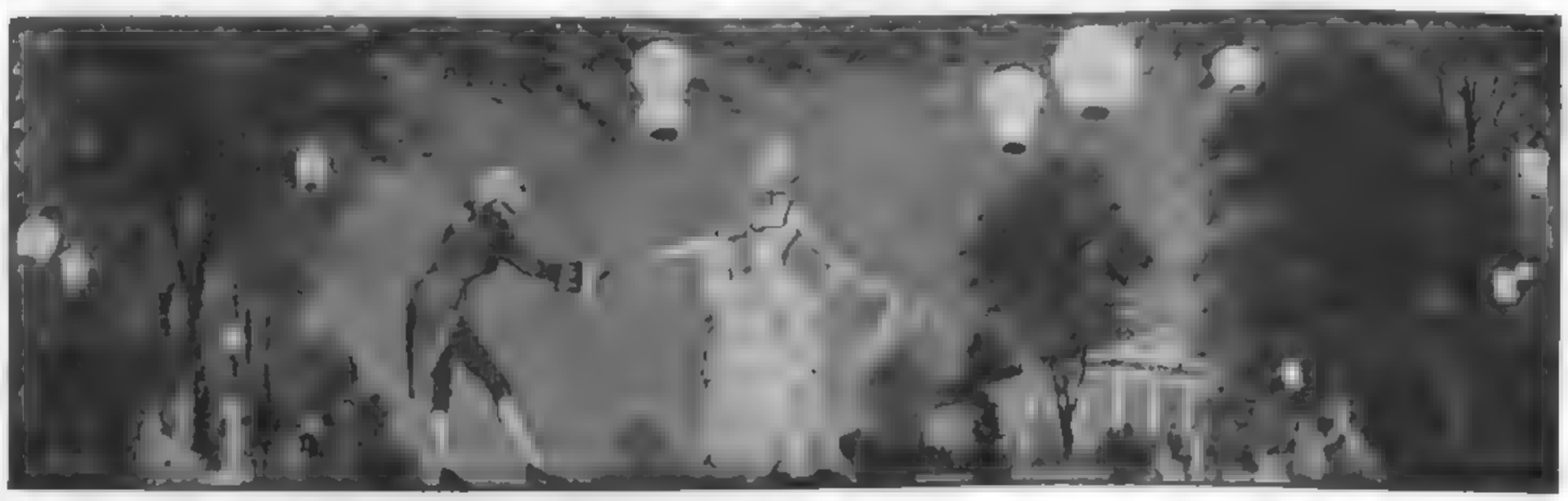
She could hear Lora's deliberate calm voice speaking over the telephone; and suddenly through it came three clear little tinglings of the doorbell. Esther's heart gave a leap and a queer turnover. Here was the reason she had started to Cammy—of course!—he had already started to her. She flung open the door.

"Esther!" he cried, even before he was inside the door. "I couldn't bear it! I waited and waited, until I almost died for a word from you; and then—I had to come. Don't send me away! Work all you want, all the time, anywhere—only don't cut me off from you."

"No, no, Cammy; it was my fault——"

If she had suffered and grown thin and pale, so, too, had he. There was no lilt in his shoulders now—only a droop of dejection. But his eyes, hollow from vigil and pain, were more boyish and appealing than ever. In the long, long look they exchanged each knew that this tender yielding, this utter and eager surrender, was only a thing of the moment; and that they were destined, by their very nature, always to clash and hurt each other cruelly; and then to relent and find consolation only in each other's arms.

And the joy they had known before, when they had seen only perfection in each other, was as nothing to this consuming joy with which they recognized each other's unchangeable imperfection and weakness, yet knew themselves indissolubly bound together. "Well, you're just in time, Cammy," said Lora Greene, coming in and smiling on them quaintly. "We were just going downtown to marry you! The taxi'll be here in five minutes."



ANNOUNCEMENT

To the millions of housewives now using
RYZON, The Perfect Baking Powder

RYZON was first put on sale three years ago. Its price was fixed as low as was possible to produce and market "The Perfect Baking Powder." Since then, greatly advanced costs of material, labor, and transportation which have forced the prices of other staple foods upward (the nineteen listed below have increased to an average of 55%!) have of course also increased the cost of RYZON. So it becomes necessary to adopt one of two courses:

(1) To advance prices covering advanced costs, which would bring the standard pound tin to 50c.

(2) To sacrifice immediate profits by making a slight advance, the standard pound tin to 40c, believing that the good-will resulting from this policy will bring us greater business.

We have decided on course Number Two, making an advance of only five cents on the pound.

This decision for a slight advance is made in spite of the increasing demand for RYZON which is now far in excess of the supply. A fine new RYZON plant, producing several times the present output, is under construction and will be ready in a few months.

We make this announcement, not only that users of RYZON may know our reasons for advancing prices but also for the protection of dealers *whose percentages have not been altered!* Your grocer is confronted with the same increased costs of doing business as everyone else, and requires a fair margin of profit for the necessary service he performs in his community. He is protected in this price change because we recognize that it would be unfair to pass the burden of price advances on to him.

How Retail Prices On Staple Foods Have Advanced Since 1915

The figures given below were secured from retailers. The retail prices are compared with the same months in 1915 and 1918.

Product	*Percentage of Increase*
Dried Beef	25
Corn (Canned)	60
Sugar (Granulated)	38½
Dried Lima Beans	66⅔
Butter	38
Milk	60
[illegible]	100
Beans	90
Sliced Bacon	63
Olive Oil	86⅔
[illegible]	80
Rice	25
Macaroni	33⅓
Oat Meal	50
Rib Roast	44⅓
[illegible]	80
Prunes	33⅓
[illegible]	33⅓
Baking Powders	33⅓
RYZON, The Perfect Baking Powder	15

RYZON is still packed in the full-weight, 16-ounce, honest pound package—without change in quality—with the price on the label. The price is now 40c, at which price we believe RYZON is still the most economical, as well as "The Perfect Baking Powder."

GENERAL CHEMICAL CO.
FOOD DEPARTMENT
NEW YORK

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YOU will never count that hour wasted or a disappointment when you see a *Paramount* or *Artcraft* Picture. Bringing to your city the greatest dramatic talent of screen and stage, Paramount and Artcraft Pictures give you the photo-play at the apex of its development.

They are the *better* pictures of the motion picture art—supreme in their stars, great in their stories, and perfect in their mounting and direction. And they are marked *Paramount* or *Artcraft* to identify them to *you*—as your kind of picture.

Paramount and Artcraft Pictures are shown in thousands of the better-class theatres all over the country. Because these theatres know that your patronage is quickly won and permanently maintained by showing pictures of quality and character.

There is a theatre in your neighborhood showing Paramount and Artcraft Pictures. See them.

Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

Three Ways to Know *how to be sure of seeing Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures*

one—by seeing these trade-marks or names in the advertisements of your local theatres.

two—by seeing these trade-marks or names on the front of the theatre or in the lobby.

three—by seeing these trade-marks or names flashed on the screen inside the theatre.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR *Pres.* JESSE L. LASKY *Vice Pres.* CECIL B. DE MILLE *Director General*
NEW YORK

"FOREMOST STARS, SUPERBLY DIRECTED, IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES"

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

Georges Clémenceau

IN THE early days of the war, when THE SATURDAY EVENING POST published statements from the three principal antagonists, Georges Clémenceau was the man selected to speak for his country. And very ably he did so in his article The Cause of France. For the last forty-seven years this big Frenchman has had a part in every political squabble in France. His spirit of fearlessness and independence early showed itself, and landed him, before he was twenty years of age, in prison, because he shouted "Vive la Republique!" in the midst of a celebration of an imperial anniversary. He has won for himself various names, such as The Tiger and The Destroyer of Cabinets, but he has also won the confidence of his countrymen. And in the hour of greatest need we see him, at the age of seventy-six, again premier of France.

Ina Claire

TO THE left is the heroine in the play, Polly With a Past, and it is a safe bet that this Polly has a future as well. We shall probably hear of her in Naval circles playing leading lady opposite Lieutenant Townsend.

A. Curtis Roth—By W. Edward Cope

IN THE early days of the war there was a pleasant outdoor sport highly popular over the Rhine that had for its purpose the humiliation of all Yankees, and United States officials in particular. In the beginning a novice, who was introduced to the only recreation not forbidden or requiring a war card, was thoroughly saturated with fear by the gentle art of intimidation. In the second lesson a greenhorn was given a slap on the wrist with the back of a saber, and if he said "Ouch!" he got the business end of a boot toe, and unless he held up his hands and cried "*Kamerad*" he was likely to be conducted to a room whose southern exposure was shaded by steel bars, while those who had been playing tag with him rushed off to be the first to paw over his personal trophies and private secrets.

Sometimes the beginner at this little game displayed an independence that sounded like an old-fashioned Fourth of July and put the fear of God into his playmates. Mr A. Curtis Roth was picked upon to learn the game, as were hundreds of other Americans from time to time.

But he had had a previous training that had made him hard as nails, for away back in days of yore he had passed through the hands of "Dad Murphy" at the Manayunk Boys' Grammar School.

Anyone who has passed through "Dad's" hands would confess that anything across the Rhine was tame compared with his wallops and tongue lashings when a "feller" had fallen from grace.

Therefore, when Mr. Roth fell into the hands of the energetic playmates, he, too, sent

(Concluded on Page 90

Arthur Train

WHEN Mr Train's story, The Earthquake, which is an old story to the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, was brought out in book form, one newspaper said of it:

"If Mr Train were a Frenchman he would receive the Cross of the Legion, or perhaps his book would be crowned by the Academy. Being a mere American, he must be content to know that he has written a great book, which we could wish to be read by every American family."

The picture given above shows this "mere American"—who happens also to be a prominent lawyer and author and many other worth-while things, including assistant district attorney of New York County and later special deputy assistant attorney general of the State of New York—seated at his desk. Arthur Train has not cornered all the writing ability in his family by any means. Mrs. Train herself is a full-fledged authoress, having written the story, Bringing Out Barbara, that appeared in this weekly, and Miss Train, too, is said to be cutting her literary teeth.

PHOTO BY PRESS ILLUSTRATING SERVICE INC. NEW YORK CITY

Any time is dancing time wherever there is a Victrola

The joy of dancing to Victor dance music! The pleasure of gaily tripping to the music of bands and orchestras whose special forte is dance music. The delight of dancing to music that is perfection itself—strong in volume, clear in tone, perfect in rhythm.

Music so superb as to take the place of an orchestra, and yet so accessible that you can have an impromptu dance at any time.

Whenever you feel like dancing, when a few friends stop in, when soldier and sailor boys are home on furlough, the Victrola is always ready with the music.

In camp and on shipboard the Victrola enables our boys in the service to have their little dances, too.

Everywhere the Victrola and Victor Dance Records are a constant invitation to dance—a source of keen wholesome pleasure.

Hear the newest Victor Dance Records today at any Victor dealer's. He will gladly play any music you wish to hear and demonstrate the various styles of the Victor and Victrola—$12 to $950.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

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VICTOR
HIS MASTER'S VOICE
To insure Victor quality always look for the famous trade-mark His Master's Voice It is on all products of the Victor Talking Machine Company

Important Notice. Victor Records and Victor Machines are scientifically co-ordinated and synchronized in the processes of manufacture, and their use, one with the other, is absolutely essential to a perfect reproduction

New Victor Records demonstrated at all dealers' on the 1st of each month

"Victrola" is the Registered Trade-mark of the Victor Talking Machine Company, designating the products of this Company only

Victrola XVII, $275
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Mahogany or oak

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REGISTERED U.S. PATENT OFFICE
THE GENUINE CLOTH
MFD. BY GOODALL WORSTED CO.
This label means the Genuine. It's your Safeguard against Imitation.

"Safety-Firsting"

"Safety First!" in the food we eat, and the things we drink. Avoid adulterations and impurities. They encroach on health—pull down efficiency.

"Safety First!" in Summer Suits. Wool is scarce and the makeshifts many—most of them poor in wear, poor in looks, poor in all save price.

"SAFETY FIRST!" SUGGESTS A SUIT OF
GENUINE PALM BEACH

—a law of purity unto itself. A special patented construction results in this fabric—cool and porous—durable and shape-retaining—washable and inexpensive.

"Safety First!" Look for the trade-marked Label—your assurance of the Genuine in the suits you buy. *At All Reliable Clothiers.*

THE PALM BEACH MILLS
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SELLING AGENTS: A. ROHAUT
229 Fourth Avenue New York

OUT-OF-DOORS

The Soldier's Equipment

THE soldier is, or ought to be, the best kind of an outdoors man. In his outfit the best thought of experts is represented. His equipment must be free of fads and shorn of all personal preference, reduced to the absolutely practical, so far as the experts can agree. That experts have disagreed at all ages of the world and in all nations of the world is really beside the question.

For instance, the Japanese, Germans and Italians use a pack entirely different from the United States Army pack, and there are different sorts of water bottles used in different armies. The equipment of every army differs from that used by the same army even ten years ago. These are times of especially rapid change in all things pertaining to the art of war. Even the manual of arms changes almost overnight; the officer who has been away from his command for two years could not to-day drill a company. The man who forty years ago thought himself *au fait* in company or battalion drill would to-day be only a cumberer of the drill ground.

But everywhere, all over America, to an extent far more general than is known to the average man, tremendous industrial machines are turning out the equipment now ratified as "regulation" for our Army. The total figures of our production are staggering. The man who begins to investigate will discover, in any one of a dozen of the greatest cities of America, vast buildings, hurriedly erected but well built, and surely well guarded. These buildings may in any one city cover a number of acres of ground. They house the enormous supplies that equip and feed our Army; are indeed the working places of that vast Quartermaster Corps which is the belly, if not the backbone, of the Army; and some noted gentleman has said that an army travels not on its feet or its back but on its belly.

These great buildings are filled with countless articles, scores and hundreds, indeed thousands, of different sorts. The Quartermaster Corps knows where it can put its finger on every one of these, what quantities of each are in existence and how they can best be transported. The one question of transportation alone has been studied by the Quartermaster Corps in all its branches, historic, modern and otherwise. The transportation of the old land-grant railroads is ticketed and classified, alongside that of the modern motor lorry. Believe us, the Quartermaster Corps knows what it is talking about in every detail.

We have here, however, more especially to do with the private soldier himself, and what he wears, what he uses on the march to the Front. In order to get at that a very practical thing is to go to the guard barracks of any one of the great Quartermaster's stores. Catch yourself a husky buck private in full equipment and take him apart.

The Regulation Pack

By various references from a general, an adjutant, a colonel, a major, another colonel, another major and a captain, I arrived eventually upon a pleasant, clear-eyed young lieutenant, who, as officer of the day, led me to the quarters of his company. Here the curt command "Shun!" from the sergeant brought to the position of the soldier every occupant of the room, many of whom had been lying on their cots asleep. After these were "at rest," under order of the lieutenant, the latter explained the purpose in hand.

"Make up a pack, sergeant," said he, "and bring it over here on this bed."

So presently we had before us the modern pack of the United States Army.

This was in barracks in a city. The men were sleeping on iron single cots, each of which had a cotton mattress. There were different colors of blankets on these—in the sudden tremendous demand for equipment sometimes the Quartermaster Corps has taken overcoat material and cut it up into blankets, so it may have stripes or checks or be the old khaki or gray of the former regulation blanket. It was on such a bed that the husky sergeant threw down his pack after he had made it up.

It was not a square pack, such as our old knapsack used to be. It was not made of leather, as are the packs of the Germans, the Japanese and the Italians. As it lay on the bed it was like a long sausage or cylinder, and seemed to be as hard as a piece of wood. It is unlike any other army pack in use by any of the armies of the world to-day, as far as I know. I had already seen pictures of this pack in place. The canvas roll, between eight inches and a foot in diameter, hangs from the shoulders of a man down below his hips as he marches. It is so unique that at first it looks impractical.

I asked to have the pack thrown on my own back. It is carried by shoulder straps like a woodman's pack. The bearing point on the back is very small, so that it can be covered with the two hands. The pack lies directly in the hollow of the back, between the shoulder blades, and most of the weight comes just upon the shoulder blades. In place the pack hangs below the hips. If the straps are very tight at the top it swings free of the hips. The shoulders then become a fulcrum for the weight. The adjustment of the straps will ease this down.

Its Points, Good and Bad

"What do you think of her?" I asked of one private.

"I don't like her," said he. "She cuts like hell."

"So does any pack," scoffed his sergeant. "You've got to carry her somehow. This roll is a heap easier to carry round than a suitcase, like them Dutch do."

"Yes, and it's a heap better than the old shoulder roll," said another private sagely.

"That's it," said the sergeant. "This pack, she's all right when you're on the march. With the old shoulder roll, it stuck up alongside of your face six or eight inches, it cut off all the air, and it got in the road of the other fellow, and it was too bulky when men were marching in column formation.

"Now look at this one," he added, turning to me. "She's out of the road in the middle of your back. She's solid and hard and small through. You can march as close as you want to the other fellow and not be in his road. You carry her all on your shoulders, and she's always out of the way, and you've got everything in her that you need. Nothing can shake loose. Besides," he added, "she's in two parts; if you need a wagon you can carry part of her in the wagon. Our fellows don't."

This new pack certainly does not look anything like any other pack ever devised for carrying a man's personal equipment. It was therefore with a certain curiosity that we undid the roll as it lay upon the bed of the private in the Quartermaster's barracks.

As spread out flat the covering of the pack is shown to be canvas and not leather, lightness being thus assured. Waterproofness is gained by means of the poncho, which goes next to the canvas cover. The blankets go inside of this. As made up for the march one blanket, weight three and a half pounds, is the usual allowance to the individual.

The pack, as mentioned by the sergeant, is made of two parts. A stiff strap laces the two together. Below this a loop extends. While on the march a jerk at this loop will free the lower pack from the upper. In this way a good portion of the weight can be detached and carried in the column baggage wagons. There will still remain on the shoulders of the enlisted man the indispensable upper pack, which we might call the haversack. His bayonet, rifle, water bottle, ammunition, food, and means of cooking the food, will still be in his possession on the march. He can march and eat for three days. It is not necessary for him to sleep for three days, or until the baggage train comes up.

The upper portion of the pack, or haversack, is so managed that with folded flaps and loops it can be extended or shrunk in any required dimensions. In this the private is expected to carry his extra rations, his toilet articles for toothbrush, comb and soap are "regulation"—also his means of cooking his food and eating it. His extra socks and an extra undershirt, or the like, can also go in this haversack or upper pack.

The sergeant had in two or three minutes assembled all his belongings from where they lay on his bed and under the bed, and now showed me the pack ready for the march—every article in it neatly folded and placed. He had taken out his knife, fork and spoon and put them in the loops of the pack, and had arranged the tin and aluminum articles so that they would neither gall his shoulders under the pack nor make a noise on the march. I suppose such a pack could be made up clumsily, but the soldier is taught to do these things shipshape, and the pack proved itself to be capable of practical and comprehensive use.

There are some articles in the equipment of to-day which were unknown in the Civil War. For instance, the condiment tin, as it is called, was unknown in our Army on the frontier a half dozen years ago. This article is two and a half by seven inches, made of block tin in two parts, close fitting. The case or cover is intended for carrying meat or bacon. The two halves could be used for dishes, or either could be used even as a cup in case of emergency. For eating beans nothing could be more practical.

Inside the halved cover is a curious-looking oblong with a screw cap at each end. There is a partition in the middle. In one end of this inner case the soldier carries ground coffee enough for three days. The rings pressed into the case show the portion for each day. In the other end of the case, also grooved and measured, is sugar enough for three days. On that end the screw cap also comes apart and shows another compartment, containing enough salt and pepper mixed to last a man three days or even more. This case, empty, weighs one pound two ounces.

The plate and frying pan in one used by our infantrymen is not made of block tin, but of aluminum, and weighs one pound. This article is not altogether new in our Army, though it was unknown in the Civil War. I saw it in 1894 in use in the Western posts. This mess tin is a flat oval, nine by seven inches, with a cover that is loose. In carriage the cover is held in place by a clamping metal strap, which comes up from the rear and fastens down by friction over the front end. This clamp is the handle of the frying pan when the tin is opened up. The troops in the West used to carry this swung at the back or on the saddle in a cavalry post. The infantryman carries it in the haversack of his double pack.

Aluminum is light to carry. It gets very hot and stays very hot. I presume the handle of the pan, if it were used as a cooking utensil, would get very hot. But once the food is cooked in the company kitchen this handled pan becomes a very convenient plate. The cover also would serve as a plate or a resting place for food. The spoon, fork and short knife will go inside of this mess tin for carriage if the haversack with its loops is not at hand.

The Water Bottle

The German water bottle shows the cup, round and somewhat clumsy, on the top of the water bottle. Of course the equipment of all these foreign armies to-day does not include the old-fashioned blanket-covered oval canteen which our Army had in the Civil War.

That now is obsolete. We don't swing the canteen over the shoulder on a strap, but we carry it on the belt, which may or may not be better.

Our army canteen to-day is not a canteen but a flask or bottle made of aluminum. It holds just a quart, and weighs one pound six and a half ounces, without any water in it. Filled, its weight is three pounds nine ounces—quite a weight to swing on a belt. It is covered by a canvas case lined with felt, to keep the water cool. This case buttons snugly round the neck of the bottle. The latter is provided with an ingenious movable clip, so that the bottle can be swung on the belt or detached easily on the march. As a private soldier might get excited and lose the cork of his water bottle, the screw cap of this bottle is attached by means of a little chain.

We carry our drinking cup on the bottom of the water bottle, as an old-time sportsman used to carry the cup of his flask. The handle of the cup is arranged somewhat like that of the mess tin—when folded it clamps tight round the bottom of the cup and is entirely out of the road. But it can be extended and clamped in place with one motion of the fingers, and then the private soldier will have his drinking cup standing up so the coffee will not spill. His cup is aluminum, and it will stay hot a long time, be sure of that. But the private will not mind that, because it is light to carry. Aluminum, scarce and expensive, has come into rapid use in sportsmen's equipment and army equipment in late years. It was not known at the time of the Civil War in army equipment.

In addition to these essential articles of the regulation equipment of the infantryman there are other things which he will have at the Front in France. The shrapnel helmet weighs two and a half pounds. It is of steel, slightly malleable, painted clay color, and finished rough, so that it will not reflect light.

Distribution of Weight

A wire cutter is part of the company equipment, which is not regulation for every infantryman this side of the water. His first-aid packet is always on his person. Sometimes the soldier will have an intrenching tool in his pack—his share of the company equipment will be allotted to him when he goes to the fighting Front. He must of course count upon keeping fastened to him that part of his pack which carries his needful equipment on the march or in the field. This equipment always will include his rifle, bayonet and ammunition.

The tremendous changes in firearms have naturally altogether altered the ways of carrying ammunition. The cartridge box of old is obsolete. The modern soldier carries his ammunition in a canvas belt which is made up of a series of pockets, each of which buttops over in front. Each pocket covers a couple of clips, each of which holds at least five cartridges. The Springfield requires five. The new American-Enfield, if we may so call the adapted rifle of 1917, would take six to the clip if we had the clips. The English rifle in use in France feeds even more ammunition than this. The private soldier is expected to carry about a hundred rounds in his belt. It gets heavy. The Boers carried their ammunition in bandoliers or shoulder belts. You will hear a young officer complain even of the weight of his automatic revolver at his belt. This brings to view the one criticism, if any, which the private soldier legitimately may pass upon his new pack carrier.

This pack throws all the weight upon the shoulders if the pack is not fastened to the belt at the rear, as it may be by the two clips. This will pull in the bottom of the pack closer to the body of the bearer. That means that the belt will take up part of the weight of the pack, or the pack will take up part of the weight of the belt, according as the man has adjusted his straps.

There was in use a while ago in the United States Army what was called the Merriam pack, which some officers mention to-day. In this pack an arrangement was made by which the jointed halves of the tent pole allotted to each man could be thrust into pockets in the belt in front, and into the corners of the pack behind, so that the pack at the lower rear was rather free from the body, but so that the weight was suspended downward from the hips distributing the carrying fulcrum between the shoulders and the hips.

In carrying heavy weights the Indian on the trail uses a tump strap, suspending all the weight from the forehead. This, of course, would be impractical in military use. The sportsman and the timber cruiser use a shoulder pack with straps passing under the arms, just as do our Army and most other armies. His pack will drop down along his back, but some of the weight will come on the top of his hips. The human body is a mechanical engine, like many other things. We are after the points of least resistance and the points of greatest support when we carry weight. The center

(Concluded on Page 52)

Westinghouse

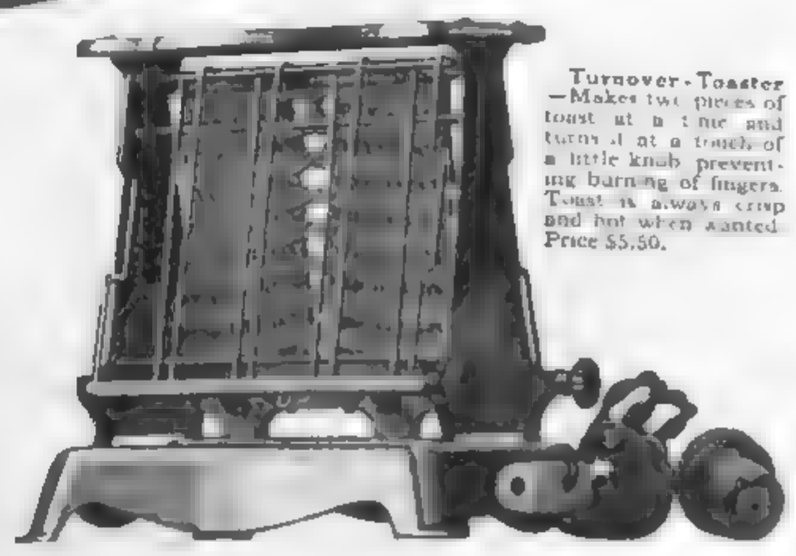
RESIDENCE AND COMMERCIAL FANS

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

Look for the dealer who displays this trade mark in his window.

Percolator—Not only convenient but also universally satisfactory as a means of making good coffee. Begins to operate in less than one minute after current is turned on. Made in 5 cup and 8 cup sizes. Prices $8.00 to $13.00.

Iron—Eliminates the stove and ranging of irons. Makes possible ironing anywhere there's a lamp socket. Prices $4.00 to $6.50.



Turnover-Toaster—Makes two pieces of toast at a time and turns it at a touch of a little knob preventing burning of fingers. Toast is always crisp and hot when wanted. Price $5.50.

Westinghouse

ELECTRIC UTILITIES FOR THE HOUSEHOLD

Beauty and the Breeze

Here, in a few words, is summed up the answer to your question "What shall I look for when I buy an electric fan?"

Of course, it is breeze you want first. Breeze that blows hard or gently at your instant command, to make life worth living on sweltering days, to bring sound sleep on sultry nights. Breeze that helps keep your brain clear and your body active. Breeze that makes play enjoyable and work efficient.

That's the kind of a breeze you get from a Westinghouse Electric Fan, whatever its size or type, month after month, year after year.

But beauty in the fan you buy is only less important than breeze. As much a part of the furnishings as any piece of furniture, it should be a fit companion for all those other things that go to make the home or office attractive.

Westinghouse designers have succeeded in making Westinghouse Fans so striking in grace of line and beauty of finish that you would single them out anywhere.

The use of drawn steel instead of cast iron for the base has made possible a satin-like effect in black that is one of the distinguishing marks of Westinghouse Fans.

But distinctive beauty and large volume of breeze do not fully measure the superiority of Westinghouse Fans. They're quiet-running. They're economical of current. They're dependable.

The secret of these advantages lies in the motor, the heart of the fan. Westinghouse Fan motors have been produced by engineers who are masters in the art of building motors for every purpose, and they have been so made as to sustain the world-wide reputation of Westinghouse Electric in motor design and construction.

Westinghouse Fans will run for years, noiselessly and unfailingly, without any more attention than occasional oiling.

A Wide Range of Sizes and Styles

The Westinghouse line includes fans for home, office, factory, restaurant, hotel, theatre—in short, for every place where fans are used. It embraces oscillating or non-oscillating fans, desk and bracket fans, ceiling fans, counter-column fans, exhaust fans, blowers and others.

Buy Your Fans Early

Last summer thousands of persons put off buying fans until extremely hot weather came, and the demand then exceeded the supply. Many went without, many had to buy inferior makes. You can make sure of getting your fan and of enjoying its breezes the whole summer by seeing your dealer today.

Westinghouse Fans are sold by light and power companies, electrical, department and hardware stores, where you'll also find Westinghouse Electric Irons, Toaster-Stoves, Turnover-Toasters, Sew-Motors and many other electrical conveniences and utilities. Some of these are illustrated and described below.

A Westinghouse Fan for $10.00

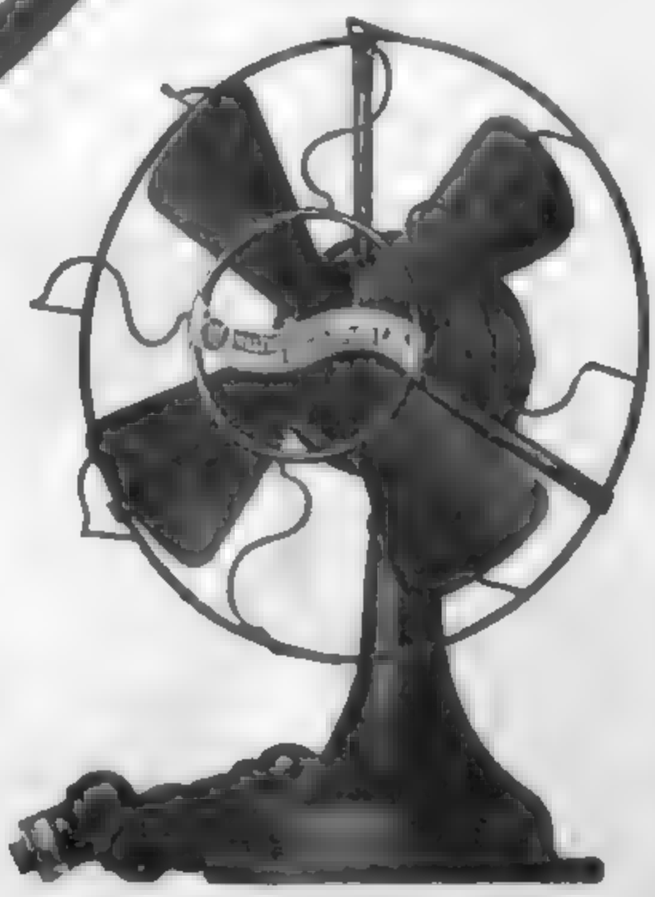
The Westinghouse Whirlwind Fan is an especially attractive 8-inch fan. Though moderately priced, it is a real Westinghouse Fan in reliability and efficiency. Price slightly higher in the West, South and Canada.

W
WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC

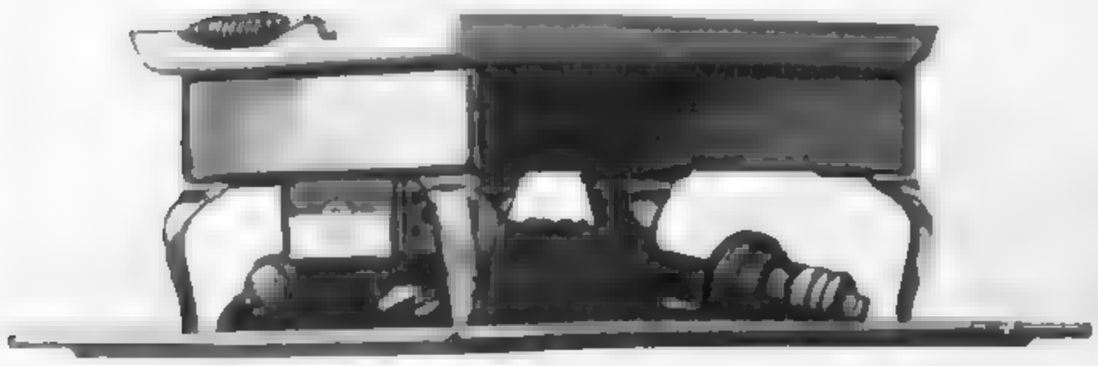
Look for the dealer who displays this trade-mark in his window.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY
East Pittsburgh, Pa.

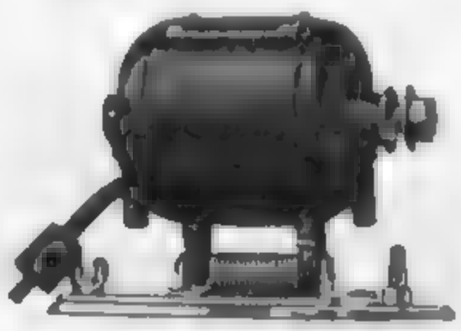
Whirlwind Fan—This is the attractive and efficient $10.00 fan referred to above. It gives a good breeze and will last for years.



Toaster-Stove—A complete table stove that will broil meat, fry eggs, make griddle cakes and toast—in short, do the work of a double-burner gas stove. Price $7.00.



Sew-Motor—A small motor that attaches to any sewing machine and makes treading unnecessary. Runs a day for a few cents' worth of current. Price $15.00.



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of gravity passes either from the shoulders straight to the ground, or from the top of the hips straight to the ground, or in a distribution point at some line between these two points. Now the hips are supported solidly by the legs. When you lean forward under weight there is something of a carrying strain not entirely compensated by the legs and the center of gravity. True, the old packers of the Chilkoot Pass and other Alaskan trails always said that a man ought not to carry his pack low, but high up, on his shoulders. These men ought to know. Personally a good many of us in carrying sporting packs like to have part of the weight come on the top of the hips.

Our Army seems to advocate the shoulder fulcrum in carrying the pack. The ammunition, water bottle, and sometimes the bayonet, thus come on the waist, as does the revolver of the officer. As a matter of fact, officers don't carry the sabers or revolvers unless they have to, though on barrack duty they are obliged to do certain things they will dispense with in the field; so that our belt does not support so much weight in fact as it does in theory. The company baggage wagon also carries a lot of the things not immediately necessary, which the soldier must have one time or another but not at every moment of the day.

The English Army, and others of Europe, and also our own Army of the Expeditionary Forces in France, use what is called the Sam Browne belt—a belt which has a shoulder strap to support it. This, of course, is a desirable thing if there is much weight swung at the waistline. No man can walk far or easily who carries weight on his stomach or the soft muscles of the side. Even the old heavy six-shooter of the frontier was swung from the point of the opposite hip, and it was worn habitually rather by riding men than by walking men. Your shoulders and your hips—yes; but your stomach and your side as weight-carriers—no. This seems to be good sense and general custom.

The Sam Browne Belt

But the Sam Browne belt is not regulation for our troops on this side the water. Why? It is perhaps because we wish to distinguish our men from those of other services. We got this, and the spiral cloth puttee for our expeditionary forces, because we bought a lot of equipment on the other side from other armies which had stock on hand. The British and other officers who are now so numerous on this side the water all wear this belt. Our men like it. It is a dressy, neat-looking military piece of equipment. Several privates expressed the wish that they had a shoulder support for their ammunition belts. Their sergeant assured them that they would get them for their equipment once they were across the water.

It is to be seen, however, that the great flexibility of the modern American Army pack, its attachability or detachability in regard to the belt and hip support make it a carrying contrivance which in the hands of an intelligent soldier is very serviceable. It is supposed to be the most serviceable all-round pack carrier now in use. If you can think of any better—or if you can think of any new way to kill a boche with a rifle or a bayonet—you can get it adopted by the Army very quickly. Our Army demands the best and gets the best. The present pack is the last word in equipment, so far as known.

I asked my sergeant to sit down on the side of the bed and make a list of things that he was expected to have in his pack. I found out later from the proper authorities of the Quartermaster Corps the price for each of these articles which the soldier would be expected to pay here. It is to be borne in mind that we have discontinued the old practice of a clothing allowance; my recollection is that this used to be about thirty-one cents a day. If the soldier did not use it all up he had it credited to him at the end of his discharge. If he exceeded it he had to pay certain prices for each article that he got. In July, 1917, this old practice of equipment allowance was discontinued. To-day the soldier is better cared for. He gets his regulation equipment all free of cost to him—"on issue," that is to say. Articles not issued must be bought, if at all, at canteen or civilian market. To-day the officer may also buy his supplies of the Quartermaster stores instead of at the department stores downtown—a saving of enormous sums to the purchasers, as anyone may see who cares to examine the prices of the Army as against those of the merchants.

It is not to be expected by anyone knowing the facts that absolute uniformity obtains or has obtained in the price of any one of these articles of equipment. Army material is affected the same as civilian supplies. Within the last few months there was actual increase in cost of practically every article of equipment. For instance, in the matter of shoes. An article in these columns some time ago mentioned the fact that the army shoe was sold at $2.81. That is the case. This morning the adjutant of the Central Department showed me a pair of shoes for which he paid $2.83. Another officer in his department had paid eight dollars for a pair of civilian shoes that he was wearing. The price of the shoe listed to the private has within the last few months, however, been raised. The marching shoe is listed at $4.50 to-day. Since the issuance of the price list which I am allowed to give, that of 1917, I have seen newspaper mention of the fact that contractors have exacted the price of $7.75 for the metal-reënforced shoe, sold in lots of a million, and $6.50 for the plain field shoe. These things all square one with the other when you come to know the Quartermaster's work, so that there is no discrepancy whatever, either in the statements made herein or in those made earlier in these columns.

Prices for Extras

The Army's business is not that of selling clothing. It gives it free to its soldiers. Its price list is only necessary for fixing the value of clothing and equipage which has been lost or otherwise unaccounted for by soldiers and others; or for purpose of affixing losses in transit while carried by railroad and steamship companies; and lastly, for sale to its officers. The sale is but an infinitesimal percentage of its total transaction. These price lists are arrived at by taking out the main price paid to contractors covering a fixed period and averaging these prices, as it would be impracticable to keep account of each separate lot of equipment throughout its ramifications, until it is finally disposed of or worn out by the soldier.

My sergeant made out his list—not including the very last item of minor articles, but comprehensive and sufficiently complete, as follows. The prices are attached from sanctioned information obtained elsewhere, as the subordinate officers in charge of the barracks explained they had no authority to give out prices of any of the equipment.

Breeches, two pairs, khaki, each 73 cents [if O. D., $1.10; if wool, $2.72]. It is to be seen that your high-price tailor who charged you twenty-five dollars for a pair of trousers would not get rich in the barracks. O. D. breeches—they are never called pants or trousers in the Army—at $1.10 look like a bargain. Of course you must know that O. D. does not mean Ordnance Department or anything of that sort, but simply "olive drab."

My sergeant needs a coat, listed at $1.65, cotton; $4.97, wool. He must carry a pair of chevrons, which cost him from 5 cents to 45 cents, which will be charged against him in case of "loss, damage or when requisitioned for." His hat cord will cost him 1 cent to 22 cents, according to its use. His pair of woolen gloves, O. D., 41 cents. It used to be regulation for the private to wear no cuffs on his gloves and for the officer to wear cuffs—this pertaining rather to cavalry. Then came regulations which gave cuffs to the trooper and took them off the officer's gloves. The Quartermaster Department now lists certain gloves of buckskin for supply only "until exhausted." Wool gloves are easier to obtain.

The brassards are little insignia which go on the sleeve of the coat. It may interest you to know, if you desire to become a military correspondent, that it requires a certain capitalization. Your correspondent's brassard, with a large "C" on it to show the nature of your service, is listed by the Quartermaster Corps at seven cents.

My sergeant pays 15 cents, and not one dollar, for the suspenders which he wears—but sometimes he may not wear them. His service hat costs $1.28. Not long ago I bought an O. D. "army hat" at a good shop and paid for it nine dollars. Private or officer certainly can save money by buying his clothes at home.

No one ever paid less than 5 cents for a pair of shoe laces—15 cents in a swell hotel bootblack shop. The private or the sergeant pays 2 cents a pair for his laces, and he must carry two extra pairs.

The regulation army leggings is no such thing. The private takes leggings "as issued." There are three styles—canvas, leather and canvas faced with leather, which are regulation. I saw all three of these in my investigations. One is an ankle legging of good canvas, well made, and with three lace fastenings in front—quickly put on, good-fitting and neat. I liked this legging the best. My sergeant said that it was all right for town, but that on a march, where you were walking in dust or sand more than shoe-top deep, sand or small gravel could work in between the bottom of this legging and the top of the shoe. He preferred the other type of legging, which laces up the side, has a flap coming over the shoe and a strap under the shoe to hold the legging down. He said this would keep out dust and dirt from the shoe, and thought that this countervailed the mud-carrying quality of the strap under the foot. In sporting wear I would not wear one of these leggings with a strap under the foot on a bet—I always cut them off. In the Army you do or do not, as your company officer suggests to you.

The third form of legging is like the one last above mentioned, except that it is faced on the inside of the leg with calfskin. It is really the artillery legging, but is worn by some infantry at least. This is the most expensive of the leggings, and in the opinion of the sergeant and the privates it is the least practical. It is all right for a mounted man, but for the walking man the leather is very bad indeed. The men complain that this leather reenforcement of the inner half of the legging would get wet and harden. In that case it would always wrinkle and make a ridge which came just on top of the ankle bone inside the foot. They said it was very punishing indeed, and I can well believe that, because the leather, being sewed to the canvas, offers two different materials for the action of dampness or of heat. Nothing in the world takes the heart out of a man quicker than a foot covering which chafes the Achilles tendon or the ankle bone—he simply cannot march with it. Therefore I think this last legging, for infantry use at least, is not as practical as it ought to be, and I do not believe it will always be issued or allowed for foot soldiers. The cloth spiral puttee is sometimes worn by our men, but is not "regulation" this side the water, and if used must be bought individually, as our Q. M. C. does not make or list it, though you may have seen this puttee in shop windows marked "Regulation U. S. Puttee."

Officers' Clothing

Great divergence exists in officers' wear. Our Army seems privileged to buy almost any sort of an O. D. service hat it likes from civilian stores. Some officers wear the stiff brim, others a half stiff hat. Thus far color has been the main desideratum, and even that has varied. The same is true in leggings. Some officers adhere to the old straps which spiral round the leather puttee. There are two variations of the strap puttee: One has two buckles at the top, the other has one—and either is slow to put on. The other style of puttee is seen in use by most of the foreign officers in this country. You may have seen your chauffeur use it also. It has a little clip at the bottom and one small horizontal strap at the top, is very neat and well fitting, and quickly put on and off. If it fits at the bottom it is very comfortable. Any leather puttee for an officer or for any man that has to walk is an experiment. If it sticks down on the Achilles tendon it means trouble. Very few sportsmen ever think of wearing a leather legging in their field work. A leather puttee of some sort, however, is regulation for the officers of our Army. It may be calf or pigskin, and is often "Cordovan" or horse hide.

The private soldier will pay from 88 cents to $2.17 for his leggings, according to their type. I have paid eighteen dollars for a pair of "calfskin" putties in downtown stores, and many officers also have been obliged to pay as much or more. It is far cheaper to buy of the Quartermaster.

I paid $7.50 for the last khaki flannel shirt I bought. My sergeant showed me one just as good, O. D., for which he paid $3.03 as an extra. For a cotton shirt he pays 31 cents if he loses it. You and I pay somewhat more.

"Field shoes" are the high-top marching type. They are listed at $3.69. Russet shoes, marching type, are priced at $4.50. This very important matter of the shoes is cared for by the company officer. There are twelve sizes of shoes, running from Number 5 to Number 12, and there are six widths, running from "A" to "EE." In lots of 10,000 the Quartermaster supplies these shoes on a guess as to the average size of the feet of the men served. Thus there will be 474 pairs of shoes "8 E," 535 pairs of "7 E," 293 pairs of "8 EE," six pairs of "5 A," one pair of "12 A," and six pairs of "12 EE." Your private must have an extra pair of shoes in his pack besides those he wears.

Some extra stockings any good soldier will always have close by him. In cotton he now pays ten cents; in wool as high as 35 cents for heavy socks and 25 cents for light wool socks—all prices subject to change, of course.

Each soldier carries two identification tags swung about his neck. Each one has on it his name, with the unit and number of his organization. If he loses an identification tag he has cost himself one cent, and some trouble, because his name has been stamped in the tag with a separate die.

Tent Pegs and Other Fixings

For an undershirt my doughboy pays 35 cents. He is expected to have along three cotton undershirts or two woolen shirts. For the latter he pays one dollar. For underdrawers he pays 87 cents up to $1.03, the latter price for heavy wool.

I asked the price on an army overcoat of a good tailor the other day, and he said one hundred dollars. The private soldier for an extra overcoat pays $12.50. For a pair of low Arctic overshoes he pays $2.40—the latter to go in the company wagon and not worn in his pack all the time. A pair of short rubber boots cost the private $3.22—they perhaps will cost you $5 or more. The private's blanket, O. D., heavy, is listed at $4.29, "until exhausted," while the light blanket is more—$4.50. An O. D. coat or tunic is charged at $4.97, a pair of breeches at $2.72. Sounds like a bargain sale on Monday. Of course, the soldier gets his outfit free, as above explained.

The tent pole which the private carries as his half of the shelter tent is rated at 16 cents. The six aluminum pins—one extra—at 17 cents. The tent itself, of the new pattern, is priced at $1.81. The soldier's poncho lists, $3.50; his slicker, $3.85; his sweater, $2.47.

A soldier usually has his own private toilet articles, though they can be obtained of the Q. M. C. You will see the boys have perhaps a silver soap dish or something of the sort—rather a pathetic holding on, it seemed to me, to the folks at home. My sergeant seemed to prize his soap dish very much. He told me he had been in the Philippines, in China, in Mexico and many other places. A fine, upstanding chap he was, bright-eyed and decisive in all his answers.

I was much concerned to learn the weight of the average soldier's pack as made up. My sergeant and lieutenant at the Quartermaster barracks both agreed that the weight of their marching man's pack would be between 42 pounds and 50 pounds. The sergeant told me that they weighed the packs of infantrymen down at Columbus, New Mexico, and that the weight was 42 pounds. This is very light and, of course, does not include all the articles of company equipment, nor such articles as helmets, overshoes, and so on, nor the tools for use on the Front. Higher officers of the Army when consulted said that they figured the full equipment of the United States Army private, heavy marching order, would be between 60 and 75 pounds, including rifle and a hundred rounds of ammunition.

The infantry pack above described is not absolutely new, though it is not very familiar to the average observer. It is known as the pack cover of 1910. Most of the equipment now in use has been adopted since 1910. All armies examine the equipment of one another as closely as they can. You may have seen in the windows of recruiting offices samples of the equipment of other armies—the wooden water bottle of the Italian, the covered bottles of the Japanese or German Armies, the several kinds of cartridge carriers, and so on.

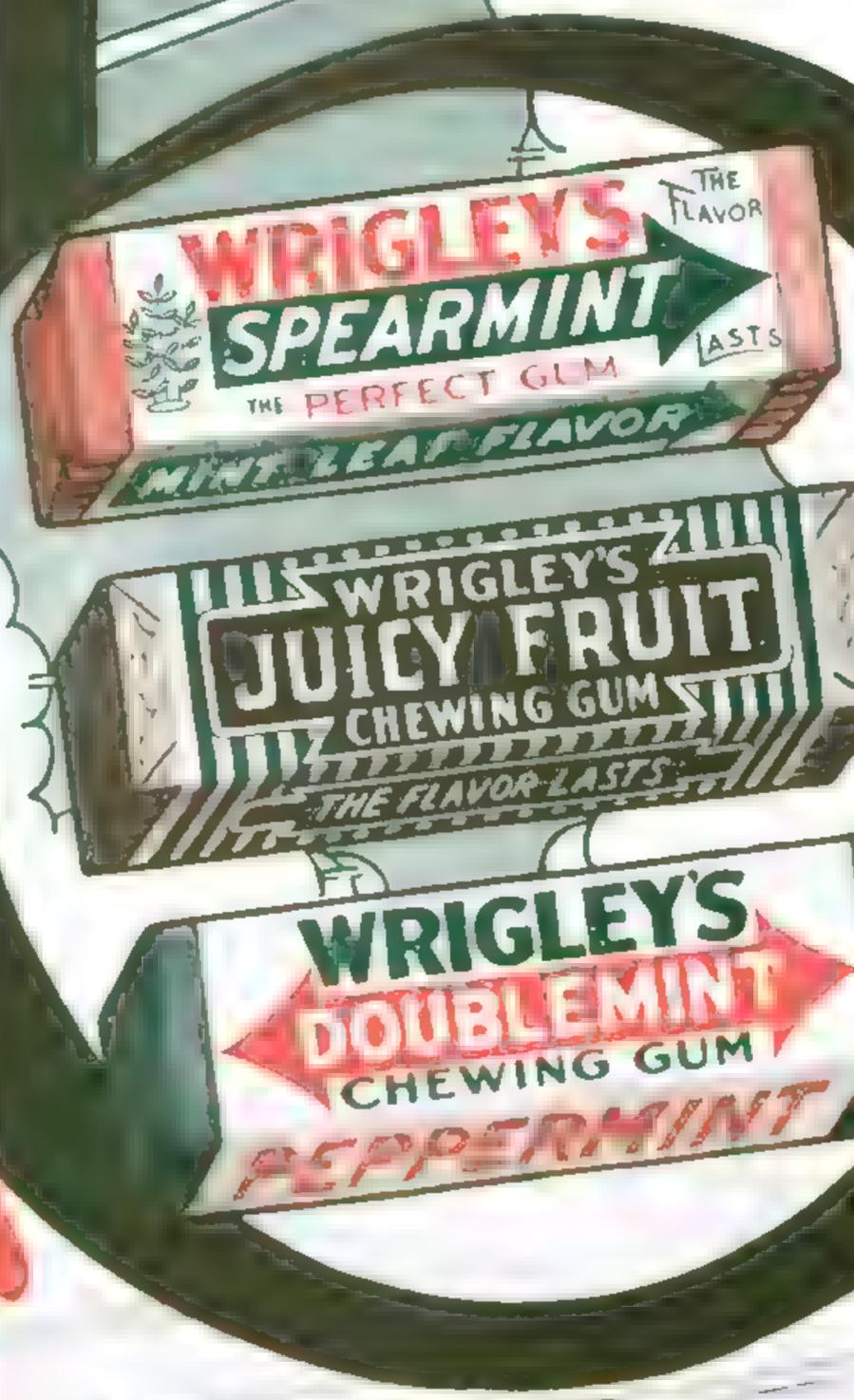
If Fritz desires more elaborate details regarding the equipment of the United States Army he can apply to any sergeant or private on the West Front in France. He will get all the information he wants and will cheerfully be shown how it all works.

WRIGLEY'S

Five reasons

WHY it's good for you:

1—Steadies nerves
2—Allays thirst
3—Aids appetite
4—Helps digestion
5—Keeps teeth clean



Chew it after every meal

WRAPPED IN

AND the price is still **5¢**

The Flavor Lasts!

A WOMAN OF THE SHEE

By DONN BYRNE

ILLUSTRATED BY E. F. WARD

FOR a quarter of an hour—for an hour it seemed to the fox-hunting rector—the old noblewoman with the Norman face and the white hair had been standing motionless by the sundial. Rigid as a statue she appeared, her mouth compressed, her head high, her eyes half closed. Only the quick, tumultuous heaving of her bosom gave evidence of life. Round her the rose garden bloomed like the setting of a child's romance. Great butterflies winged their ways about, and from the hives down the pathway came the busy clamor of the bees. From southward the wind was bringing the scent of the orchards, and on the right the river swept past like a band of silver. Slieve Gullion rose, sheer and blue, westward, with the eagles above its crest microscopic, like small insects. She saw nothing of it. She seemed to be in a state of coma.

"Ay! We all come to it some day!" Kilbane, the ruddy, burly, gray-haired rector, said in his grating North-of-Ireland speech. He knew that this woman needed no religious platitude to help her, and he could find nothing else to say. "Ay! Lady Fitzjohn, it's the one thing we can't avoid!"

He reached over and took the cablegram from her fingers. He read over the large, typed letters of the New York dispatch for the third time. "Bertrand died of pneumonia on Tuesday," it said. "Was buried to-day. Condolences." So it ran brutally; followed the signature of the family lawyer's correspondent. That was all.

She turned toward the rector for an instant and the look of pain in her proud eyes made him wince.

"My son's dead, old friend," she said. "I've seen father and mother and husband die, and I knew all was well with them. I could bear it all if I only knew ——"

"If you only knew what?" Kilbane shot at her in his gruff Scots manner.

"If I only knew he had died in honor in no disgrace."

"Disgrace! What disgrace?" the rector blustered. "The lad was a bit wild, but there was not an ounce of harm in him. For the dear's sake ——"

She looked at him steadily again, and for an instant he wilted, but he blustered again:

"Not an ounce. No! Not an ounce! You'll hear all about it. There'll be a letter following. You're all nerves, Lady Kate. It's all imagination."

"I haven't heard *her*." The old woman's voice dropped to a whisper and her pale face became paler still. It became a queer claylike gray. A scared look came into her eyes. Her fingers worked nervously about the gnomon edge of the dial. "She hasn't cried yet."

She said the last words in a frightened hoarseness. The rector's ruddy color ebbed a trifle.

"Indeed and upon my word I'm ashamed of you!" he told her. "Upon my word I am! To believe in an old wife's tale like that! It's overwrought you are. I'll have Doctor Knight come up ——"

"She keened for his father and she keened for his grandfather. You know it."

"I know nothing about it," Kilbane argued manfully, but his face was still pale. "I know nothing about it and I don't believe it. It's sheer nonsense!"

She turned away with a little pathetic smile on her mouth and shook her head wistfully. For a moment the garden had seemed motionless and soundless. The great ilex trees had ceased their soughing, and the faint thunder of the pigeons and the droning of the bees had ceased. Life about them seemed to have stopped in its course for an instant as at some potent formula of magic.

"Down by the river she keened. With my own ears I heard her and with my own eyes I saw her. I saw her both times!"

"Imagination!" the rector stoutly contended. "It was all imagination. You were overwrought, as you are now!"

She laid her hand on his sleeve lightly.

"Old friend, it was good of you to come," she said. "But leave me to myself now. Go! Go, I beg of you. Go!"

He looked at her searchingly for a moment, and turned and walked down the graveled path. He stopped and wheeled about.

"I wish I could say something to you," he blurted out finally. "I wish to God I could!"

He mounted his cob that the stable boy was holding for him and rode slowly down the drive, the reins slack on its neck. At the lodge gate he shook his head.

"She'll never hear the banshee cry for Bertrand," he muttered to himself. "She'll never cry for him. A bad lot he was. God forgive me for speaking ill of the dead! There was no good in him!"

II

YOU will not read much in history of these Fitzjohns of the Fews, for history has too much to do to deal with kings and queens, with the movements of battles and with politics, with fates of kingdoms and with changes of dynasty, to spare time for knights banneret. In the records of the Heralds' College you may read of their coming to Ulster with Strongbow's men and of their remaining there, on the lands they conquered from the Irish tribes. The records will tell you of the clean, unbroken descent of them from Fulke Fitzjohn, of the Norman foray, to Michael, of the name to-day.

In some of the old Celtic historians you will find more about them. Your Celtic historian has little liking for dates but a great appreciation of personality. "A gallant strain," they admit; "a great pity they came among the English." There are choice stories of their chivalry; the tale, for instance, of Sir Bohun Fitzjohn, who, beleaguering Antrim, gave orders that the garrison should be allowed provisions, "deeming it a shame to starve pretty fighters." There is the story of another Fulke of the line, who dived into the water at the Yellow Ford to rescue an opponent. And lastly there is the story of Giles Fitzjohn, who was known as the Good, and O'Donnell's daughter.

The Book of the Three Scribes is wordy as to this exploit, flowery, imaginative. Pruning it generously one learns that one Malcolm Campbell, Cromwellian governor of Dundalk, had taken to him to wife, without bell, book or candle, the daughter of O'Donnell Roe of the Hills, a princess in her own right, as the ancient dynasties of Ulster went. He had seized her in a raid on the O'Donnell country, in which her father and her five brothers had been killed. Northward from Louth the tale stole. The flying Irish gnashed their teeth in impotent rage. The newer Scots planters shrugged their shoulders and called the man a dog. The Normans glowered and their fingers itched at their belts. But none of them moved except Giles Fitzjohn. He gathered his people together.

"Come!" he told them from the saddle. "We go to Dundalk."

With an infinity of detail, with rhetoric and with figure of speech the three scribes narrate the entry into the Louth city, the pinning of Malcolm Campbell to the wall by a long Norman blade, as an entomologist fixes a butterfly in its case; the bringing of O'Donnell's daughter to the Fews; and the death of her from shame and grief and madness within ten days.

"And it is said," the three pious monks go on, "that at the death of any member of the Fitzjohns of the Fews who has upheld the chivalry of the name, which is a great chivalry, as may be seen . . . the shade of O'Donnell's daughter appears and keens for them, crying out in the night time; though this we are not prepared to believe, it being against doctrine, as the Abbot Geoffrey of Clonmacnoise says ——"

No matter what the three pious scribes of Oriel believed, the legend was dogma to the countryside of the Fews. In that great pit of country ranged about by mountains, bordered by the sea, for all their religion some are more than halfway pagans still. Church doctrine may be church doctrine, but deep in their hearts they know that by moonlight in the silver woods the little people of the hills play their bagpipes; and that behind the yellow gorse on the mountains the leprechauns hammer the fairy shoes, and collect their wages for their crocks of gold. They believe that once a year the Naked Hangman strides across the mountain tops, gibbet under arm, summoning evil men to untimely ends. They believe in the Black Dog, who pads along the roadside with a gust of cold wind. They hear the rumble of the Phantom Coach. A small matter, then, for them to be certain of the banshee who mourns that a Fitzjohn, a clean and gallant gentleman, is no more.

"Ah, sure; what's the use of denying it?" the countryside answers you wearily. "Time and time again she has been seen; and the cry coming out of her mouth that would make the hot heart within cold, as if dead fingers were on it."

And not only did the countryside believe it, but somehow there was a feeling among the Fitzjohns that it was true. They spoke of it proudly as they spoke of the armor and the bannerols they had of dead knights of their line, as of the Saracen's sword which Gaston Fitzjohn had brought from the Crusades. True, they bantered a little about it, and smiled as they told the story. But, nevertheless, there was a feeling there—a half pride, a half fear.

She was getting old now, was Lady Katherine. She could be an old woman when none was near to see her proud head held high and her eyes snap with their former vigor. And as she went in from the garden to the great house which had grown up about the foundations of the ancient Norman stronghold she was walking not through sunshine and June flowers and the busy toil of bees but through a gray shadowland of old fancies and new fears. Twice she thought she had seen this thing. It might have been a mist from the river and the far-off cry of a rabbit that a weasel had trapped, when her father-in-law died; or it might have been a pillarlike formation in the snowstorm and the howling of the wind among the trees, on the night they laid away Sir Ulick, her husband, his neck broken on the hunting field. These things she might concede at any other time than now.

"Bertrand! Bertrand! My boy! How was it?" she sobbed to herself gently.

Her son could be dead, and she could stand that, meeting the blow unflinchingly as a gentlewoman should, mourning to herself but bending to the decree. But there was something in her stronger than affection even. It was the sense of pride and chivalry. A great name she bore and a great name was her own before she married. And somehow she felt that death itself was an incident. It was the spirit and circumstance of it that mattered. She wanted her menfolk to go before their last tribunal with clean hands and in a clean way, like gentlemen. But Bertrand! If anything were wrong they would not tell her. And the only thing there was for her to know by was this figment of old legend, this winter night's tale by a country fire.

"If I only knew," she moaned; "if I could only be sure."

III

AFTER a line of noble and chivalrous gentlemen Bertrand Fitzjohn came—came suddenly, dramatically, as a violent thunderstorm may follow clear June weather. They welcomed him, christened him, sent him to school, taught him by precept and example the noble ideals of the house; but even at fifteen they noticed something was wrong.

"There's something too cunning, too sophisticated in his eye," Kilbane, who was tutoring him during the summer, would muse. "He seems a stranger among his kind, like a cat among a pack of foxhounds."

Then came the first instance, in his second year at Trinity. There must have been a thousand minor things before that, but none had told of them and the family had not noticed it. One might as well look for signs of petty thieving in a bishop. He was suspected as being the agent of a ring of bookmakers in their attempt to have a horse pulled at the Curragh races. They could never get the entry of old Lord Boyne's stables, but Fitzjohn could. The matter leaked out. Old Sir Ulick Fitzjohn, as square a sportsman as ever topped a six-foot ditch, was furious, then disgusted, then coldly horrified.

"What's this? What's this, Bertrand? Do you know what they're saying?"

"About the Boyne horse?" Bertrand answered easily. "It's a lie."

For an instant the old baronet's heart leaped with joy, but an instant later it dropped again—lower than before. He knew intuitively, and sensed from his son's manner, from the lack of fury in it, that the report was true. He left without a word.

The report was savagely beaten down. There was no evidence to prove it—no concrete evidence. And, after all, it was ridiculous on the face of it that a Fitzjohn of the Fews should do such a thing.

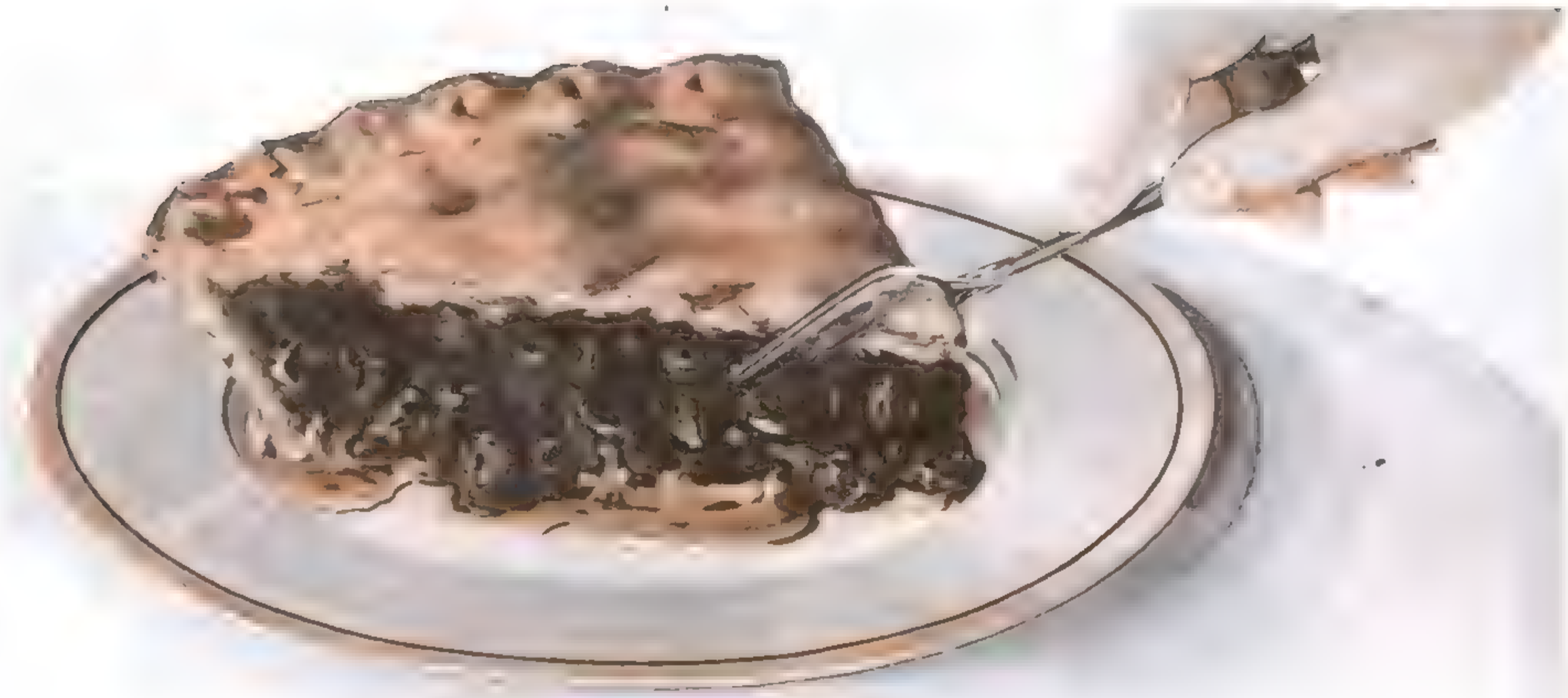
Followed the second instance, of which there was no doubt in the minds of a group of men, though they kept it strictly among themselves. The occasion was a soccer match between Wales and Trinity. Fitzjohn lounged in the Trinity goal, his great length, his long arms, his catlike quickness making him the best amateur goal keeper in Ireland. The score stood three goals to three and two minutes to go. Fitzjohn seemed uneasy between his posts, moved about nervously as a leopard. Suddenly the Welsh forwards got the ball and raced down the field in a last desperate effort to send in a deciding shot. Evans, the red-headed center, had sneaked through the half backs, fooled the full backs, and was within eight yards of the goal. The spectators were shouting with a sound as of crashing surf on a lee shore. McNamara, the giant Trinity full, launched himself on the little Welshman like a rock from an arbalest.

"Shoot, man, shoot!" the Welsh team were screaming. For an instant Evans shuffled in his run and balanced himself. The leather left his toe low and swift, like a teed golf ball.

Fitzjohn could have stopped that ball—could have stopped it easily. He caught it deftly between his arms and bent chest, fumbled with it, dropped it. It trickled into the net. The referee's whistle cut the air like a whip. A gasp of horror and consternation went up from the spectators. Wales had won.

They condoled with him in Dublin on his ill luck until a drunken bookmaker in a Sackville Street saloon told how Fitzjohn had bet heavily against his own team.

(Continued on Page 57)



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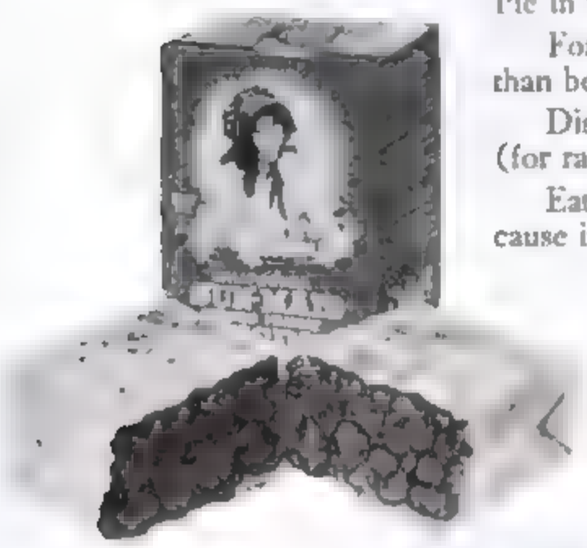

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THE CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY, MILLIS, MASS., U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 54)

A few days later Burke-Keough, captain of the team, and McNamara, the giant full back, called on Fitzjohn in his rooms. Burke-Keough was white, McNamara was purple with rage.

"If you're not out of this in twenty-four hours," Burke-Keough said—"stand back, McNamara, and keep your hands clean—if you're not out of here your name will be a byword and a scandal throughout Ireland."

Whatever explanation he gave old Sir Ulick of his leaving Trinity is not on record. It is a fact, though, that the story came to the old baronet's ears. He said no word to Bertrand. Dazed and stricken, he spoke to Fowler, the family solicitor.

"God bless my soul, Sir Ulick," the red-faced old solicitor said, his eyes peering above his beribboned glasses—"God bless my soul, but you know little of the world! When you were a young man yourself you were interested in a little racing and a little cards and a bottle of port. But you were different. You were hail-fellow-well-met. Your son is different. He is high and mighty, contemptuous of everyone. 'You be damned! Who are you?' And naturally he made enemies. There's where these reports come from. Unfortunate, very unfortunate. But ridiculous, utterly so. God bless my soul, utterly so!"

"It may be so," Sir Ulick thought it over. "Yes, it may so be."

It might so have been, but it wasn't. At a shooting party of Ross of Bladensburg's, two miles from home, card play grew high. At two in the morning the colonel's English guests were losing with remarkable steadiness; and with a steadiness that was equally remarkable Bertrand was winning their banknotes and gold. A look of uneasiness came into the colonel's grizzled face. He watched Fitzjohn from the corner of his eye. Suspicion changed into certainty. He became cold and furious. He threw his cards on the table and stood up. He looked straight at Bertrand.

"I don't think I care to play any more," he said.

The other men followed his eyes and his meaning. They, too, looked at Bertrand, but with white shocked faces. Bertrand rose to his full lean height. A quiet sardonic smile played about the aquiline Norman features.

"I don't think I care to play any more either," he drawled with splendid effrontery. He swept his winnings into his pocket and looked at the faces about him. "It's getting rather chilly to-night, so I think I'll be going. Good night, gentlemen. John, my hat and coat; and will you have the dogcart brought round to the door?"

By next morning Ross of Bladensburg's letter was round to Sir Ulick. The old baronet found his son trying trout casts on the river.

"You—you—you ——" he stuttered in rage. "You dog! Not content with ruining the name in Dublin you ruin it here at home. At home here! My God—where it has been high and honored for over seven centuries. You dog! You dog!" The old man was shaking as with ague. His face was white. His eyes were bloodshot. "The filthiest swine in a sty would not do it. The lowest thief in all Ireland would not do it. You cutthroat! You gallows bird!" Bertrand had wound his line up and was listening, expressionless. He might have been an amateur of drama savoring a theatrical situation.

"Is that all, sir?" he asked calmly.

"Go!" the old man stormed. "Go, before I forget myself and lay my riding crop across your shoulders. Out! Out of my sight!"

"I think I'd better," the son said. Calmly he walked across to the house. Carefully he laid the trout rod away. Casually he picked up his hat and strolled down the drive—and that was the last the Fews ever saw of Bertrand Fitzjohn.

There were some reasons to account for this dishonorable work of Bertrand's, though they were not entirely sufficient. Desperate, chancy betting on the races; hysterical gaming with cards; wild carousals, too, reminiscent in a way of the days of the old Hell Fire Club in Dublin. There were vastly uglier things also which I will not set down—there is a Great Tribunal before which one day I must account for these writings of mine. But all of this is not enough, it seems to me. You cannot explain it, but there are examples enough. There are the riding masters scattered over the world, once officers in crack cavalry regiments, cashiered because they played cards too well. There is the pathetic colony in Morocco—all gone the way of broken men.

And though the Fews, and the sturdy old Norman family who ruled it, never again saw Bertrand Fitzjohn, faint rumors came to them of his activities. Old Sir Ulick heard the story of his ivory poaching in Portuguese East Africa. John, his brother, attaché at Constantinople, heard how he won ten thousand dollars from a tourist in Athens, and how, when the man discovered the cheating, Bertrand forced an apology at gun point, and calmly and logically pocketed the money. There were rumors, too, of shady transactions in emeralds in Colombia.

Shamelessly frank, audaciously cynical, he made no secret of his name or lineage. He characterized his ancestors as boors, little better than the peasants they governed. His father he was bitter against as gall. His brother John, the diplomat, he described as stamping passports for round-trip, cut-rate trippers. Of Michael, a rising statesman, he said that his mentality was so undeveloped that it lay between putting him in a lunatic asylum or the House of Commons—and for family reasons the House was chosen. But some peculiar quirk of affection or some dim background of chivalry kept sacred to him the name of that proud woman of the Burkes, high in lineage as he and his, who had borne him. On that subject he brooked no pleasantry. He was once giving a lurid description of the family to a munitions broker at a New York club.

"And your mother?" the fat little self-satisfied man asked.

The smile did not leave Fitzjohn's face, but he tensed like a leopard about to spring.

"I beg your pardon. What did you say?"

"Oh, nothing. Nothing. Nothing." The munitions man was white and pasty and his throat had gone queerly cracked and dry.

"I thought you made some remark," Fitzjohn resumed in his normal tone. Those few words, that glint of eye, that faint snarl had taught more than the munitions man the limit to which Bertrand was willing to discuss the shortcomings of the family tree.

And so, tall, commanding, lithe, curly-haired, hook-nosed, utterly evil, unbelievably dishonorable, Bertrand Fitzjohn went up and down the world, as the prayer says, for the ruin of souls. And in due time he met and married Fania Olinoff, whose real name was Fanny Olsen, and who was called the Pearl of Wallabout Bay.

IV

A VERY tall woman she is described to me—a very tall woman, tall as a tall man, splendidly proportioned, flaxen-haired, blue-eyed, with features as regular as a sculptured Amazon's. From afar she looked like a Norse goddess, but when you came near her you could see that her blue eyes were as hard as a gunman's, ice and steel mixed; and that there was something hard about her mouth, hard and sulky, as on that of a man who is fighting a bitter, unjust fight.

"She has got the calculating eye of a pawnbroker and the disposition of an ill-trained dog," De Morganheim, the Russian, once said of her.

"And what would you have, dear sir," his companion replied, "if you had experienced the times she has?"

It was only when she gave way to that glorious untrained silver voice of hers, great in volume as a sweeping wind, pure as Christmas snow on trees, melodious as a great bell, that the harshness went from her eyes and the sullen quality from her mouth. At times, singing, she seemed transported. Her eyes dilated or were moist with tears. Then, stopping, came the transformation.

It was in Panama City, at the cabaret called El Jardin, that Fitzjohn met Fania Olinoff. He had come up from Valparaiso, after a somewhat lucrative trip, and had seized the opportunity in Panama to educate some Panamanians in the more advanced planes of cards. His tuition fee had been rather high, and the Panamanians were dissatisfied. A couple of ugly-looking half-castes had trailed him all evening. He may have been aware of this, but he did not show it. Fania Olinoff, her turn over, came to his table. He rose and bowed.

"Cut it out!" she said abruptly. "I don't want any of that. I want to tell you there's a bunch laying for you, and you'd better get back to Ancon as quick as you can."

"Laying for me, are they?" he laughed. "The nasty beggars! Nice of you to tell me. Why?"

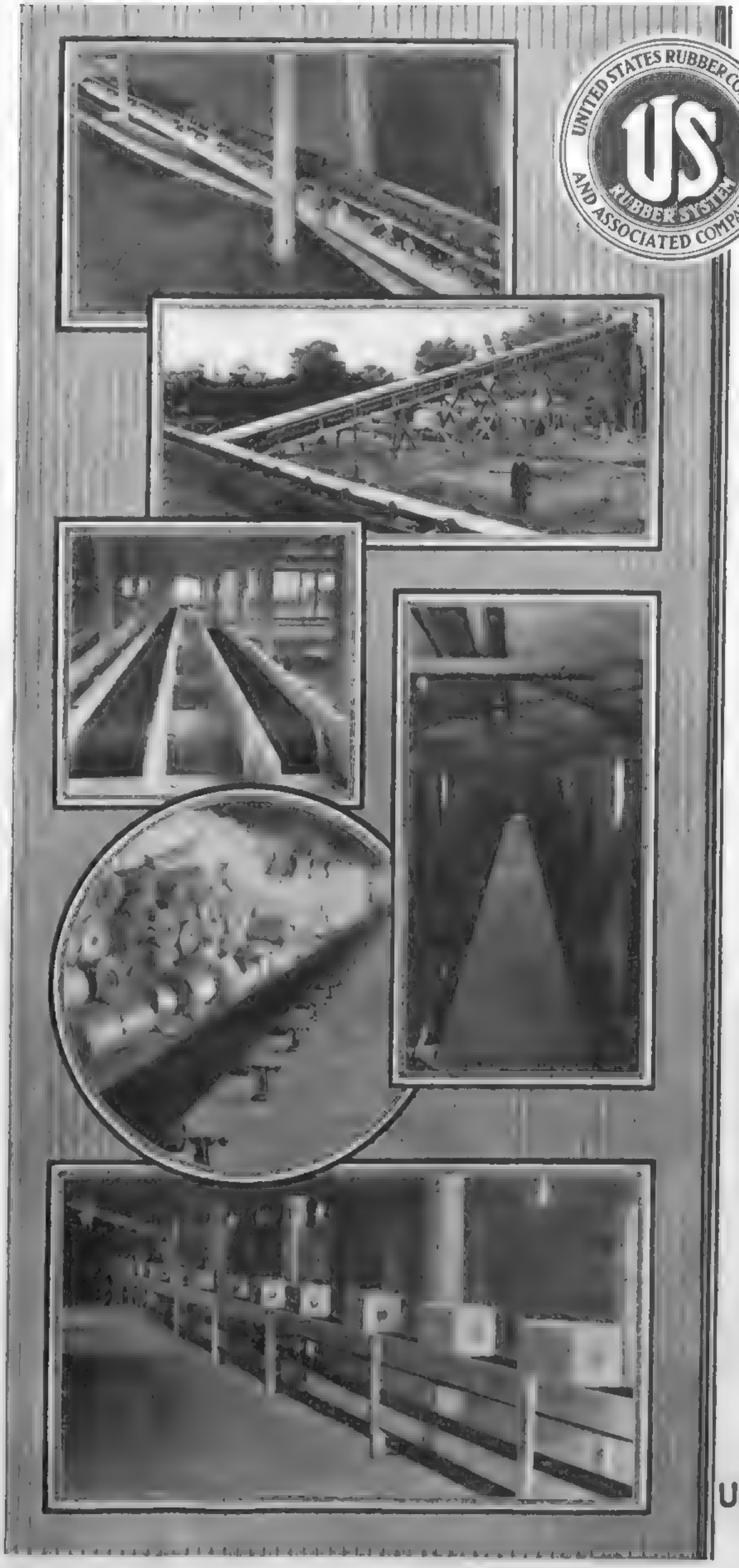
It had been the third time he visited the cabaret. He had been there the two preceding nights, and her eye had been taken by the cool, lazy indifference of him, the grand Norman manner, the dangerous glint of his eye. She was accustomed to being ogled, offered drinks, treated with a sort of cynical admiration. But his eye had gone lazily over her as though she had never existed. And for some indefinable reason on the first night she had looked forward interestedly to his coming the second, and on the second eagerly to the third. She had been made love to by men, ill-treated by them—but to be ignored was a new experience. He had risen up lazily.

"Those two blighters behind?" he asked.

"Yes. Those two," she answered.

(Concluded on Page 60)

The Colonel Threw His Cards on the Table and Stood Up. He Looked Straight at Bertrand. "I Don't Think I Care to Play Any More," He Said



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United States Rubber Company

Mechanical Goods Division
New York

(Concluded from Page 57)

"Excuse me a minute." He strolled down the room and stopped in front of the table.

"Gentlemen," he began lazily, "I am told you are laying to kill me. You have probably got a revolver and a knife each." Suddenly that tensing of his, like a leopard's; that snarl, like a leopard's too; that magnetic, merciless glint of eye. "Hand them over! Do you hear me? Hand them over!"

There was a few seconds' hesitation—five it might have been. Then slowly, reluctantly, the weapons were put on the table.

"Now, get out!"

He went back to his seat, where opposite him Fania Olinoff was sitting, white as the bleached wall beside her. He sat down again.

"Nice of you to tell me," he repeated to her.

He left her with a courtly bow, and through the remainder of that evening and through all that night she could not get the image or the thought of him out of her mind. Minutes passed like hours until the next evening. Toward nine he lounged in. There was a quizzical smile on his face. Without any ado she went straight to his table.

"You look pleased," she said.

"I am," he told her. "My father's dead."

Those cold eyes of hers studied him up and down. He took a cablegram from his pocket and tossed it over to her.

Sir Uluck died Sunday. Come home. John.

"I came round"—he was smiling—"to ask you to marry me."

"What do you mean?" she asked, on her guard instantly.

His smile broke into a laugh.

"I mean what I say: bell, book and candles; orange blossoms and a champagne breakfast."

"But why?"

"There is a custom in the family," he explained, "that when one succeeds to the baronetcy one gets married. Nothing like keeping up the old customs. You're the first passable woman I've met since I heard the news, so I've asked you. I've got an idea that a singer from a fifth-rate cabaret would make a splendid Lady Fitzjohn. Well?"

She waited for a minute before answering, and for the first time in her life, perhaps, her face was suffused with blushes.

"I will," she answered huskily.

And so they were married. And the papers carried an account to the effect that Fania Olinoff, the Pearl of Wallabout Bay, had married Sir Bertrand Fitzjohn, of the Fews in the province of Ulster, Ireland.

And so they were married. But whether they lived happily, from their personalities, from their lives, from their minds, it is hard to draw a conclusion.

From London they ranged Europe and Asia as far as Vladivostok. Alaska knew them, and New Orleans. They were remembered from Punta Arenas to Cartagena. Cairo remembers them, and Capetown too. They came as nobles; they left as thieves and cheats.

He used to treat her with a fair amount of decency, except when the black moods were on him. At those times his contempt for her was terrible.

"This," he would so occasionally introduce her into a company as shady, or nearly so, as they were themselves, "is Lady Fitzjohn. Her maiden name was Fania Olinoff. Her real name is Fanny Olsen, daughter of a Swedish longshoreman and a Danish washerwoman."

Once she rebelled. She looked him square in the eye.

"There's no need to introduce my husband," she said. "You all know him for the biggest gambler, crook and gallows cheat unhanged."

"Good girl!" he chuckled. But he let her alone after that.

That queer little trick of hers, that everybody knows, of singing to herself in a strange, natural, spontaneous burst of melody, wordless, without marked rhythm, composing to herself as she sang, now gray and desolate when she was sad, now triumphant when her heart was light—that irritated him badly.

"For heaven's sake, Fanny, stop it!" he would break in. "If you want to do that sort of thing get out on the fence at night."

But when times were hard, and when that peculiar Nemesis that dogs the heels of all unrighteous men had caught him unawares, leaving them without money, he was glad of her voice.

"Better get out and sing, Fanny," he would tell her. "We need the fare to the next town."

The money he took as a matter of course. There was no word of thanks or consideration for her. But she never questioned him. It was her pride to do anything for him. It was her pride to be always thinking of him. She had picked up from his conversation here and there queer fragments of the history of his race—the story of the woman of the shee, for example, and of how it keened for all Fitzjohns dead in honor. And somehow she guessed shrewdly that the one person he held any respect for on this or any other planet was his mother. Once, when that dark periodical insanity was on him, she made a halting suggestion.

"Bertrand," she asked, "wouldn't you like to go home and see your mother? Don't mind leaving me."

"Keep my mother's name off your lips!" he blazed at her. "And I'll leave you any moment I please."

Such was life with him, but she was satisfied. She loved him, and from one incident she believed he had something akin to love for her. That one incident was something she cherished in secret, in silence, all her days with him. That was a day in Shanghai when he discovered her tight-lipped and blazing with anger in a hotel lobby.

"What's wrong, Fanny?" he asked her carelessly.

She was glaring down the corridor.

"Swine!" she muttered. "Filthy beast!"

"Who is it? Where?" he asked, with that drop in his voice that portended danger.

"I don't know who he is"—she was biting her lips. She pointed to a horse-faced Spaniard loping off in the distance. "There he goes!"

"Then there goes a dead man," said Fitzjohn quietly.

And that night he made good his word.

They had rushed him to the Flower Hospital from the door of the Plaza, where the squat, bulky man in the gray racer had aimed at him, shot at him, and dropped him like a punctured balloon. He had been waiting for a taxi after dinner, and Fania was on his arm, when the thing happened. It might have been an emissary of the Five Companies who did it, for the score of the Companies against him was heavy and serious. It might have been an agent of the Macedonian revolutionists, whose plans he had sold to the Sublime Porte. It might have been one of a dozen people and interests. It didn't matter much. There was one fact clear and that was enough: Bertrand Fitzjohn was done.

He tossed and moaned from side to side of the neat white cot, occasionally coughing harshly, a foam at his lips. Over the bed his wife hovered—white, thin-lipped, tragic—too tragic for tears. Delirium had set in, and words came from his lips in an incoherent jumble.

" . . . Never keen for me," he was moaning; "never for me. . . . Too rotten! Too rotten through and through! She'll be watching for it, poor old . . . never keen for me. . . . "

In spite of the terror and sorrow in her face every nerve of his wife's was taut to catch his words, to catch his meaning.

"First of the line the banshee hasn't cried for. . . ." Again that horrible cough. "Mother . . . disappointed. . . . She'll be listening. . . . Poor old mother! . . ."

His wife caught at his hand and shook it in frenzy.

"Listen to me, Bertrand!" she was crying. "Listen to me! Can I do anything? Bertrand, before you die, for God's sake! Can I do anything?"

"No banshee for me!" he was murmuring again. "Poor old lady!"

A horrible fit of coughing took him. For an instant his eyes opened and caught hers. A faint game smile passed over his face. Another racking cough, and he lay still.

"Tell me, Bertrand, for God's sake!" she pleaded.

The doctor laid a hand on her shoulder.

"It's all over, Mrs. Fitzjohn," he said gently.

She rose up without a word. Not a sigh, not a sob, not a tear; but her face was white and more like stone than the face of the poor thing on the bed. She turned to the doctor.

"His name is not B. Fitzjohn. He is Sir Bertrand Fitzjohn. Would you telephone to an attorney's firm called Fowler & Russell? They will take charge of everything."

"Very good, Lady Fitzjohn."

She looked at her husband for a long minute, granite, immobile as ever.

"I am not Lady Fitzjohn," she told the doctor. "I am only—only a friend."

"Oh, I see," said the doctor coldly.

Then suddenly she walked out of the room, quietly, firmly, her shoulders straight, her head high, her tragic face proud, like some queen descending forever the steps of her rightful throne.

▼

FROM where she sat in the moonlight on the great stone portico she could see the garden cut into a sharp chiaroscuro of shadow and light; the rosebushes faint like pale, shapeless vapors; the flower beds dim like water. Before her the meadow downs rolled forward like billows. On her left the river slid by in a long ribbon of silver, shot here and there by moonbeams as silk might be watered. Past that was the little deserted graveyard where the yew trees murmured, and past that still the white stretch of road that wound toward Dundalk like some strange long serpent. She sat immobile as a carven image, her face haggard, her eyes fixed.

"My boy! My boy!" her lips would shape themselves to say, though no sound came from them. Bran, the great Irish wolfhound, padded up to her and thrust his cold nose against her hanging palm.

It was late now, past eleven, and the sounds of the great house had ceased. A group of boys passed away in the distance, a mouth organ making time to their marching feet.

The faint sounds of the night were silent for a moment, or seemed so, and then high in the air, clear like silver, faint like distant violins, a low throbbing of song began. There was no form to it, no words—a faint rippling minor that seemed more breathed than sung. The wolfhound stiffened like a pointer. She felt his great muscles tense beside her.

"What is it, Bran?" she asked.

From beyond the river the voice gathered in strength and volume. Beyond the river it was—that was certain; in the little graveyard where the yew trees murmured. Long, swinging notes came through the moonlight like the high notes of a pipe's chanter and faded off delicately like the fading off of a pipe's drone. The notes came over like leaves blown along a wind and seemed to drift about the white-haired old lady like leaves falling. The wolfhound trembled beneath her hand. She caught her gold-headed cane and stood up, shaking.

The slow ululation ceased, as a prologue might cease, and slowly into the singing voice came the keen note of wailing. Melody ran through the air as if sobbed out—the low notes seemed like moans, rising slowly to high piercing ones that were like arrows aimed against heaven. The song shrilled hysterically upward for spaces and then quavered downward in passionate abandon. Queer whines of distress came from the wolfhound. The old lady pressed her hands to her bosom. "Oh, God o' me!" she panted.

The high, abandoned keening ceased gradually like the last sustained note of fiddles, and little by little into the voice came a measured note of triumph and rejoicing, slow, powerful, magnificent. Note followed note, full, sonorous, triumphant, clearly cadenced, like the marching of a victorious army into a fallen citadel. It rang across the river like the song of Miriam after the passage of the Red Sea.

The old lady stumbled forward to the parapet. Her throat moved convulsively. Her hands clutched the low coping. The great hunting dog followed in panic.

A cloud swept across the bleached disk of the moon, a faint yellowish cloud with tattered edges. A strange eerie dusk swept over the landscape. High and strong the voice still rose, telling in its clear cadenced notes of victories won and ends achieved, of great men fallen on the field of honor, of high ideals fulfilled, of deaths noble as noble lives. It rang out proudly as the trumpets of heralds proclaiming champions; joyously as a celestial chorus welcoming a cleansed soul.

The cloud passed from the moon and again were the white, sharply defined lines of light and shadow. She shook like a sick person in ague. Queer cold shivers ran along the back of her neck, and the skin of her face pricked as with frost. Across the river against the background of the yew trees a tall white figure was standing, dim, unearthly, terrible, its arms outstretched toward the great house, its song ringing out clearly over the countryside. The wolfhound began to howl in terror.

"The woman of the shee!" she cried aloud. "The banshee! Oh, thank God! Thank God!"

She dropped on her knees in prayer, and hid her face in her hands. And as she raised her face again, wet with tears, in thankfulness, she heard the song fade off, like the faint sound of drums and bugles of men marching afar off, and saw the white thing glide away swiftly from the river brink, across the little meadow, and fade softly into the shadow of the little graveyard, where the yew trees murmured.

The fast-trotting hack that belonged to Tim Connor drew up at the door of the Dundalk Arms. Pat, the old porter, strolled across to the sidewalk.

"So you left her to the train, Tim?"

"I left her to the train. I did so. And the tears running down her face, the like of rain in the month of March."

"A queer woman," Pat philosophized. "A queer woman, and in my opinion no better than she ought to be. A loose character, I'd go so far as saying. Do you know what she did?" He leaned on the seat of the side car and looked upward. "Last night after she came she hired that automobile of Jer' Murphy's and drove it herself down the Fews road, so she did. All dressed up in white, so she was, with a big cloak. She didn't come back until two in the morning, and her crying like a child of two."

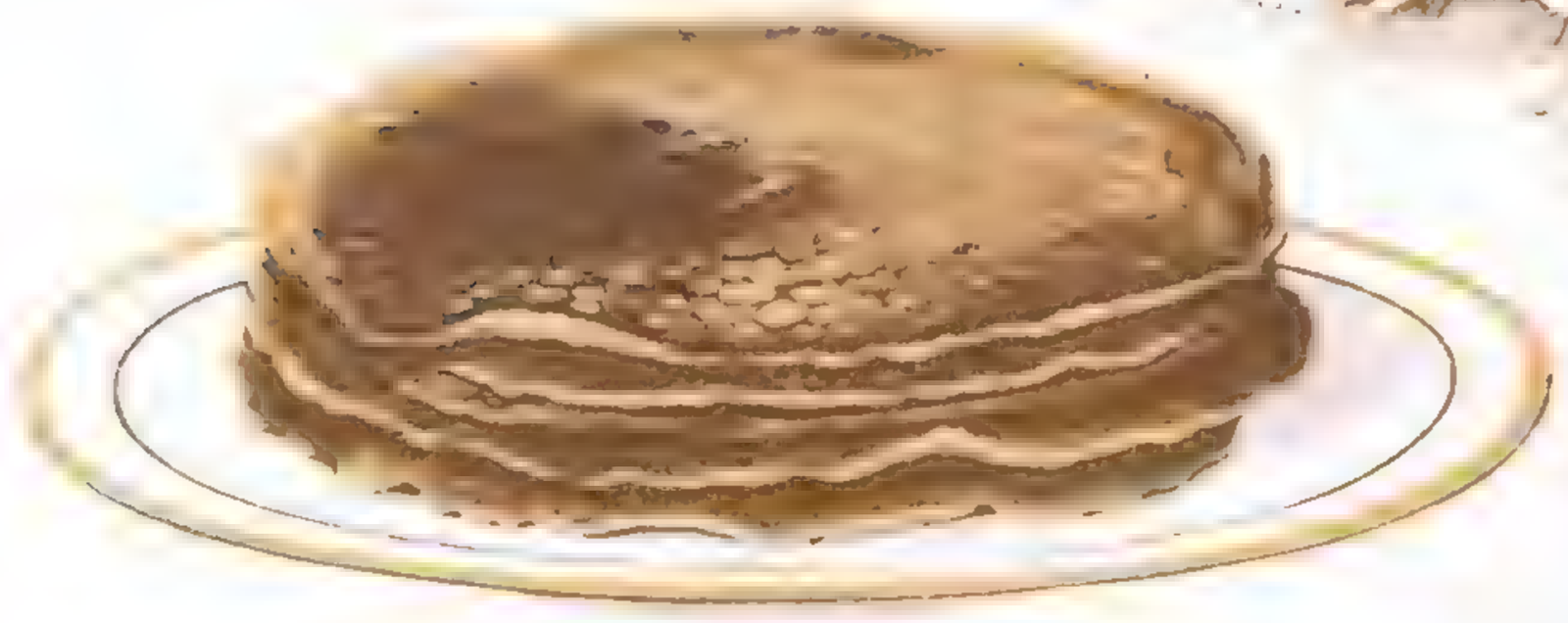
"Up to Captain O'Neill's she probably was. But begor and begob, she got nicely sold, for the captain's in Norway fishing. That's why she was crying, the streel! A loose character. You're right, Pat, there!"

The porter looked up and down the street nonchalantly. He felt for his cutty pipe, struck a match on the leg of his trousers and began lighting it.

"Did you hear," he said between puffs—"did you hear that the banshee was crying last night for Sir Bertrand Fitzjohn, him that's dead in America?"

"I did indeed!" Tim turned round. "And was there any reason the banshee shouldn't cry for him? A wee bit wild he was, maybe—a wee bit wild. Oh, but as straight as a sapling, and the heart of gold!"

-they'd leave the good "ole swimmin' hole" for them



Aunt Jemima pancakes make the ideal camp breakfast. Anybody can quickly and easily prepare them. The flour is complete and needs only the simple addition of water. In two minutes the cakes are ready

AUNT JEMIMA pancakes! Hunger-provoking, hunger-satisfying Aunt Jemima pancakes!

Even the good "ole swimmin' hole" loses its magic charm when their fragrance comes drifting out from camp. It's the only call that's needed to make them come a-flying.

One tantalizing whiff—and *you*, too, will come a-flying some fine morning! No matter about your appetite—whether it's the lively, up-with-the-sun outdoor kind or the lazy indoor variety, you'll pitch in with the enthusiasm of a growing boy.

All ready in two minutes

Breakfast right on time *every time*—that's another thing! And a perfect breakfast every time, too—for Aunt Jemima pancakes always turn out just right.

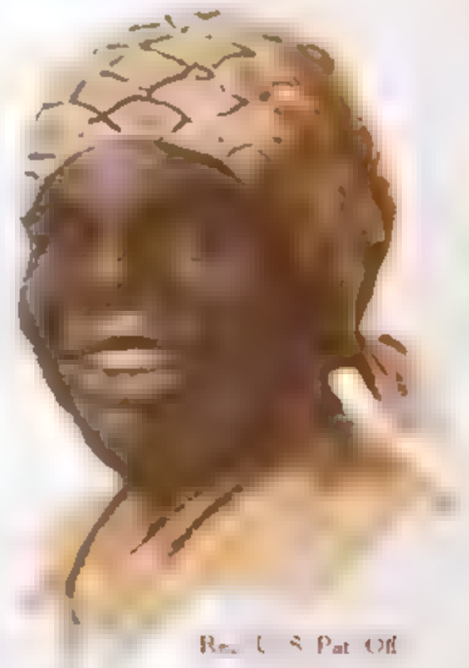
Aunt Jemima flour is complete—with even the sweet milk ready mixed in it, and so rich it needs no eggs.

All that is required is the simple addition of water, and in two short minutes the pancakes are ready, golden-brown and on the table.

A patriotic breakfast

Aunt Jemima flour now contains no wheat. It is made of barley, rice, buckwheat and corn—a fine, rich blend even more appetizing, if possible, than the old recipe which called for wheat.

Aunt Jemima pancakes! Rich, tender, fragrant Aunt Jemima pancakes! Have them tomorrow morning for breakfast—just one taste and you'll know why more than 120 million Aunt Jemima breakfasts were served last year. Aunt Jemima Mills Company, St. Joseph, Missouri.

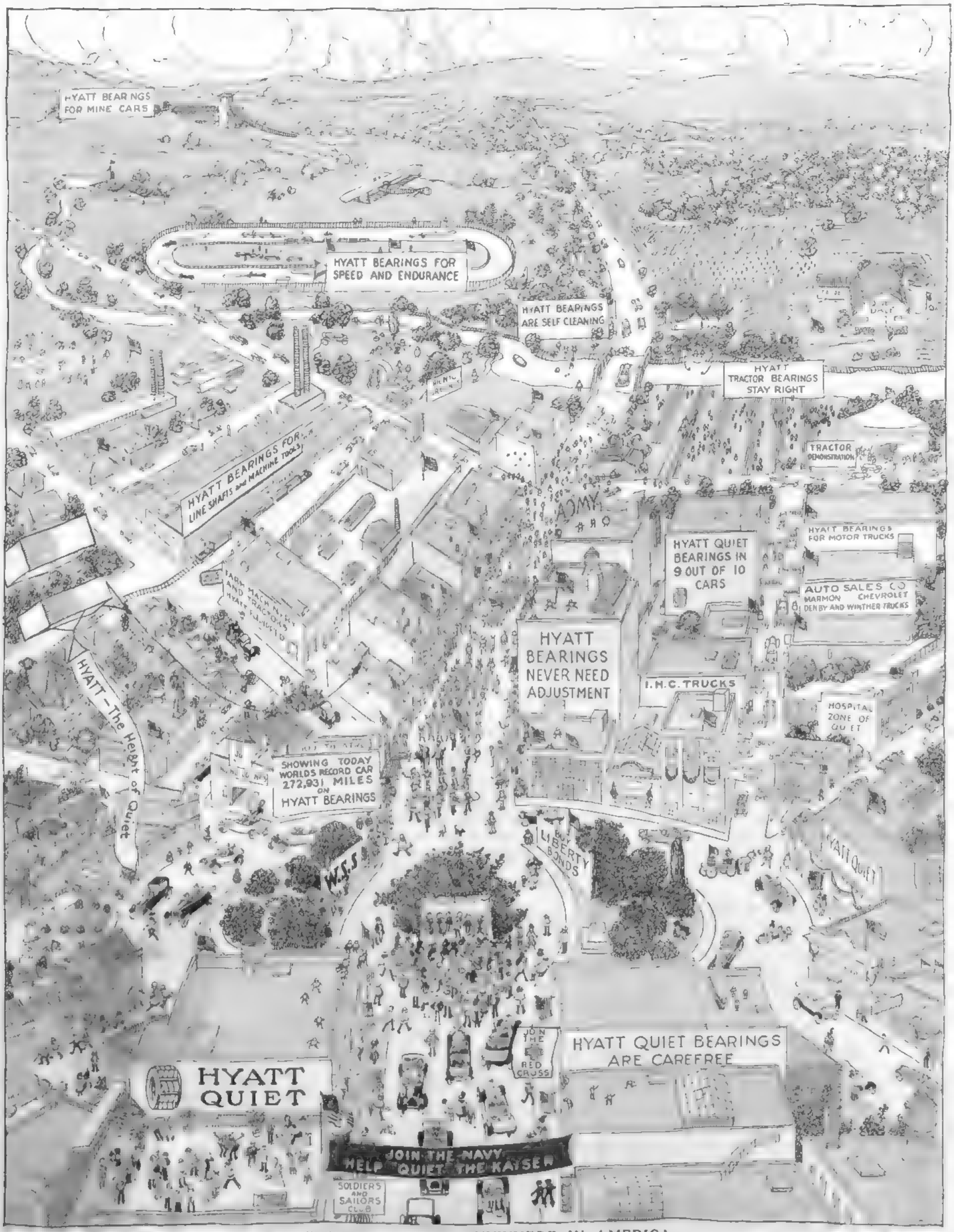


Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

If you have never tried waffles and muffins made with Aunt Jemima pancake flour, there is a real treat in store for you—they are so delicious. Easily and quickly made according to recipes on package.

AUNT JEMIMA PANCAKE FLOUR

© 1918, Aunt Jemima Mills Co., St. Joseph, Mo.


HYATT BEARINGS FOR MINE CARS
HYATT BEARINGS FOR SPEED AND ENDURANCE
HYATT BEARINGS ARE SELF CLEANING
HYATT TRACTOR BEARINGS STAY RIGHT
TRACTOR DEMONSTRATION
HYATT BEARINGS FOR LINE SHAFTS AND MACHINE TOOLS
FARM MACHINERY AND TRACTORS HYATT EQUIPPED
ARMY
HYATT QUIET BEARINGS IN 9 OUT OF 10 CARS
HYATT BEARINGS FOR MOTOR TRUCKS
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DENBY AND WINTHER TRUCKS
HYATT BEARINGS NEVER NEED ADJUSTMENT
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SHOWING TODAY WORLDS RECORD CAR 272,931 MILES ON HYATT BEARINGS
W.S.S.
BUY LIBERTY BONDS
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JOIN THE NAVY HELP QUIET THE KAISER
SOLDIERS AND SAILORS CLUB

A "QUIET" FOURTH ANYWHERE IN AMERICA

AND MANY A STORMY WIND SHALL BLOW —

(Concluded from Page 7)

So you see Al this smart alex of a Lee had told me they called the first ship the censor ship and I believed him at first because I was thinking about something else or of course I never would of believed him because the censor ship isn't no ship like this kind of a ship but means something else. So I explained about that and I seen Capt. Seeley kind of crack a smile so then I knew I was O. K.

So then he pulled it on me about speaking to Capt. Somebody of the French army in the German language and of course they was only one answer to that and you see the way it was Al all the time Smith was pretending to learn us French he was learning us German and Lee put him up to it but when the Colonel asked me what I meant by doing such a thing as talk German why of course I knew in a minute that they had been trying to kid me but at first I told the Colonel I couldn't of said no German because I don't know no more German than Silk O'Loughlin. Well the Frenchman was pretty sore and I don't know what would of came off only for Capt. Seeley and he spoke up and said to the Colonel that if he could have a few minutes to investigate he thought he could clear things up because he figured I hadn't intended to do nothing wrong and somebody had probably been playing jokes.

So Capt. Seeley went out and it seemed like a couple of yrs. till he come back and he had Smith and Lee and Doran with him. So then them 3 birds was up on the carpet and I'll say they got some panning and when it was all over the Colonel said something about they being a dam site to much kidding back and fourth going on and he hoped that before long we would find out that this war wasn't no practicle joke and he give Lee and Smith a fierce balling out and he said he would leave Capt. Seeley to deal with them and he would report Doran to the proper quarters and then he was back on me again and he said it looked like I had been the innocent victim of a practicle joke but he says "You are so dam innocent that I figure you are temperately unfit to hold on to a corporal's warrant so you can consider yourself reduced to the ranks. We can't have no corporals that if some comedian told them the Germans was now one of our allies they would try and get in the German trenches and shake hands with them."

Well Al when it was all over I couldn't hardly keep from laughing because you see I come out of it O. K. and the laugh was on Smith and Lee and Doran because I got just what I wanted because I never did want to be a corporal because it meant I couldn't pal around with the boys and be their pals and I never felt right when I was giveing them orders because I would rather be just one of them and make them feel like we are all equals.

Of course they wasn't no time on the whole trip when Lee or Doran or Smith either one of them had me fooled because just to look at them you would know they are the kind of smart alex that's always trying to put something over on somebody only I figured two could play at that game as good as one and I would kid them right back and give them as good as they sent because I always figure that the game ain't over till the ninth inning and the man that does the laughing then has got all the best of it. But at that I don t bear no bad will towards neither one of them and I have got a good notion to ask Capt. Seeley to let them off easy.

Well Al this is a long letter but I wanted you to know I wasn't a corporal no more and if a sub hits us now Al I can hop into a boat as quick as I feel like it but jokeing a side if something like that happened it wouldn't make no difference to me if I was a corporal or not a corporal because I am a man and I would do my best and help the rest of the boys get into the boats before I thought about myself. Your pal, JACK.

ON THE SHIP BOARD, Jan. 25.

FRIEND AL: Well old pal just a line to let you know we are out of the danger zone and pretty near in port and I can't tell you where we land at but everybody is hollering and the band's playing and I guess the boys feels a whole lot better then when we was out there where the subs could get at us but between you and I Al I never thought about the subs all the way over only when I heard somebody else talk about them because I always figure that if they's some danger of that kind the best way to do is just forget it and if its going to happen all right but what's the use of worrying about it? But I suppose lots of people is built different and they have just got to worry all the while and they get scared stiff just thinking about what might happen but I always say nobody ever got fat worrying so why not just forget it and take things as they come.

Well old pal they's to many sights to see so I will quit for this time.

Your pal, JACK.

SOMEWHERES IN FRANCE, Jan. 26.

FRIEND AL: Well old pal here we are and its against the rules to tell you where we are at but of course it don't take no Shylock to find out because all you would have to do is look at the post mark that they will put on this letter.

Any way you couldn't pronounce what the town's name is if you seen it spelled out because it isn't nothing like how its spelled out and you won't catch me trying to pronounce none of these names or talk French because I am off of languages for a while and good old American is good enough for me eh Al?

Well Al now that its all over I guess we was pretty lucky to get across the old pond without no trouble because between you and I Al I heard just a little while ago from one of the boys that three nights ago we was attacked and our ship just missed getting hit by a periscope and the destroyers went after the subs and they was a whole flock of them and the reason we didn't hear nothing is that the death bombs don't go off till they are way under water so you can't hear them but between you and I Al the navy men say they was nine subs sank.

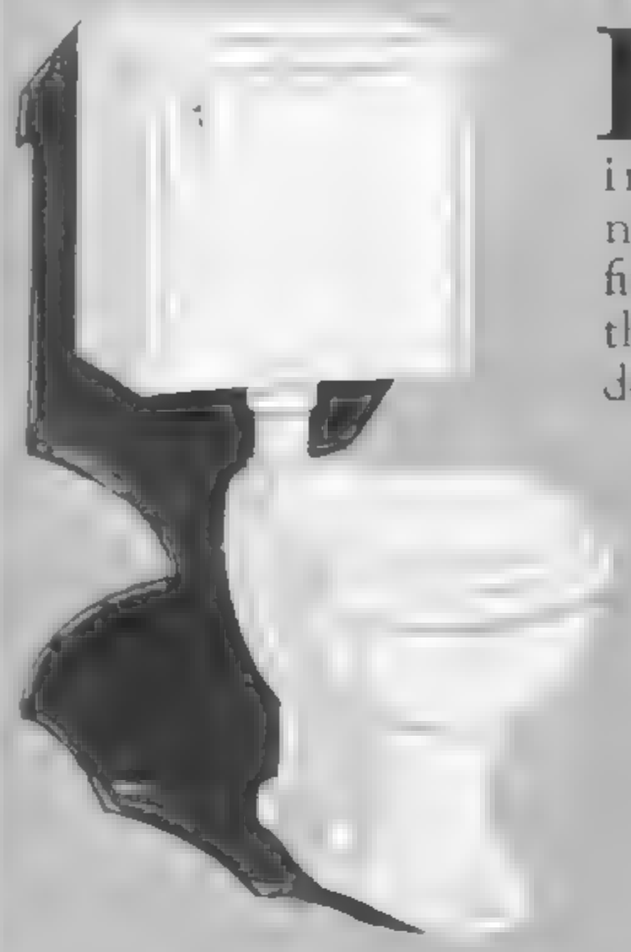
Well I didn't say nothing about it to the man who tipped me off but I had a hunch that night that something was going on and I don't remember now if it was something I heard or what it was but I knew they was something in the air and I was expecting every minute that the signal would come for us to take to the boats but they wasn't no necessity of that because the destroyers worked so fast and besides they say they don't never give no alarm till the last minute because they don't want to get everybody up at night for nothing.

Well any way its all over now and here we are and you ought to of heard the people in the town here cheer us when we come in and you ought to see how the girls look at us and believe me Al they are some girls. Its a good thing I am an old married man or I believe I would pretty near be tempted to flirt back with some of the ones that's been trying to get my eye but the way it is I just give them a smile and pass on and they's no harm in that and I figure a man always ought to give other people as much pleasure as you can as long as it don't harm nobody.

Well Al everybody's busier then a chicken with their head off and I haven't got no more time to write. But when we get to where we are going I will have time maybe and tell you how we are getting along and if you want drop me a line and I wish you would send me the Chi papers once in a while especially when the baseball training trips starts but maybe they won't be no Jack Keefe to send them to by that time but if they do get me I will die fighting. You know me Al.

Your pal, JACK.

Silent SI-WEL-CLO



Long Toleration of a nuisance in the home may numb one's sense of fitness and promote the belief that others do not notice what we ourselves fail to see.

Loud flushing closets are a nuisance and a source of embarrassment that good taste is making obsolete.

THE
TRENTON POTTERIES COMPANY

Silent SI-WEL-CLO Closet

is now used in so many modern homes, hotels and apartments that sensitive people feel the embarrassment of a noisy closet more keenly than ever, and are inclined to consider its presence a mark of poor taste.

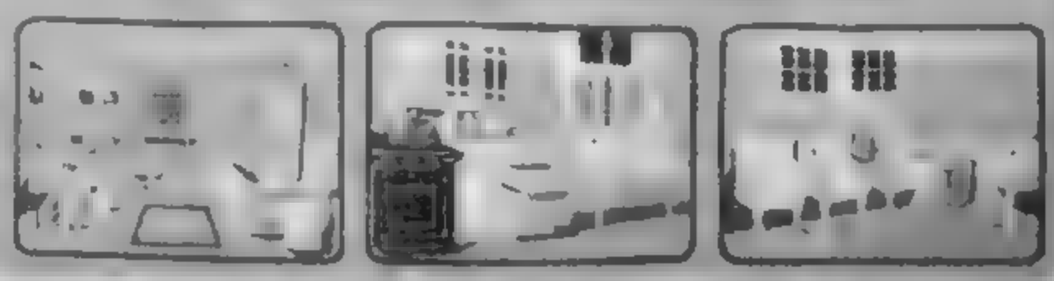
The Si-Wel-Clo Closet flushes silently. The entire operation is noiseless and cannot be heard outside the bathroom. The mechanical construction is superior in every respect, being self-cleansing, non-corrosive and durable.

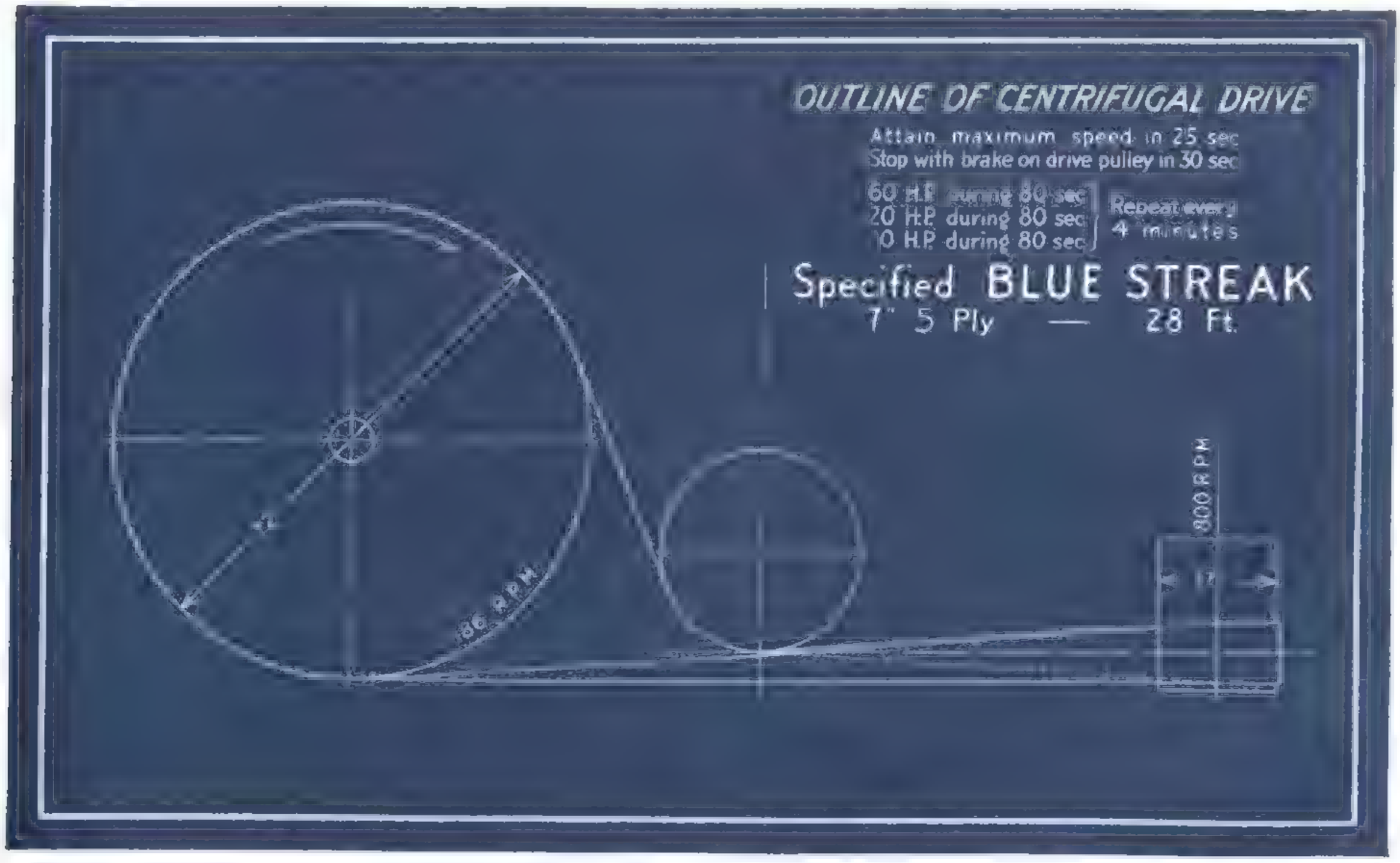
The Si-Wel-Clo Closet is but one fixture in the Tepeco Line of All-Clay Plumbing. In point of permanence, satisfactory operation and freedom from the usual aftermath of plumbing bills, Tepeco All-Clay Plumbing is a decided economy.

Write for the Book B s "Bathrooms of Character," a complete treatise on bathroom planning, cost of installation etc., profusely illustrated with color plates of simple bathrooms to suit any type of house from a $1000 house to a million dollar mansion

THE TRENTON POTTERIES COMPANY
TRENTON, NEW JERSEY, U. S. A.

The World's Largest Makers of All-Clay Plumbing Fixtures




OUTLINE OF CENTRIFUGAL DRIVE
Attain maximum speed in 25 sec
Stop with brake on drive pulley in 30 sec
60 H.P. during 80 sec
20 H.P. during 80 sec
0 H.P. during 80 sec
Repeat every 4 minutes
Specified BLUE STREAK
7" 5 Ply — 28 Ft.
800 R.P.M.
86 R.P.M.

That Centrifugal Drive—and the G. T. M.

The Sugar-Mill Men swear that it is the hardest drive in the world—that centrifugal drive. Your men may want to argue the point. They may have a notorious belt devourer of their own. But they'll admit that the centrifugal is tough.

Out in Colorado almost everything was tried on it—cheap belts, expensive belts, natural belts and patent. But none did well. The G.T.M.—Goodyear Technical Man—out there called. He was asked the price of a Goodyear Belt to fit. He said he didn't know - that no Goodyear Technical Man sold belts that way.

The Goodyear Plan—He told them the Goodyear plan of prescribing belts—how conditions vary and how many kinds of belts we make to fit them—that if Goodyear men were only traveling price-lists we might as well sell belts by mail. He asked to see the drive.

What He Found—There was a driving pulley of 72 inches on a horizontal shaft. It drove a 17 inch pulley on a vertical shaft at 800 r. p. m. A quarter turn was necessary—and there was a 20 inch tightener idler.

And that was far from the worst of it. The machine had to start from a stop every four minutes—attain full speed in 25 seconds—had to be stopped in 30 seconds. In stopping, the brake heated the pulley until it couldn't be touched. He admitted that it was one of the hardest drives in the world, and so he prescribed a 28 foot length, 7 inch 5 ply Blue Streak—the Goodyear belt especially designed for such service.

How It Worked—The master mechanic was skeptical. "It's a laced belt," he said, "and no lace will stand that racket." "There's a special lace for this service, and you'll get it with the belt," said the G.T.M. When the belt was applied it did better than any they had ever had—started better, stood stopping better—lasted longer.

They ordered it for other centrifugals—and asked the G.T.M. to make the regular Goodyear Plant Analysis covering every drive in their plant. And they're now ordering according to its prescriptions.

Try It in Your Plant—There are scores of G. T. M.'s in the Goodyear organization. Several are in your territory. All are graduates of the Goodyear Technical School. All have had thorough experience with belts in many industries and with many plants in each.

Ask us to send one of them to analyze your drives. Order the belt he prescribes for the very hardest. Then keep a service record on the blanks we furnish. The resulting orders from you for other drives will compensate us for the free analysis service.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

BELTING · PACKING · HOSE · VALVES

GOODYEAR

AKRON

ACES HIGH

(Continued from Page 19)

back when we saw the ace's machine leading the others home. The little fellow's fingers itched for it. He obtained the plate magazine the instant the machine was brought to a standstill, and scurried like a rabbit for the dark room. Within two minutes officers were examining the negative as flashed on the stereopticon screen. The location of the Hun battery was instantly recognized and its exact position determined.

Meanwhile our entire escadrille was going into the air or else was in complete readiness for action. As fast as we were ordered up we set sail to follow out certain special orders. We were anticipating the next move.

With surprising quickness every battery along our line for miles was ordered to concentrate on the enemy battery at such-and-such location in square number so-and-so on the terrain map. Hundreds of our *soixante-quinzes* began to speak, their projectiles converging at that point, and within fifteen minutes that battery had been literally wiped off the earth. Of course, the boche infantry attack had been abandoned.

Probably the Germans thought we were through for the afternoon, but the party was only beginning, for by this time we were working the same trick they had attempted. We had pushed up one of our own batteries on a narrow-gauge railroad track to our first-line trench and had ten fighting machines up to protect it from the eyes of enemy aërial cameras. Not expecting us to retaliate Fritz did not bother to wind in his observation balloons; so our battery, now in position, proceeded to save him the trouble—shot down first one and then another.

Having finished this brief job our first-line battery, each gun firing an average of twenty-four projectiles a minute, proceeded to work havoc generally over in the enemy's front yard. Fritz' trenches were being dug up and concrete sections crushed. These French *soixante-quinzes*, or seventy-five millimeter guns, shoot faster and can fire for a longer period than any other gun in the world.

Fighting Off Boche Cameras

As the group I was in ascended and moved toward the frontier we could see that the boche first line was being abandoned where our obuses were falling thickest. We had been sent up in anticipation of the enemy's next move—photographing of our own battery—and we were scarcely in the air when, sure enough, Fritz's fastest camera on wings was coming over. Guarding it was a superb formation of ten Albatross fighting planes, all at a height of about three thousand feet, which I instantly likened to a well-executed end rush in a football game, where one of the half backs carrying the ball has perfect interference.

Our tactics in this respect called for an attack upon the photography machine rather than the battleplanes, for the reason that once the camera got within sight of our barking battery the result sought could be obtained in a fraction of a second, and the story-telling exposed plate would be on its way back to Hun headquarters. No time to shoot down the protecting planes in hope of weakening the defense. The Huns greatly outnumbered us, and long before we could hope to eliminate half of them the location of our battery would be known to Fritz. Of course, there was nothing for the antiaircraft guns to do. They could not hit the *cocarde*—the Allied wing insignia—without hitting the Maltese "iron cross" as well.

The large number of planes made any sort of formation attack impossible for us. The only thing we could do was to maneuver for an opening and dive at the camera chap, and this was difficult because we were heavily outnumbered. We would plunge down and climb up to head him off and keep him from getting too low. Hit repeatedly by our bullets, the machine seemed to bear a charmed life.

In my first dive for him I missed, and in the second my machine gun jammed after about twenty shots. I tried to eject the shell that was wedged, but with no success. Instead of two I had but one mitrailleuse, and it made me hopping mad too. There was nothing for me to do but stay up there flying round, offering interference to the enemy and attempting to disconcert the blond Prussians by diving at them—bluffing. In all the noise and mêlée it was impossible for a flyer to tell whether or not he was being fired upon. Peculiar predicament and uncertain sort of work for me, to be sure, but to return to my camp would have been bad form. It would have been impossible to fix the mitrailleuse in a short time. My place was up there with our boys, whether I had ammunition or not. I might not be able to harm, but I could scare. Besides, I wanted to see the fun.

Presently we noticed that from far down the eastern flank came a second boche photography machine, and from the western flank a third. With them came chaperon battle planes. We were up against almost a whole circus. It seems that when the artillery commandant in our sector saw this he sent up our escadrille's reserve and flashed for all the available men in the neighboring escadrilles. These arrived with remarkable rapidity, though of course it seemed like hours while we were up there greatly outnumbered. As our escadrille reached the scene the Germans dispatched more of their circus aloft.

The End of the Air Battle

The battle, which was the most hair-raising affair I ever was in, had been in progress for half an hour before relief from our two neighboring escadrilles began to arrive. Machines were being shot down on both sides, but still we were fighting over the German trenches and the edge of No Man's Land and successfully blocking the enemy's effort to get photographs. Repeatedly all three of the photography machines tried to cross the lines and our chasse boys boxed them and would drive them back.

By the time our full force reached the mess there were, according to observers, just a few less than one hundred machines engaged—ninety-odd, all told. Of these twenty-four were from our own family and about sixteen from the two other escadrilles combined, making a total of forty Allied machines in action against at least fifty-five of the enemy.

Never had I seen anything like it. From two to three thousand feet aloft, one moment I would look above and see one of our own planes hovering ready to plunge. A second later I would raise my eyes to the same spot and see a boche pouncing on me. A side slip and I would be out of the way, only to find myself caught in the range of another Albatross mitrailleuse. Of course, had any of these Germans known that my gun was jammed I should have been a marked man immediately and would have been picked on until shot down, but in the excitement of it all none realized this.

The enemy flyers were shooting wild—we could see them firing without taking aim—simply trying to spit frightfulness into the air to unnerve us if possible. Well, it wasn't possible.

Sometimes five or six of our machines would dive simultaneously for the photographer, each looking out for himself and taking care to maintain a course that would not cause a collision. None but expert flyers could have done this without smashing up. The boys would scatter the boche battle planes and these would immediately close in again. It was a case of dive, side-skid, *vrille*, *virage*, and now and then a loop—the *tout ensemble* more bewildering than the three rings at a circus are to a child. It was a great mad kaleidoscope of plunging planes and noise—noise—noise!

The charm enshrouding the lives of the enemy photographers, however, suddenly was broken, for just as they were about in possible position to get snapshots I saw two of them go down in flames—one right after the other. This meant that the backbone of the attack was broken; and sure enough, disheartened, the third photographer swung round shortly and made for home without getting anywhere near enough to get a picture of our battery.

Meanwhile, some of the boches were in the same predicament as myself. They were not firing so profusely; their ammunition was getting low. They had wasted plenty of it. Though it is true that they carry a goodly supply—five hundred shots in a belt—they are far more lavish with it than Allied airmen.

(Continued on Page 68)

Every Soldier Has an Achilles' Heel

Achilles' mother meant to raise her boy to be a soldier. She dipped him in a magic brook when he was three months old. Just grabbed him by one heel and soused him in head first. The magic gave him a hide that sword or spear could not dent. But, unfortunately, the heel by which she held him did not get wet and was not wound-proof.

Achilles disturbed the peace of the Balkans for a good many years, but at last a citizen of Troy plunked an arrow squarely into the unprotected heel and Achilles got blood-poisoning and died.

Blistered heels have put more soldiers out of action than shrapnel. Chafing resulting from violent exercise in heavy, hastily tailored uniforms is causing real suffering to thousands. Ask any doctor if science has found a better way to soothe and dry up a blister—or to ease the discomfort of chafing—than to dust Kora-Konia on the irritated skin.

It was an eminent physician who first suggested to us the big need of a healing powder which could be dusted on wounds, chafed and irritated skin, sunburn, diaper rash and scalds to ease the pain, absorb moisture and to prevent friction.

We want you to learn for yourself the almost magic power of Kora-Konia to relieve and stop skin discomfort. We want you to try it on sunburns or chafed limbs which drive you nearly crazy on a hot day, and see how the discomfort ceases and the skin becomes white again. Note how the powder clings to the skin all day, refusing to be washed or rubbed off. See how quickly Kora-Konia cures diaper rash or teething rash and how it eases the skin irritation of bed patients. To hasten this trial and convince you that Kora-Konia is needed by everyone, we will send a physician's sample for 10 cents. The full size box costs 50 cents.

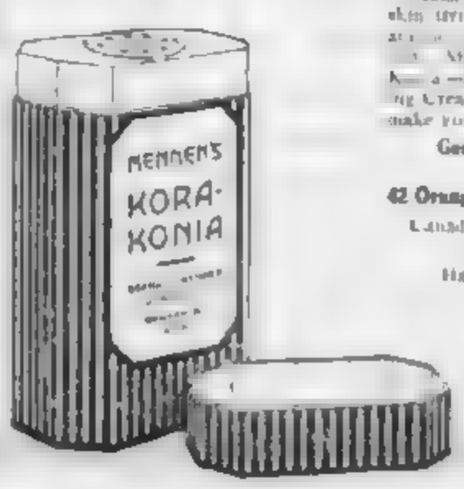
Kora-Konia should not be confused with Talcum Powder. It has somewhat the same soothing and healing action, but in addition contains several other ingredients of recognized medicinal value which are indicated in the treatment of the more serious skin abrasions. It is antiseptic, absorbent, lubricating, adhesive, slightly water-proof, soothing and healing.

Please use the coupon in ordering your sample of Kora-Konia.

Do you chafe?

Kora-Konia will bring you blessed relief.

MENNEN'S KORA-KONIA



Much human unhappiness comes from skin irritation. There is a Mennen prep-aration for every form of skin discom-fort. Mennen's Talcum Powder—Kora-Konia—Shaving Cream—Cold Cream—Toilet Soap. Mennen-ize your whole family and stop it.

Gerhard Mennen Chemical Co.

42 Orange Street Newark, N. J.

Canadian Factory, Montreal, Quebec

Sales Agents in Canada
Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd.,
Toronto, Ontario

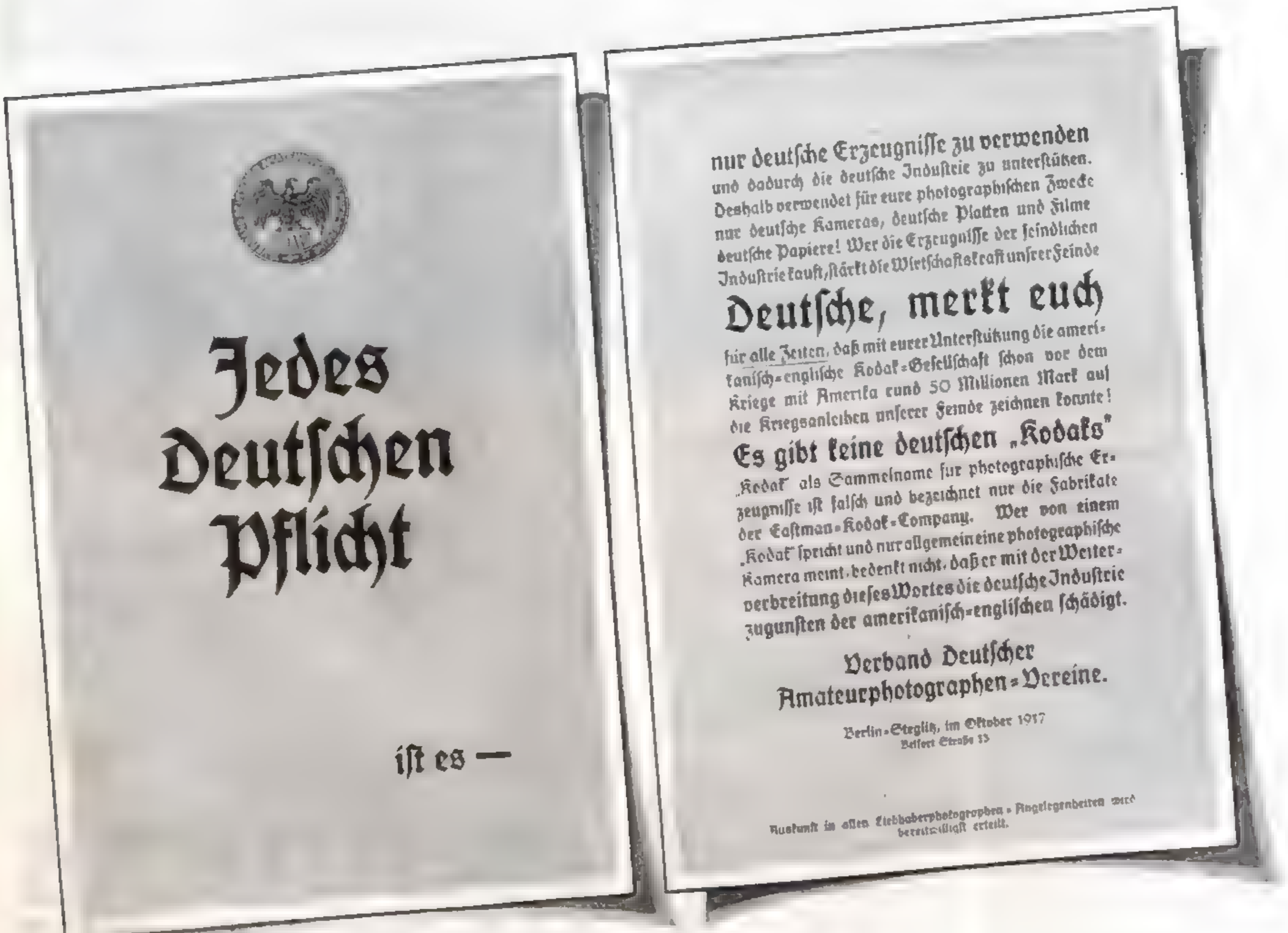
TRADE MARK

Gerhard Mennen Chemical Co.
42 Orange Street
Newark, N. J.

Please send me a sample of Kora-Konia. I enclose 10 cents

Name

To the People of Germany they said:


Jedes
Deutschen
Pflicht

ist es —

nur deutsche Erzeugnisse zu verwenden
und dadurch die deutsche Industrie zu unterstützen.
Deshalb verwendet für eure photographischen Zwecke
nur deutsche Kameras, deutsche Platten und Filme
deutsche Papiere! Wer die Erzeugnisse der feindlichen
Industrie kauft, stärkt die Wirtschaftskraft unsrer Feinde

Deutsche, merkt euch

für alle Zeiten, daß mit eurer Unterstützung die amerikanisch-englische Kodak-Gesellschaft schon vor dem Kriege mit Amerika rund 50 Millionen Mark auf die Kriegsanleihen unserer Feinde zeichnen konnte!

Es gibt keine deutschen „Kodaks"

„Kodak" als Sammelname für photographische Erzeugnisse ist falsch und bezeichnet nur die Fabrikate der Eastman-Kodak-Company. Wer von einem „Kodak" spricht und nur allgemein eine photographische Kamera meint, bedenkt nicht, daß er mit der Weiterverbreitung dieses Wortes die deutsche Industrie zugunsten der amerikanisch-englischen schädigt.

Verband Deutscher
Amateurphotographen-Vereine.

Berlin-Steglitz, im Oktober 1917
Belfort Straße 13

Auskunft in allen Liebhaberphotographen-Angelegenheiten wird bereitwilligst erteilt.

The illustration shows a pamphlet signed by the Association of German Amateur Photographers' Societies and dated Berlin, October, 1917. It is reproduced from a photographic copy lately received in this country. The translation in full is given on opposite page.

—*If it isn't an Eastman it isn't a Kodak!*

A translation of the circular in full is as follows:

"It is the duty of every German to use only German products and to patronize thereby German industry. Therefore, use for photographic purposes only German cameras, German Dry Plates and German papers. Whoever purchases the products of enemy industries strengthens the economic power of our enemies.

"Germans! Remember for all times to come that with the aid of your patronage the American-English Kodak Co. subscribed before the war with the United States, the round sum of 50,000,000 marks of war loans of our enemies!

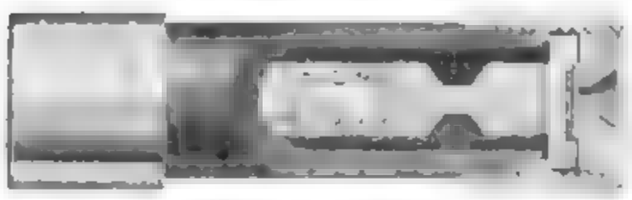
"There are no German 'Kodaks'. ('Kodak' as a collective noun for photographic products is misleading and indicates only the products of the Eastman Kodak Co.) Whoever speaks of a 'Kodak' and means thereby only a photographic camera, does not bear in mind that with the spreading of this word, he does harm to the German industry in favor of the American-English."

If it isn't an Eastman it isn't a Kodak!

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY
Rochester, N. Y. *The Kodak City*

Most electrical jobbers and dealers sell time-tried and tested

ECONOMY renewable FUSES



Whether you use a few or thousands of fuses each year to protect lives, equipment and property against the fire and accident hazards of short circuits and overloads, install the fuses that are used by the millions in probably every branch of industry as well as in the United States Navy, for the protection of wireless plants ashore and afloat.

The reduction in annual fuse-maintenance expense **(proved by performance records and cost figures to average 80%)** is primarily due to the efficiency of the famous "Drop Out" Renewal Link. Replacing a blown link renews an Economy Fuse after it has operated.

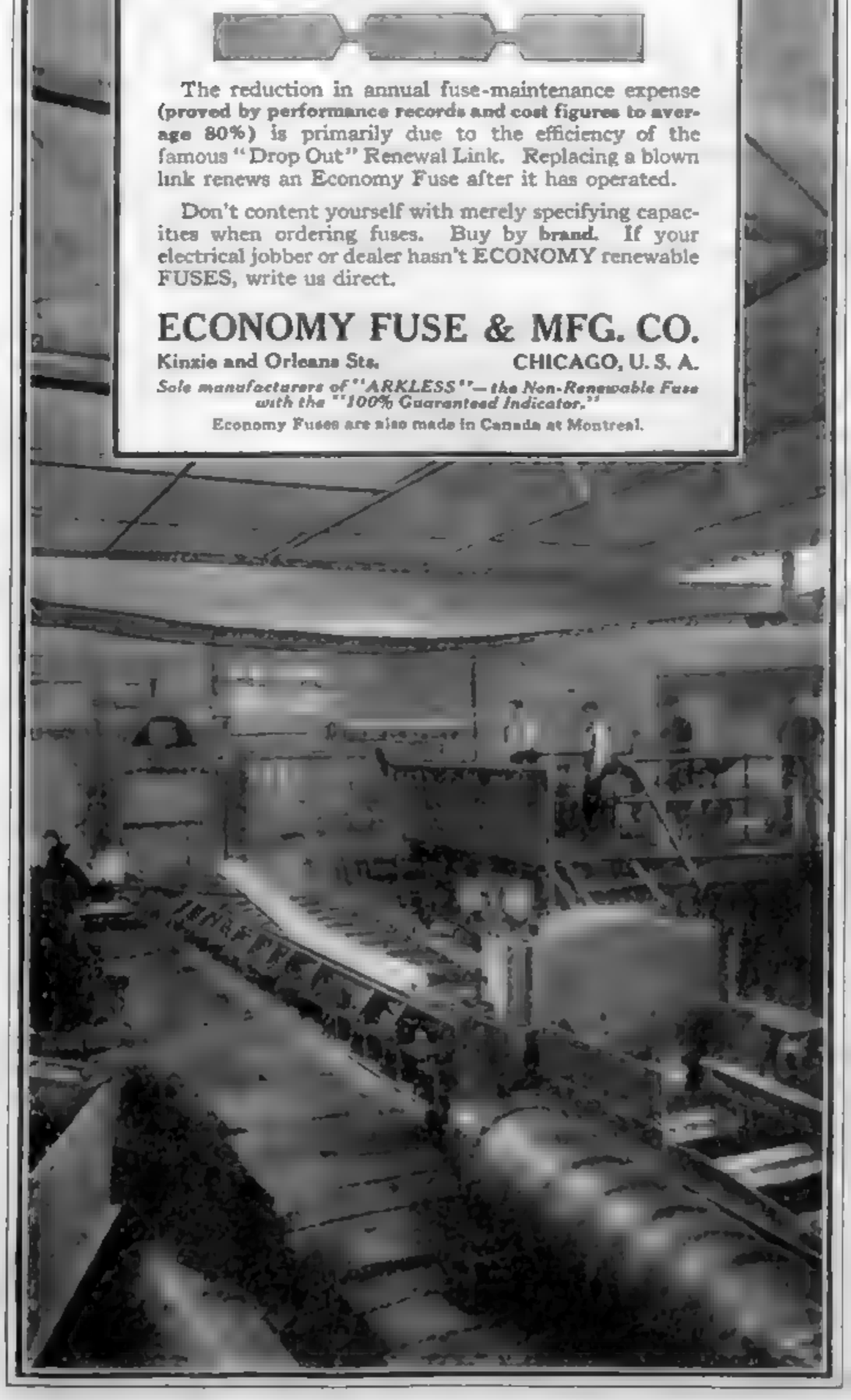
Don't content yourself with merely specifying capacities when ordering fuses. Buy by **brand.** If your electrical jobber or dealer hasn't ECONOMY renewable FUSES, write us direct.

ECONOMY FUSE & MFG. CO.

Kinzie and Orleans Sts. **CHICAGO, U. S. A.**

Sole manufacturers of "ARKLESS"—the Non-Renewable Fuse with the "100% Guaranteed Indicator."

Economy Fuses are also made in Canada at Montreal.



(Continued from Page 65)

Then it seems that suddenly the flock of winged dachshunds remembered that they had a date somewhere far back of their lines, and by degrees they edged off in that direction. We pursued them for a while and then the fight was over.

But our artillery commandant, not wishing to take any chances and having accomplished what he set out to do, safely withdrew our battery far to the rear of the lines.

Back on terra firma at our escadrille some of us discovered that we had violent headaches and earaches. Cigarettes were in big demand. We noticed that two of our own observation balloons were up again.

Naturally we were anxious to know how many of our boys had come back. We were surprised to ascertain that every member of our escadrille had returned, but, sad to relate, five machines from the groups that came to our aid had been shot down. How many enemies had gone for their last ride we could not tell, for all had fallen within German lines. However, there was no doubt that their losses were greater than our own.

Only one of our boys was badly wounded. This fellow had a bullet through his shoulder, and fainted from the pain as he rolled up to the hangars. From the looks of his machine we marveled that with its tattered wings and snapped struts it could have been landed safely, for he could use but one arm. Many of the other planes had to be completely re-covered or else patched in many places. The mechanics, fabric men and armorers were at work before all our planes had even landed. There was a busy time ahead for them.

One of the machines—I forget whose it was—came down all spattered with red blotches. In pursuing the enemy our pilot had hit his man with a stream of copper from only a few feet behind, and the rush of wind had literally sprayed crimson. Another boy—a French lad, if I remember correctly—had struck a plane in mid-air. However, he was unharmed. Others came back with struts cut by bullets. And our ace, though undemonstrative, was as tickled as could be. Eagle-eyed, he had managed to photograph Fritz's battery, but Fritz had been unable to snap ours.

Where all the Drachen balloons come from is more than can be guessed. Next morning the Germans had replaced the destroyed ones.

Chivalry vs. Barbarism

In our youth, when we Yankees used to read the tales of the Knights of the Round Table and the Crusaders in quest of the Holy Grail, the American mind was impressed with the remarkable chivalry of these old boys who went round on summer days draped in coats of mail and suits of sheet iron. Sir Lancelot, Sir Pellinore, Sir Kay, Sir Gaheris, and the Red Knights from the Red Lands and all the rest, doubtless, would have been flyers had they not lived prior to the aërial age. These men were not only brave, fearless, earnest, but they were usually good sports and fought fairly. When they met a foeman in a tilt who was worthy of their steel they respected his prowess.

Imagine Sir Galahad after a splendid bout with some Black Knight from the Black Lands, which the referee had declared a draw. Can you picture Galahad scheming to deal the Black Knight one from the bottom of the deck? It would not be according to the ethics of the Round Table. Just because it was a draw old Galahad would not have hied himself off to a cliff and gathered up a bowlder and lain in wait for the Black Knight to pass along the road below. Upon seeing said Black Knight with his squires on said road Galahad would not have shoved the bowlder off the cliff and squashed the party! He and his pals were not built that way.

So we modern knights of the air, mounted on fire-spitting winged dragons of France and the Allies instead of fine Arabian horses, inherit much the same sporting instincts about mortal combat. We try to play the game. But as for the boches ——

No—they do not play the game. They do not know what chivalry or sportsmanship is. In its grand rise Kultur evidently throttled chivalry and stepped on it with hobnailed boot; at the same time it raped Belgium and enslaved some of the poor people of France and Alsace who were overlooked in the general slaughter. Reprisals are the only cure for German air atrocities.

When it fell to my lot to go up and penetrate a barrage of antiaircraft guns, slip through a line of boche patrol planes and far over the German line, attack and shoot down an observation sausage balloon, the observer in that balloon did a brave thing that required real nerve. He jumped overboard in a parachute just as the balloon was hit. In diving past the balloon after setting it afire I saw this fellow leaping with his huge umbrella. I waved my hand to him in greeting instead of filling him full of copper and setting his parachute afire with incendiary bullets. I suppose I was wrong to spare him, but I just felt at the moment that a boy with his nerve deserved to live. Down below the men firing the antiaircraft guns saw all this. They knew I had spared that man; but did they tell me I was a good sport? Did they say "Well, old boy, that was pretty decent of you to let our man come back"?

The way they said it was to blaze away at me with all the guns they had handy. That is boche sportsmanship!

The late Georges Guynemer—or possibly Guynemer the prisoner in a German cage—was challenged one day by a boche ace to a single-handed mortal combat in the air. An enemy aviator dropped the challenge within our lines and Guynemer promptly accepted. The terms stated that no other planes should be sent up while the two principals were in the air and that it should take place more than ten thousand feet up. It promised to be a thriller.

German "Honor"

The day arrived and the hour came, and Guynemer was ready to go up, for the boche ace had just started to ascend. Then Guynemer suddenly changed his mind, or rather had it changed for him, for the French were not stupid and they had been scanning the skies with powerful glasses. Hiding above some puffy clouds at an enormous height were no less than fifteen boche planes waiting the right moment to swoop down on the French ace and then soar back to their hangars to notify Berlin of the "famous victory."

Allied aces are fairly safe from the assaults of the German aces. The boche stars never attack anyone who is liable to be too expert for them. They concentrate on our beginners, and, of course, their method is not to attack unless the German machines are far superior in number. Five to one is a good ratio for them to figure on. When we desire to engage a boche in combat we usually have to go up over his own lines for him. He likes to stay where he can descend within his own territory. Likewise he always wants to fight where he can have the protection of his own antiaircraft guns.

In the French Flying Corps aces are permitted to paint their machines any color they desire, and therefore they are easily recognizable. Many of the German aces paint their names on their planes and fuselages.

One might ask: "Why do the stars thus identify themselves and run the risk of provoking assault?"

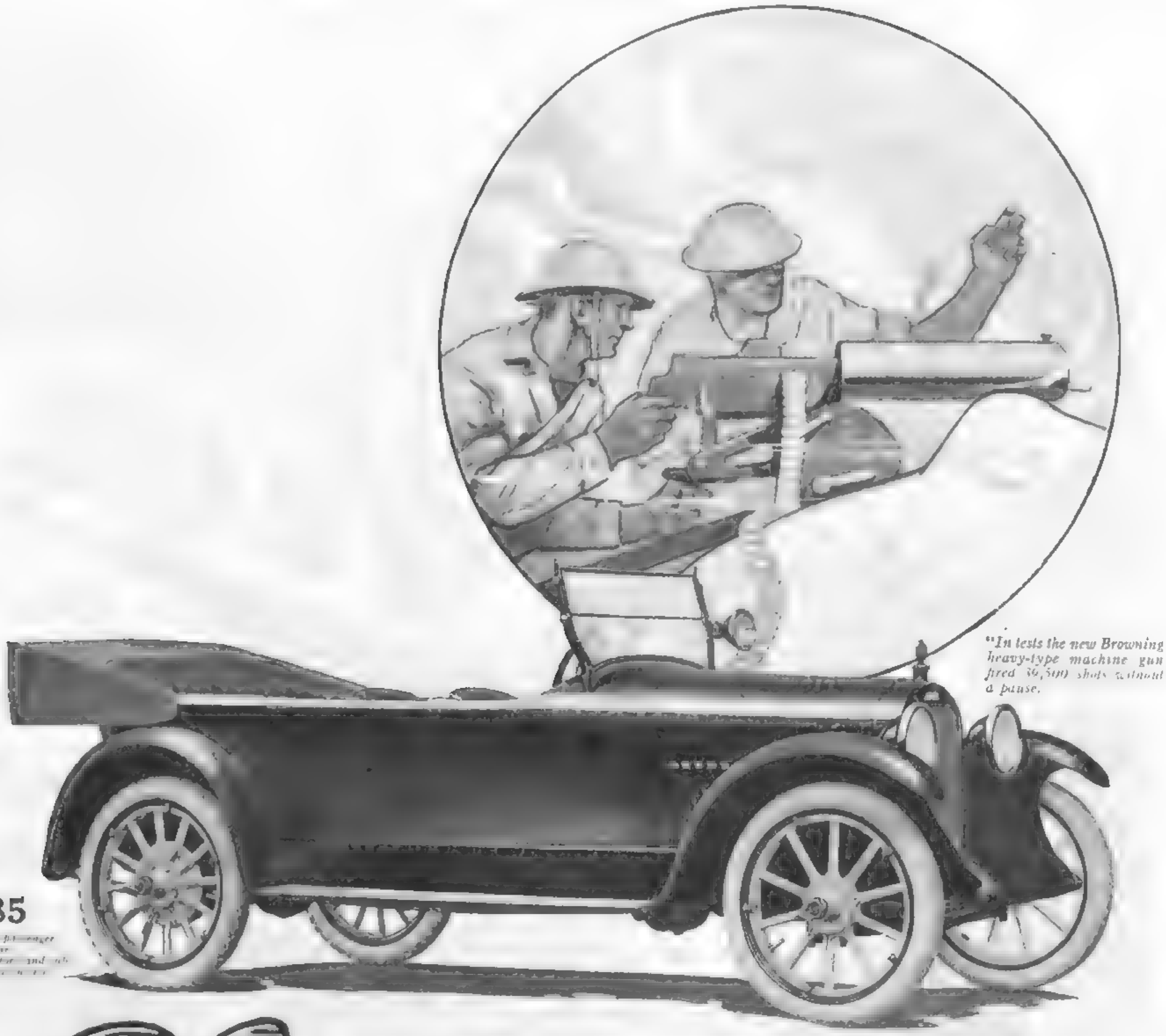
Well, we explain that by saying that Prussians paint their names on just because Prussian vanity is such a wonderful thing. They crave personal publicity. The French aces paint their machines in order to scare the Huns away. If a French ace in pursuit is fast enough and gets on the tail of his enemy, as we phrase it, Fritz is about as good as gone. Sometimes Fritz will turn and fight back as he swoops round in a *virage*, but usually he tries to escape. Indeed, the Germans like to keep away from our aces. That is why the Allies can keep posted so well on what is going on back of the enemy lines.

The day after Guynemer, that truly wonderful Frenchman, was missed a letter was found written by a German who claimed to have downed him. It was to the man's mother and told how she need never fear for his welfare, for he had just succeeded in ending the career of the greatest of French aces. It was the bragging that went before the fall, however, for this letter was found on that Prussian aviator's dead body when one of our boys shot the boche down inside our lines.

We heard through the Red Cross some time afterward that Guynemer had died in his fall and had been buried in a little cemetery near the Front. When the French retook this cemetery all the graves were opened and the bodies exhumed, but there was no body there that possibly could have

(Continued on Page 71)

Always add two parts of water to one part PHEZ
Phez
Pure Juice of the Loganberry
Have you ever tasted wild mountain blackberries? Do you recall the flavor of the red raspberry?
From an accidental crossing of these two, came the Loganberry—bigger and more luscious than either—*a new flavor—a new taste!*
PHEZ is the pure juice, pressed from these piquant Loganberries as they come from the vineyards to our plant in the dew o' the morning.
Because PHEZ is twice as heavy as any other fruit juice, always add two parts water. *A wonderful hot-day drink.*
PHEZ is a pure, healthful, unfermented fruit beverage. Loganberry juice contains fruit acids—chiefly citric—which are *good for you.* And the food value of PHEZ is greater than that of any other fruit juice.
LOJU is the pure juice of the Loganberry, bottled, with water added—ready-to-drink.
Ask for PHEZ or LOJU at fountains, hotels, restaurants, summer resorts, on dining cars. Favorite drinks in the cantonments and on men-o'-war. Buy them from your dealer.
Send 10c for sample bottle of PHEZ, postpaid, and booklet showing many uses for Loganberry juice in desserts, punches, ices, etc.
Pheasant Northwest Products Co.
General Offices, Salem, Oregon
Phez
Loganberry Juice
Loju
The Loganberry Beverage "Ready to Drink"
Applju
DRINK AN APPLE
A fresh fruit juice—not a cider. It has the wonderful bouquet and flavor of Oregon and Washington apples. Light, sparkling, clear as a crystal.
LARGEST PRODUCERS of NATIVE FRUIT JUICES IN WESTERN AMERICA



"In tests the new Browning heavy-type machine gun fired 36,500 shots without a pause.

$1685

f. o. b. factory. Five passenger Speedster. All prices include starter and six demountable rims.

Lexington

MINUTE MAN SIX

Like A Machine Gun That Does Not Choke

ONE advantage of the new Browning machine gun for United States soldiers is its *continuity* of shots without choking.

The engine under the hood of every Lexington can be compared aptly to this marvelous machine gun's efficiency, because—

The Lexington engine can not be choked by dead gas.

In a sense every automobile engine is a *gun*—it must load, explode, shoot piston-projectiles, and discharge used-gas.

With the Lexington, due to its exclusive Moore Multiple Exhaust System, no two cylinders discharge their dead gas into the same exhaust line at the same time. This avoids choking, and gives every discharge a quick and clear exit.

Official tests prove this one of many Lexington advantages increases power and makes a substantial saving in fuel, adding much to its ease and range.

More than 100 parts are integral with our improved non-rattle frame. The emergency brake can be operated by the pressure of one finger.

Its beauty of design and color scheme is self-evident but its excellence of performance, driving ease, and riding comfort are appreciated only after *demonstrations*.

Consider its moderate price for a quality car, possible only because ten large factories, devoted to automobile parts, are affiliated with and contribute to Lexington.

See your Lexington Dealer or write to us.

Orders filled in rotation.

Lexington Motor Company, Mfrs., Connersville, Ind., U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 68)

been Georges Guynemer's corpse. Hence the opinion of many French military men that Guynemer was not shot down, but was simply forced to land and is now in a prison camp—if he has not been starved to death. And it would be not at all surprising if they have starved him. The Hun adopts the policy of incapacitating an expert in some way or other, for fear he should escape and get back within his own lines. Poor old Roland Garros, one of the first French flyers captured, who escaped recently, was nearly starved.

None of the chasse pilots in our escadrille had ever been a bombing flyer, but sometimes we have earnestly wished that we might take such an assignment for a while. We often had an itching to go over and bomb certain spots where we knew Prussian officers could be located, but we were particularly anxious to drop a few tons of explosives on the hangars of the boches who used to raid our quarters while they were en route via the Marne and Seine Rivers to Paris, where there are more women and children than at the Front. Of course our own bombers were efficient, but there would have been a deal of satisfaction in messing up some of the equipment of those child killers who seemed to take especial delight in bombing Red Cross ambulances. It is practically useless nowadays for us to have the Red Cross painted on the roof of an ambulance; in fact, it is dangerous.

And as for our hospitals—why, they are just "gravy" for the Hun bomber. He figures that there are no antiaircraft guns hidden in the wards of these places of succor, and he does not consider internes and nurses particularly dangerous to an air pilot. So give them a party!

Another thing German bombers sometimes do as a move of great strategy is to bomb all the German prisoners they can after the Allies have captured the poor dogs and are taking them into camp. The bomb droppers do this not by accident, but deliberately. You see, some of those prisoners when questioned may reveal certain military information of advantage to the Allied forces. Dead men—Teutonic or otherwise—tell no tales. It is good Prussian strategy, and because these poor brutes have fought with all their might for the Fatherland it must not be supposed that the Fatherland owes them anything. What a stupid supposition! Then, too, these prisoners have no machine guns to fire at their fellow countrymen while being slaughtered, so they are fairly good picking.

No; the stenched oil of Kultur and the pure sparkling water of chivalry do not mix—Hun efficiency and good sportsmanship do not go hand in hand. At least from what I have observed they do not.

Under Sentence of Death

To be shot at sunrise! Cheerful thought!

In the latter part of January, this year, I was a prisoner of war, far, far from home and family. The order for my finish had been given and I was forced to take it seriously; for I had good reason to believe that I would not escape.

The phrase "to be shot at sunrise" may sound trite and only somewhat serious to the reader who has heard it used so often. In comic opera the demise of the comedian frequently is ordered in that manner in the second act, though many in the audience would prefer to have him meet that fate in the first act. But remember that I had been for months in a war-ridden land where executions took place almost daily, where appeals were difficult and reprieves were few, and there were no lawyers to get the victim out on bail.

True, I was permitted to live to tell about it, and in retrospect I have to smile; but for many hours over there in France I did not smile. Incidentally it was the French who were about to shoot me, not the Germans—all of which made it ten times worse.

The trouble started in November, 1917, when we members of the Lafayette Flying Corps applied for our discharge from the French Army and for commissions in the United States Army, and the same mix-up continued until February, 1918. The discharges were a long time coming through, and when some of them did arrive certain Americans with the corps were released from the French Army but had not yet been accepted in the American Army.

About January sixth an order came to the Front from the head of the French Army ordering my commandant to send me to Paris to be transferred to the United States service. I went to Paris and called on the proper officer.

On January fourteenth I was growing restless, but the American officer wanted me to wait. I told him that in that case I must have a paper stating that I had permission to remain which I might show to any gendarme who would be liable to stop me. The officer furnished me with such a document.

For days and days I waited there in Paris. My papers did not appear, and it was growing monotonous. I did not wish to grow stale for air work, so I went to the French Minister of Aëronautics and explained my case. He wrote out an order for me to go back to the Front.

I reached the Front, glad to get back, and reported to the commander of the Fourth Army.

"Ah, I have been looking for you," he said. "Sit down!"

I was somewhat surprised at his keen interest in me. He scrawled on a slip of paper, rang for an orderly and handed him the slip. I sat there, waiting to have a nice little chat with the commandant. Presently in walked two soldiers and I was informed that I was under arrest as a deserter!

Friends in Need

Thereupon I showed Commandant B— my papers. He said that this had nothing to do with him; that it made no difference; that I was in the French Army and had not yet been released. He insisted that I was a deserter and must be shot at sunup. He had had enough of those excuses; would stand for no more; and he was going to make an example of me.

I believed he was fooling and told him to go to it. In fact, I believe I said something to the effect that I could not get up that early.

The commandant grew angrier; and presently I was marched out, with two guards in front of me, two in the rear, with a sergeant giving orders. It was then about seven o'clock in the evening. When I saw the jail I refused to enter. In view of the fact that I objected the guards courteously consented to disobey the commandant's orders, and like so many musical-comedy guards took me to the captain who had charge of the dungeon keep.

I recognized the captain, and it was a case of "Hello, Wright!" "Hello, *Capitaine!*" We shook hands and I told him my troubles. He took the order from the sergeant and read it—then reread it.

"Say, boy, this is serious! They're going to shoot you!"

"Quit your kidding!" I replied.

He reiterated that I really was to be shot. For a while I did not know whether or not he was teasing. It was seven-thirty o'clock, and he inquired if I had had dinner.

Holding his chin in deep thought he kept rereading the paper. Then he said: "You know the town pretty well, don't you? Go out and get your dinner and come back. I shall hold the guards here. In the meantime I shall call up the commandant and see if I can fix things."

I enjoyed a wonderful meal at the hotel. If it was to be my last it might as well be a good one. My appetite was still up to the mark.

Upon my return the captain called the guard and we walked to the commandant's office. The captain tried to explain things to the commandant. There was also a major present; and the trio started an argument. They wrangled and gesticulated so long I felt I did not care what happened.

The commandant was for having me shot; the major wanted me sent to Paris under armed guard; the captain wanted to give me an order to return to Paris unescorted. After more than two hours of arguing the commandant finally consented to the latter plan.

He said there was a train leaving at midnight, and wanted to know if I was too tired to start. Not a bit of it—I would have walked to the French capital if necessary! I was told that upon reaching Paris I was to go to the army's distributing point, and report there the following day, Sunday.

As my clothes were in the hotel at which I had been stopping I went there when I arrived in Paris, at eight o'clock Sunday morning. Tired out, I tumbled into bed, planning to take the five-forty-eight train in order to reach my destination that night.

While I was asleep a post card came. It was from the Bureau of Recruitment

(Concluded on Page 73)

Stop that ache!

Don't endure aching arches and "tired out" feet—don't put up with painful callouses or other foot discomforts. Get *immediate* relief with

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Misalignment of heel and ankle bones often causes run-over heels. Wizard Heel Leveler counteracts the tendency to misalign, and removes the cause of most run-over heels. If your shoes run over on the inside you have a foot trouble that should be attended to

See your shoe dealer about Wizards

Thousands of shoe stores sell Wizards. Usually Wizard dealers have a foot expert especially trained in the Wizard system of relieving foot troubles. He can tell what causes your foot trouble, and can fit the proper Wizard device to give you immediate relief. His training also makes him an expert in fitting shoes. It will pay you to go to a Wizard dealer. If your dealer doesn't sell Wizards, write us.

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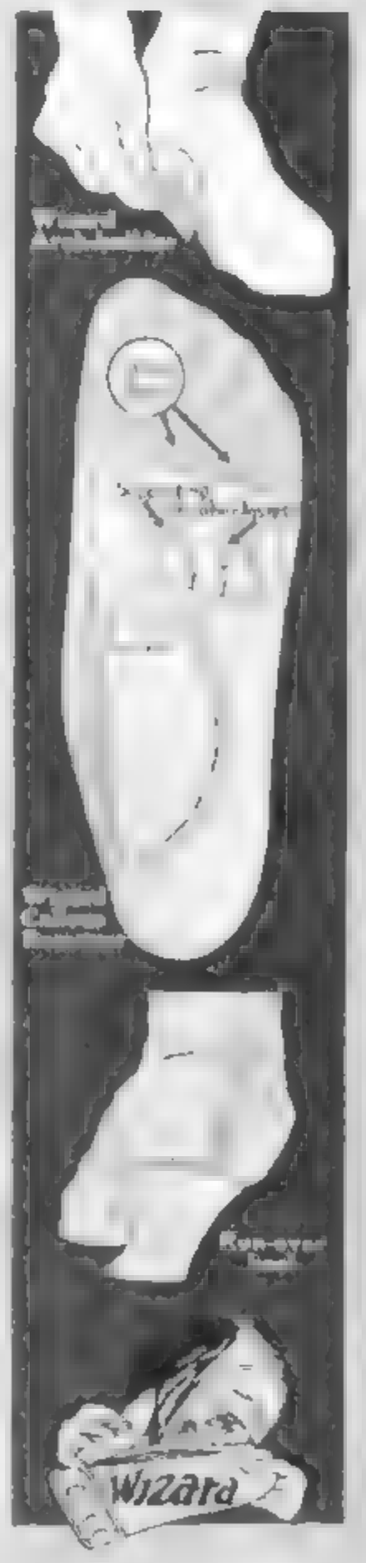

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The United States Army

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The French Army

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Campbell Creek Coal Co.
Amalgamated Oil Company
W. P. Fuller Company
Jessen & Jessen
Edwin H. Fitler Co.
City Coal Company
Jenney Manufacturing Company
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Gloucester Coal Co.
J. L. McKernan
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Orris Coal Company
Walter Reed Hospital
Pinal Dome Refining Co.
Springfield Gas Light Co.
Bullard Machine Tool Co.
American Glue Company
Mare Island Navy Depot

The Italian Army

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Vacuum Oil Co.
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Town of Milton, Mass.
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H. J. Tobin
Union Sand & Gravel Company
Glen [illegible]
Emil Amundsen
W. B. Moody
Franklin Baker Co.
George Nass & Son
C. W. Blakeslee & Sons
Samuel Holmes, Stone Contractor
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Spring Perch Co.
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American Thread Co.
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The British Army

Southern Pacific Railroad
Crane Company
City of Seattle
Wm. Sellers & Co.
The Sinclair Refining Co.
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Pacific Coast Rice Milling Co.
Red Star Mill & Elevator Co.
Musante & Pastine
Miner, Read & Tullock
R. Cavallero Brothers
H. J. Perkins Company
Sanitary Grocery Company
J. [illegible] Letts Company
J. [illegible] Company
F. O. [illegible] Co.
Nicholas Zeo
E. E. Reick Company
Pevely Dairy Company
The Royal Dairy
Fadden & Sons
H. P. Hood & Sons
C. A. Nash
M. Howe
R. F. Stevens Company
Supplee, Wills, Jones Company
Glen Willow Ice Company
Spring Brook Water Supply Co.
Westchester Fish Co.
Stillman Bottling Company
B. F. Morrow
M. W. Cheney
Norwalk Tire Co.
Smethport Wood Products Co.
Monumental Company
L. Speidel & Company
Springfield Company
Egbert & Obert Co.
Containers' Association
J. F. Smith
Park Storage & Warehouse
Fidelity Storage & Warehouse
Ansonia Storage Warehouse
Eagle Warehouse & Storage Co.
Halpern Storage & Warehouse
Lenox Storage Warehouse
Turner Transfer Co.
Natall, Gargill & Mareseaux
Dempsey Bleachery & Dye Works
Oriental Silk Printing Company
Gaston, Williams & Wigmore
Monatiquot Rubber Works Co.
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Broadway at 26th St.

SEATTLE
[illegible] East Pike St.

ST. LOUIS
1818 Locust Ave.

WASHINGTON
1124 Connecticut Ave.

BRIDGEPORT
2 Main St.

(Concluded from Page 71)

in Paris. It ordered me to call any day but Sunday; and here this was Sunday! I did not know what the card meant. At the bureau they might rearrest me as a deserter. I decided to take a chance and not leave that night.

I met a friend driving a car for the Y. M. C. A., and the next morning, Monday, we went to the bureau again. Instead of lining me up to be shot they handed me a paper—my discharge from the French Army, dated January twenty-first, several days before I was sentenced to be shot.

I was jubilant! I hopped into the car, snatched the wheel, and drove down the Champs Elysées wide open.

A few mornings later I was awakened in bed when my door opened and two men wearing civilian clothes walked in—one tall and one short. They reminded me of a Parisian edition of Mutt and Jeff. I asked what they meant by coming in without knocking and was informed that I was under arrest, and to hurry and dress.

I laughed. I presumed it was a practical joke and wanted to throw them out, when they told me that the Prefect of Police at the Palace of Justice wanted me, and showed a telegram which said: "Arrest Harold Wright as a deserter."

When I had not arrived on schedule, as per my agreement with the commandant, the order had gone forth.

After passing from one bureau to another they sent me on a personally conducted tour to the office of the Provost Marshal of the United States Army Military Police. He signed a receipt for me as if I were a package sent by express. He jested about it, but still the mess was not straightened out.

That night he sent me to the Head Prefect of France, who read all my papers, telegrams, and so on, and admitted that there had been a mistake. He apologized for it all very nicely. This high official, in an attempt to pacify me, even gave me a copy of the telegram to keep as a souvenir. Most politely he assured me that it would never happen again. A thousand pardons, and so on!

At last I was a civilian in Paris, not attached to any army. I had applied for a transfer to the United States service, but my commission had not come through. However, we Americans of the Lafayette Flying Corps had been released from the French Army with the understanding that the American Army was to give us lieutenancies.

Then a peculiar thing happened. I met an American acquaintance and from him learned some news from that girl back in the United States who had been the cause of my joining the French Flying Corps. Not having received a single letter since I left New York I had long since given up hope of ever hearing from her. When he mentioned her name I remarked that I considered it strange that she had not written. He said there was nothing strange about that; shortly after I reached France she had married!

Editor's Note—This is the fifth and last of a series of articles by Sergeant Wright.

VENDETTA

(Continued from Page 14)

about what he was going to do to Ben when he got to be the man he once was.

Pretty soon he had identified all the hats in Red Gap; so he moved over to Colfax with his Home Queen, and then on to other towns. It was spring again before he seemed to be the man he once was. He wrote me from Tekoa that if I read in the papers about something sad happening to Ben I wasn't to be alarmed, because, though it would be serious enough, it would probably not prove fatal if he had skilled nursing. So I watched the papers, but couldn't find any crime of interest. And a few days later Ed come over to Red Gap again. He looked pretty good, except for an overripe spot round his left eye.

"Well, did you lick Ben?" I says.

"No; Ben licked me," he says.

I'd never heard such a simple and astounding speech from any man on earth before. I started to find out what his excuse was—whether he wasn't in good shape yet, or his foot slipped, or Ben took a coupling pin to him, or something. But he didn't have a single word of excuse. He ought to of been locked up in a glass case in a museum right there. He said he was in fine shape and it had been a fair fight, and Ben had nearly knocked his head off.

I says what is he going to do now; and he says oh, he'll wait a while and give Cousin Ben another go.

I says: "Mebbe you can't lick Ben."

He says: "Possibly so; but I can keep on trying. I have to protect my honor, don't I?"

That's how it seemed to the poor fish by this time—his honor! And I knew he was going to keep on trying, like he had said. If he had made the usual excuses that men put up when they've had the worst of it I'd of known he'd been well licked, and once would be a-plenty. But, seeing that he was probably the only man who had been honest under such conditions since the world began, I had a feeling he would keep on. He was sure going to annoy Ben from time to time, even if he didn't panic him much. He was just as turbulent as ever.

Now he went off and joined a circus, being engaged to lecture in front of the side show about the world's smallest midget, and Lulu the snake empress, and the sheep-headed twins from Ecuador. And Ben could devote the whole summer to his career without worry. I saw him over at Colfax one day.

"Mark my words; that lad was never cut out for a railroad man," says Ben. "He lets his emotions excite his head too much. Oh, I give him a good talking-to, by doggie! I says to him: 'Why, you poor little hopeless, slant-headed, weak-minded idiot, you'—you know I always talk to Ed like he was my own brother—'what did you expect?' I says. 'I'm quite sorry for your injuries; but that was the first chance I'd ever had to make a report and I couldn't write one of these continuous stories about you. You ought to see that.' And what does he do but revile me for this common-sense talk! Tightminded—that's what he is; self-headed, not to say mulish, by doggie! And then pestering round me to have a fist altercation till I had to give in to keep him quiet, though I'm not a fighting character. I settled him, all right. I don't know where he is now; but I hope he has three doctors at his bedside, all looking doubtful. That little cuss always did contrary me."

I told him Ed had gone with this circus side show.

"Side show!" he says. "That's just where he belongs. He ought to be setting right up with the other freaks, because he's a worse freak than the living skeleton or a lady with a full beard—that's what he is. And yet he's sane on every subject but that. Sometimes he'll talk along for ten minutes as rational as you or me; but let him hear the word accident and off he goes. But, by doggie, he won't bother me again after what I give him back of the Wallace freight shed."

"He solemnly promised he would," I says, "when I saw him last. He was still some turbulent."

And he did bother Ben again, late that fall. When the circus closed he traveled back a thousand miles in a check suit and a red necktie, just to get another good licking. Ben must of been quite aggravated by that time, for he wound up by throwing Ed into the crick in all his proud clothes.

Ed was just as honest about it as before. He says Ben licked him fair. But it hadn't changed his mind. He felt that Ben's report had knocked his just celebrity and he was still hostile.

"Mebbe you can't lick Ben," I says to him again.

"I can keep on doing my endeavors," he says. "I had to come off in a friend of mine's coat because my own was practically destroyed; but I'll be back again before Ben has climb very high on that ladder of his career."

The adventurer was interned at my house for ten days, till his bruises lost their purple glow and he looked a little less like a bad case of erysipelas. Then he started out again, crazy as a loon! I didn't hear from him for nearly two years. Then I got a letter telling about his life of adventure down on the Border. It seems he'd got in with a good capable stockman down there and they was engaged in the cattle business. The business was to go over into Mexico, attracting as little notice as possible, cut out a bunch of cattle, and drive 'em across

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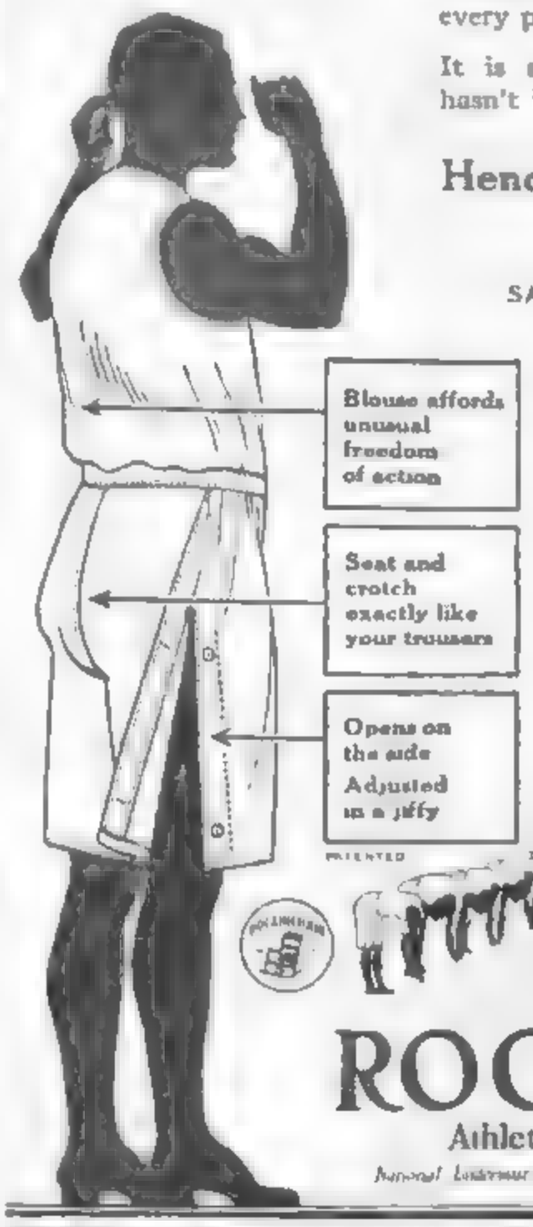
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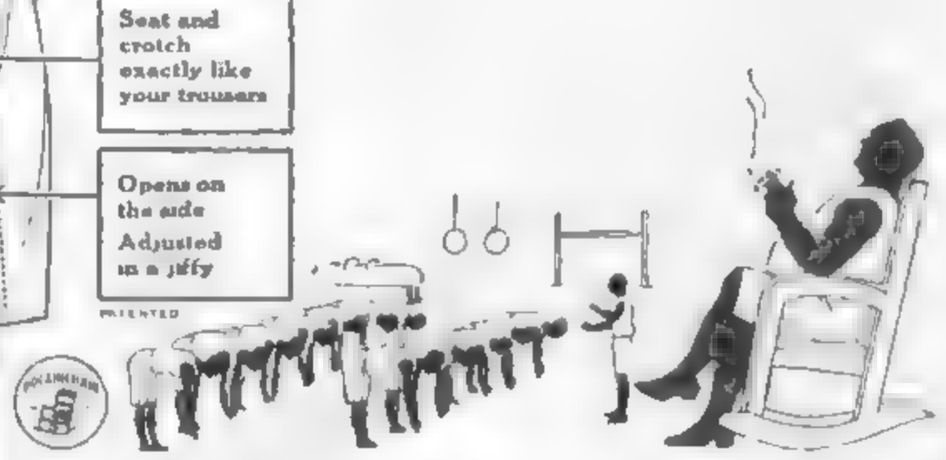

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into the land of the free. Naturally what they sold for was clear profit.

Ed said he was out for adventure and this had a-plenty. He said I wouldn't believe how exciting it could be at times. He wanted to know what Ben was promoted to by this time, and was he looking as hearty as ever? Some day he was coming back and force Ben to set him right before the world.

About a year later he writes that the cattle business is getting too tame. He's done it so much that all the excitement has gone. He says I wouldn't believe how tame it can be, with hardly any risk of getting shot. He says he wouldn't keep on running off these Mexican cattle if it wasn't for the money in it; and, furthermore, it sometimes seems to him when he's riding along in the beautiful still night, with only God's stars for companions, that there's something about it that ain't right.

But it's another year before he writes that he has disposed of his stock interests and is coming North to lick Ben proper. He does come North. He was correct to that extent. He outfitted at the Chicago Store in Tucson, getting the best all-wool ready-made suit in Arizona, with fine fruit and flower and vegetable effects, shading from mustard yellow to beet color; and patent-leather ties, with plaid socks—and so on. He stopped off at Red Gap on his way up to do this outrage. His face was baked a rich red brown; so I saw it wouldn't show up marks as legibly as when he was pale.

He said Ben wasn't a right bad fellow and he had no personal grudge against him, except he needed to have his head beat off on account of his inhumanity.

I told him Ben had worked up from yardmaster at Wallace to assistant division superintendent at Tekoa, where he would probably find him; and I wished him Godspeed.

He said he rejoiced to know of Ben's promotion, because he had probably softened some, setting round an office. He promised to let me know the result at once.

He did. It was the same old result. The fight had gone a few more rounds, I gathered, but Ed still gave the decision against himself in the same conscientious way. He said Ben had licked him fair. It was uncanny the way he took these defeats. No other human being but would of made some little excuse. He came back in another suit and a bit blemished in the face, and said Ben seemed to be getting a fair amount of exercise in spite of his confining office duties; but—mark his words—that indoor work would get him in time. He'd never seen a man yet that could set at a desk all day and keep in shape to resent fighting talk, even from a lighter man by twenty pounds. He said he might have to wait till Ben was general manager, or something; but his day was coming, and it would be nothing for Ben to cheer about when it got here. He now once more drifted out over the high horizon, only one eye being much help to him in seeing the way.

Then Ben come down and had a wholehearted session with me. He said I ought to have a talk with Ed and reason him out of his folly. I said Ed would listen to a number of things, but not to reason. He said he knew it; that the poor coot should be in some good institution right now, where the state could look after him. He said he couldn't answer for the consequences if Ed kept on in this mad way. He said here he was, climbing up in his profession, and yet with this scandal in his private life that might crop out any time and blast his career; and, by doggie, it was a shame! He said it was hanging over him like a doom and sometimes he even woke up in the night and wished he had made a different report about the accident one with a little hysterics or description in it, like this maniac had seemed to crave.

"It ain't that I can't lick him," says Ben—"I've proved that three times; but having to do it every so often, which is beneath the dignity of a high railroad official. I might as well be a common rowdy and be done with it, by doggie! And no telling what will happen if he don't get his mind back. The little devil is an awful scrapper. I noticed it more than ever this last time. One of these times he might get me. He might get me good."

"You better let him, then," I says, "and have it over. That's the only thing which will ever stop him. You take a man that says he was licked fair, but still keeps at it, and he's deadly. Next time he comes along you lay down after making a decent resistance. Then he'll probably be your friend for life, especially if you tell him you been thinking about his accident and it now seems like the most horrible accident that ever happened to man."

It was the most encouragement I could give and he went off gloomy. Ben was certainly one conscientious objector.

Nothing come from Ed for over a year. Then he writes that he has give up the cattle business for good, because Mexico is in a state of downright anarchy and he has been shot through the shoulder. He put it well. He said he had been shot from ambush by a cowardly Mexican and I wouldn't believe how lawless that country was. So now he was going to take up mining in God's own country, where a man could get a square deal if he kept out of railroading. And was Ben keeping up his exercise?

He stayed under the surface for about three years. Neither Ben nor I heard a word from him. I told Ben it was many chances to one that he had gone under at the hands of someone that wanted to keep his cattle or his mine or something. Ben looked solemn and relieved at this suggestion. He said if the Grim Reaper had done its work, well and good! Life was full of danger for the best of us, with people dropping off every day or so; and why should Ed have hoped to be above the common lot?

But the very next week comes a letter from the deceased wanting to know whether Ben has been promoted some more and how he is looking by this time. Is he vigorous and hearty, or does office work seem to be sapping his vitality? It was the same old Ed. He goes on to say that the reason he writes is that the other night in Globe, Arizona, he licked a man in the Miners' Rest saloon that looked enough like Ben to be his twin; not only looked the image of him but had his style of in-fighting. And he had licked him right and made him quit. He said the gent finally fled, going through the little swinging doors with such force that they kept swinging for three minutes afterward. So now is the time for him to come up and have another go at Ben.

Of course he ain't superstitious, but it does seem like Providence has taken this means of pointing out the time to him. But he is in reduced circumstances at this moment, owing to complications it would take too long to explain; so will I lend him about two hundred and fifty dollars to make the trip on? And he will have Ben off his mind forever and be able to settle down to some life work. Just as sane as ever—Ed was.

I sent the letter to Ben, not wishing him to rest in false security. But I wrote Ed firmly that I couldn't see my money's worth in his proposition. I told him Ben was keeping in splendid condition, having the glow of health in his cheeks and a grip like an osteopath, and I'd be darned if I was going to back a three-time loser in the same old fight. I said he wasn't the only sensitive person in the world. I was a little fussy myself about what people might think of my judgment. And I gave him some good advice, which was to forget his nonsense and settle down to something permanent before he died of penury.

He wrote a kind, forgiving answer. He said he couldn't blame me for turning against him after his repeated failures to lick Ben, but his nature was one I should never understand. He said he would amass the money by slow grinding toil, and when he next come North and got through handling Ben I would be the very first to grasp him by the hand and confess that I had wronged him. It was as nutty a letter as Ed ever wrote; which is some tribute. I sent it on to Ben and I believe it was right after that he ordered one of these exercising machines put up in his bedroom, with a book showing how to become a Greek god by pulling the weights five minutes, morning and evening.

But this time come silence so long that I guess even Ben forgot he had a doom hanging above his head by a single hair. I know I did. Let's see. It must of been a good five years before I hear from Ed again. It was another hard-luck letter. He had just worked a whole season for a contractor that blew up and left him with one span of mules in place of his summer's wages; which was a great disappointment, because he had been looking forward to an active reunion with Ben. How was Ben, anyway? And did he show the ravages of time?

And no one had wanted these mules, because they was inferior mules; but when

(Continued on Page 77)

"—young man, don't ever offer substitutes to my customers—

I've been thirty years on this corner and I've built my business by giving my customers what they ask for. That man you just waited on has been buying Cinco Cigars over this counter for 18 years. He says a good word for me on every occasion. He has sent many a customer to me. He boasts about the good condition in which I keep my cigars. Don't drive away customers who ask for Cinco by offering them some other brand on which we may make a small temporary extra profit. You will be selling Cinco long after these 'flash in the pan' brands are dead and buried.

That cigar you tried to sell him is all right for any one who *asks* for it, but it won't do for a Cinco smoker. I make a little less profit per box on Cinco, but I sell four boxes while I'm selling one box of the others.

You know, my boy, these Cinco smokers have been trained to good tobacco. They are the wisest customers that come into this store. You know there is more Havana tobacco in Cinco than in any other cigar sold at anywhere near the price, and Cinco smokers know it, too. They seem to have a set rule:

STICK TO Cinco - IT'S SAFE

OTTO EISENLOHR & BROS. INCORPORATED PHILADELPHIA Established 1850

Borden's Evaporated Milk

More Milk—Less Meat in Summer's Heat

Your diet in summer should be light and easy to digest. But it must continue to be nourishing. Use more milk and less meat.

Fresh vegetables prepared with *Borden's* Evaporated Milk form a sustaining summer diet that has the additional advantage of being economical. *Borden's* Evaporated Milk re-inforces each dish in which it is used with the nutritive value of pure, rich milk—the most complete food known to Nature—the food that supplies needed energy and sustains strength.

It is important that you be careful to select *Borden's* Evaporated Milk. The name *Borden's* is much more than a mere trademark. It is a guarantee of purity and quality—a guarantee supported by the experience of more than sixty years in the handling, preparation and distribution of milk products.

Wherever a recipe calls for milk use *Borden's* Evaporated Milk. You will find a vegetable dinner, prepared according to my recipe, delicious, nourishing and easy to digest.

Jessica C. Bailey Allen

Specialist in Home Economics Lecturer on Domestic Science

Your grocer has *Borden's* Evaporated Milk. "*Borden's* Recipes" sent free to you on request.

BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK COMPANY
215 Borden Building New York

A Vegetable Dinner

Turn out on a large platter a mould of Spinach Pudding. Place baked stuffed tomatoes, one for each person, at intervals around the mould, interspersed with baked, mashed potato croquettes, spoonfuls of cooked Lima beans and cups fashioned from boiled and hollowed-out turnips filled with creamed peas. Garnish with leaves of [illegible] radish roses, and serve corn on the cob in [illegible].

Spinach Mould

¾ cupful *Borden's* Evaporated Milk diluted with ⅜ cupful boiling water
2 tablespoonfuls barley flour or corn starch
1 teaspoonful salt
¼ teaspoonful pepper
½ cupful grated cheese
4 eggs
2 tablespoonfuls butter substitute
1½ cupfuls cooked spinach, chopped

Melt the bu[illegible]e. Stir in the flour and gradually add the milk and seasonings. Then [illegible] eggs, well beaten. Transfer [illegible] first, then moderate, until firm in [illegible].

(Continued from Page 74)

he was on the point of shooting them to stop their feed bill along come two men that had a prospect over in the Bradshaw Mountains and offered him a one-third interest in it for his span. So he had sawed the mules off onto these poor dubs and told 'em all right about the third interest in their claim, and forget it; but they insisted on his taking it. So he did, and was now working in the B. & B. store at Prescott, selling saddles and jewelry and molasses and canned fruit and lumber, and such things. He didn't care much for the life, but it was neck-meat or nothing with him now.

No wonder these men that cheated him out of his mules had made him take a third interest in their claim! It was now taking all his salary to pay assessments and other expenses on it. But he was trying to trade this third interest off for something that wouldn't be a burden to him; then he should have a chance to put his money by and come up to give Ben what he was sooner or later bound to get if there was a just God in Heaven. He spoke as freshly about Ben as if his trouble had begun the day before. You wouldn't think twelve years had gone by. He was now saying Ben had put a stigma on him. It had got to be a stigma by this time, though he probably hadn't any idea what a stigma really is. He'd read it somewhere.

Then the waves closed over the injured man for about three years more. This time it looked as if he'd gone down for good, stigma and all. Ben thought the same. He said it was a great relief not to be looking forward any more to these brutal affrays that Ed insisted on perpetrating. And high time, too, because he was now in line for general manager, and how would it look for him to be mixed up in brawls?

And everything was serene till the papers broke out into headlines about a big strike made in the Bradshaw Mountains of Arizona by three partners, of whom one was named Steptoe. They seemed to have found all the valuable minerals in that claim of theirs except platinum. Ben tried first to believe it was someone else named Steptoe; but no such luck. We read that a half interest in the property had been sold to an Eastern syndicate for three million dollars and a company organized of which Edward J. Steptoe was president.

"It may be all for the best, anyway," Ben says to me. "Now that he's a big mining man he'll probably have other aims in life than being a thug."

You could see he was hoping to make a separate peace with the new millionaire, who would forget the grudge of his old days when he had to work for what he got, or at least run the risk of getting shot for it. But I wasn't so sure. I reminded Ben that Ed had never yet done anything you'd think a human being would do, so why expect him to begin now, when he had abundant leisure? I advised him to give deep thought to the matter of his defense, and if the battle went against him to withdraw to a position previously prepared, like the war reports say. Ben said a few warm things about Ed, by doggie, that no cousin ought to say of another cousin, and went off, hoping against hope.

And, sure enough, Ed came promptly to the front. It seems he waited only long enough to get a new suit and an assorted lot of the snappiest diamond jewelry he could find. Then he wired me he was coming to right the wrongs of a lifetime. Reaching San Francisco, it occurred to him that he could put it all over Ben in another way that would cut him to the heart; so he there chartered the largest, goldest and most expensive private car on the market, having boudoirs and shower baths and conservatories and ballrooms, and so on; something that would make Ben's dinky little private car look like a nester's shack or a place for a construction gang to bunk in. And in this rolling palace Ed invaded our peaceful country, getting lots of notice. The papers said this new mining millionaire was looking us over with an eye to investment in our rich lands. Little they knew he merely meant to pull off a brutal fist altercation with a prominent railroad official that was somewhat out of condition.

Ben was one worried man, especially after he heard of Ed's private car. It was one thing to lick an ex-brakeman, but entirely different to have an affray with a prominent capitalist that come after you regardless of expense. Furthermore, this was the time for the annual tour of inspection by the officers of the road, and they was now on the way to Ben's division, with him hoping to create a fine impression by showing his miracles of management. And here was Ed, meaning to start something scandalous at sight! No wonder Ben lost his nerve and tried to run out on his antagonist. He was trying to put it off at least till after his officials had come and gone.

So for six days he kept about thirty miles of standard-gauge track between his car and Ed's. Ed would get word that he was at such a station and have his car dropped there, only to find that Ben had gone on. Ed would follow on the next train, or mebbe hire a special engine; and Ben would hide off on some blind spur track. They covered the whole division about three times without clashing, thanks to Ben's superior information bureau; it being no trick at all to keep track of this wheeled apartment house of Ed's.

Ed couldn't understand it at first. Here he'd come up to lick Ben, and Ben was acting queer about it. Ed would send messages every day wanting to know when and where he could have a nice quiet chat with Ben that would not be interfered with by bystanders; and Ben would wire back that his time wasn't his own and company business was keeping him on the jump, but as soon as this rush was over he would arrange an interview; and kind regards, and so on. Or he might say he would be at some station all the following day; which would be a clumsy falsehood, because he was at that moment pulling out, as Ed would find when he got there. The operating department must of thought them a couple of very busy men, wanting so much to meet, yet never seeming able to get together.

Ed got peeved at last by the way Ben was putting him off. It wasn't square and it wasn't businesslike. He had large mining interests in charge and here was Ben acting like he had all summer to devote just to this one little matter. He called Ben's attention to this by telegraph, but Ben continued to be somewhere else from where he said he was going to be.

After a week of this pussy-wants-a-corner stuff Ed got wise that the thing had come to be a mere vulgar chase, and that his private car was hampering him by being so easy to keep track of. So he disguised himself by taking off his diamond ornaments and leaving his private car at Colfax, and started out to stalk Ben as a common private citizen in a day coach. He got results that way, Ben supposing he was still with his car. After a couple of scouting trips up and down the line he gets reliable word that Ben, with his bunch of high officials, is over at Wallace.

So much the better, thinks Ed. It will be fine to have this next disturbance right on the spot where a great wrong was done him fifteen years before. So he starts for Wallace, wiring for his car to follow him there. He'd found this car poor for the bloodhound stuff, but he wanted Ben to have a good look at it and eat his heart out with envy, either before or after what was going to happen to him.

He gets to Wallace on the noon train and finds that Ben with his officials has gone up the cañon, past Burke, on the president's private car, to return in about an hour. After Ed's inquiries the agent kindly wires up to Ben that his cousin from Arizona is waiting for him. Ed spends the time walking round Ben's shabby little private car and sneering at it. He has his plans all made, now that he has run his man to earth. He won't pull anything rough before the officials, but about twenty miles out on the line is a siding with a shipping corral beside it and nothing else in sight but vistas. They'll get an engine to run the two cars out there that night and leave 'em, and everything can be done decently and in order. No hurry and no worry and no scandal.

Ed is just playing the coming fight over in his mind for the fifth time, correcting some of his blows here and there, when he hears a whistle up the cañon and in comes the special. The officials pile off and Ben comes rushing up to Ed with a glad smile and effusive greetings and hearty slaps on the back; and how is everything, old man?—and so on—with a highly worried look lurking just back of it all; and says what rare good luck to find Ed here, because he's the very man they been talking about all the way down from Burke.

Ed says if they come down as fast as he did one time they didn't get a chance to say much about him; but Ben is introducing him to the president of the road and the general manager and the chief engineer

Champion "Minute" Spark Plug Cleaner

How to Clean Spark Plugs Easily and Quickly

The old laborious way was to take the plugs apart, soak the parts in gasoline to soften the carbon, then scrape the carbon off with some sharp instrument.

It was a long, mean job.

Now, you simply half fill the glass tube of the Champion Cleaner with gasoline, screw the spark plug into the socket at the top of the Cleaner, and give it a vigorous shaking.

In less time than it formerly took to get ready, your plugs are more thoroughly cleaned than by the old laborious way—and you have not even soiled your hands.

All garagemen and dealers in auto supplies sell Champion Minute Spark Plug Cleaners.

They come in a neat wooden box that fits conveniently in your tool case.

The price is only seventy-five cents (a dollar in Canada)—get yours today.

Manufactured by the
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401 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
Gentlemen: You claim you can show me how to turn my spare time into dollars. I would like to be shown. Enclosed are my name and address. Let me hear from you.

"BATHASWEET"

A Perfumed Luxury for the Bath. Softens Hard Water Instantly

Make your bath a luxury. Don't bathe in hard water; it roughens and irritates the skin. A spoonful of BATHASWEET in your bath brings the softness of rain water and the fragrance of a thousand flowers. A BATHASWEET bath cools, refreshes and invigorates.

Small size 35c, large size 75c at all Drug and Department Stores, or by mail to Dept. L.

C. S. WELCH COMPANY, NEW YORK, U.S.A.

The IN-GOOD Handy Metal Case

Looks like leather, but is really made of strong, rolled steel. It is absolutely sanitary, can be scoured or washed inside or out and will give a lifetime of service.

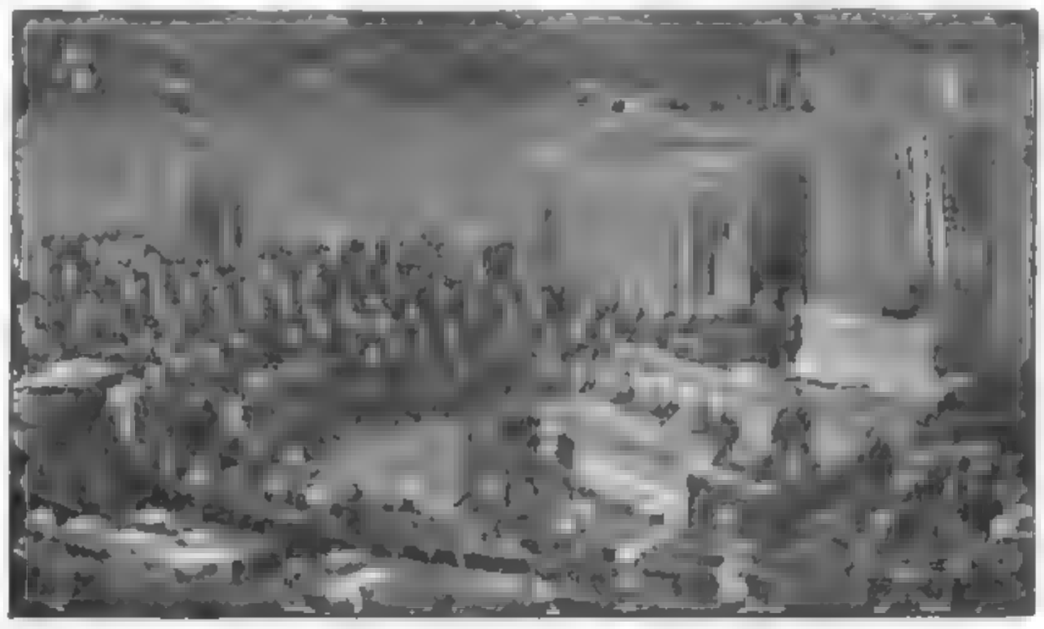
This case is ideal as a tool kit, for carrying wet bathing suits, for picnic lunches, for fishing trips, for mother's use when out with baby and for a hundred other purposes.

If your dealer doesn't carry, send $1.50 (regular price) and we'll mail you one by parcel post immediately.

St. Louis Tin & Sheet Metal Working Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Dealers and Jobbers: This is a Big Seller Write For Proposition

Size, 13" x 9½" x 4"
Weight, 2 lbs. 6 ounces



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Epoch-Marking Scenes

WHEN our President read to the assembled Congress his memorable message leading to the Declaration of War with Germany; when Our Boys on their way to the training camps and the Red Cross Nurses paraded on Fifth Avenue; when the National Army and the Naval Reserve were first reviewed by admiring thousands; when our sturdy Fighters in Khaki marched over Westminster Bridge, London; when they paraded before our French brothers in the streets of Paris—these were events marking a new epoch in our history.

And for you we are marking a new epoch in the history of magazine publishing by giving you, of each of these thrilling events, a wonderful, exclusive photograph in full color in the July issue of

The Ladies' Home Journal

On Sale Now 15c the Copy

and three or four directors, and they all shake hands with him till it seems like quite a reception. The president says is this really the gentleman who has made that last big strike in Arizona! And if it is he knows something still more interesting about him, because he has just listened to a most remarkable tale of his early days as a brakeman on this very line. Their division superintendent has been telling of his terrific drop down the cañon and his incredible flight through the air of three hundred and thirty-five feet.

"How far did he say I was hurled?" says Ed, and the president again says three hundred and thirty-five feet, which was a hundred more than Ed had ever claimed; so he looks over at Ben pretty sharp.

Ben is still talking hurriedly about the historic accident, saying that in all his years of railroad experience he never heard of anything approaching it, and if they will step up the track a piece he will show them just where the cars left the rails. Ben must of done a lot of quick thinking that day. He had the bunch over to see the exact spot, and they all stood and looked over to the ice house and said it was incredible; and a director from Boston said it was perfectly preposterous; really now! And Ben kept on reciting rapidly about the details. He said Ed had come down the seven miles in less than three minutes, which was lopping a minute and a half off the official time; and that when picked up he hadn't a whole bone left in his body, which was also a lie; and that his cousin never could of survived if he hadn't probably had the most marvelous constitution a man was ever endowed with. He then made the bunch go over to the ice house to see the other exact spot, and they looked back to where he started from, and again said it was incredible and preposterous.

I don't know. Mebbe they wouldn't of thought it preposterous that a mere brakeman was hurled that far, but Ed was a capitalist now. Anyway, the president had him into his car for lunch with the party, and they might possibly of got to talking about other things of less importance, but Ben wouldn't have anything else. He made 'em insist that Ed should tell his version of the whole thing; how he felt when the cars started, and how the scenery was blurred, and how his whole past life flashed before him, and the last thing he remembered before he hit the sawdust. And Ben set there looking so proud of Ed, like a mother having her little tot recite something. And when Ed had finally lit, Ben made him tell about his slow recovery. And after Ed got himself well again Ben would go back to the start and ask for more details, such as whether he hadn't wanted to jump off on the way down, or whether he had been conscious while going through the air for nearly four hundred feet.

Ed got little food; but much he cared! He'd come into his own at last. And suddenly he was surprised by finding a warm glow in his heart for Ben, especially after Ben had said for about the third time: "I was certainly a green hand in those days; so green that I didn't begin to realize what a whale of an occurrence this was." Ed was getting a new light on Ben.

After lunch Ed's own car got in from Colfax and he had the party over there for cigars and more talk about himself, which was skillfully led by Ben. Then the president invited Ed to hitch his car on and come along with them for a little trip, and talk over mining and investments, and so on, and what the outlook was in the Southwest. So Ed went with 'em and continued to hear talk of his accident. Ben would bring it up and harp back to it, and bring it forward and sandwich it in whenever the conversation had an open moment. It was either the wild thoughts Ed must of had sliding down the cañon, or the preposterous constitution he had been endowed with, or the greenness of himself for not recognizing it as the prize accident of the ages. And I don't wonder Ben went on that way for the next two days. He knew what a tenacious idiot Ed was, and that he had come miles out of his way to try something he had often tried before. The most he could hope for was to stave off the collision till his officials got away.

And it looked, the second night, like he wasn't going to be able to do even this much. He'd been detecting cold looks from Ed all day, in spite of his putting on another record about the accident every ten minutes or so. They was laid out at some little station, and just before dinner Ed give Ben the office that he wanted a word private with him. Ben thinks to himself it's coming now in spite of all his efforts to smooth it over. But he leaves the car with Ed and they walk a piece up the track, Ben hoping they can make the lee of a freight car before Ed starts his crime of violence. He makes up his mind quick. If Ed jumps him there in the open he will certainly do his best to win the contest. But if he waits till they get this freight car between them and the public, then he will let Ed win the fight and get the scandal out of his life forever.

Ben walks quite briskly, but Ed begins to slow up when they ain't more than a hundred yards from the president's car. Finally Ed stops short.

"The little fool is going to pull the fight here in the open!" thinks Ben; so he gets ready to do his best.

Then Ed says:

"Say, Ben, what's the matter with you, anyway? Are you losing your mind? It ain't so much on my account; I could make allowance for you. But here's these officials of yours, and you want to make a good impression on 'em; instead of which you are making yourself the grandest bore that ever needed strangling for continuous talk on one subject."

Ben didn't get him yet. He says come on up the other side of them freight cars, where they can be more private for their consultation.

Ed says no; this is far enough to tell him for his own good not to be such a bore; an' Ben says how is he a bore?

"A bore?" says Ed. "Why, for forty-eight hours you ain't been able to talk about anything but that stale old accident of mine, and you got me so sick of it I could jump on you every time you begin. You got everybody in the party sick of it. Don't you see how they all try to get away from you? For the Lord's sake, can't you think up something else to talk about now and then—at least for five minutes, just to give your silly chatter a little different flavor? I never been so sick of anything in my life as I am of this everlasting prattle of yours about something that was over and forgotten fifteen long years ago! What's got into you to keep dragging that accident up out of the dead past that way? Anyway, you better cut it out. I have to listen because you're my cousin; but these officials don't. Your next pay check is liable to be your last on this road if you don't think up some other kind of gossip. Darned if it don't seem like you had been getting weak-minded in your old age!"

Ben had got his bearings by this time. He apologized warmly to Ed; he said it was true this magnificent catastrophe had lately taken possession of his mind, but now that he finds Ed is so sensitive about it he'll try to keep it out of his talk, and he hopes Ed won't cherish hard feelings against him.

Ed says no, he won't cherish anything if Ben will only quit his loathsome gushing about the accident; and Ben says he will quit. And so they shook hands on it.

That's the way the feud ended. The champion grudge hoarder of the universe had been dosed to a finish with his own medicine. It showed Ben has a weakness for diplomacy; kind of an iron hand in a velvet glove, or something.

Ed is still a nut, though. There was a piece in a Sunday paper not long ago about this new mining millionaire. He spoke some noble words to the youth of our land. He said young American manhood could still make its fortune in this glorious country of opportunity by strict attention to industry and good habits and honest dealing and native pluck—him that had had these mules forced on him in the first place, and then his interest in this claim forced on him for the mules, and then hadn't been able to get shut of the claim. Ain't it lovely how men will dig up a license to give themselves all credit for hog luck they couldn't help!

Ma Pettengill busied herself with a final cigarette and remarked that she never knew when to stop talking. Some parties did, but not her; and she having to be up and on the way to Horsefly Mountain by six-thirty in the A. M.! Her last apology was for a longing she had not been able to conquer: She couldn't help a debased wish to know how that last fight would of come out.

"Of course it ain't nice to want men to act like the brutes," said the lady. "Still, I can't help wondering: not that I'm inquisitive, but just out of curiosity."

SATIMO

The Vest Pocket Barber Shop

Cut your Hair and Shave With the Same Instrument – SATIMO

Don't argue that it can't be done. It can.

Men would gladly cut their own hair if they had an article with which they could do so properly and quickly.

With SATIMO you can cut your own hair as easily as you shave. You can cut it easily and artistically the very first time you try it THERE IS NO QUESTION ABOUT IT.

Save time and annoyance by using Satimo It is adjustable. It will cut your hair long or short. It does not bite out holes, nor leave patches With Satimo you get a perfect cut at the back and around the ears. The instructions contained in each package are so simple that it is impossible to get anything but a perfect hair cut, in the style you want.

AS FOR SHAVING—Satimo will give you the closest, smoothest shave imaginable, without your having to acquire any "knack" or "angle," without dragging, pulling, leaving soreness, or "after shave" smarting, at whatever angle you hold it, and whether you shave up or down.

SATIMO BLADES are made by the Satimo process. They are not flexible, but are inherently stiff and sturdy, scientifically ground, with a long bevel edge that lasts.

SATIMO COMBINED HAIR CUTTER AND SAFETY RAZOR is packed in a flexible leather case, no bigger than a watch, and will actually fit a vest pocket.

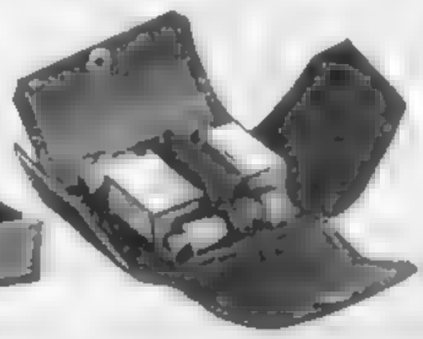
EVERY MAN who prides himself on personal appearance, and who wants a perfect hair cut and shave, should use Satimo Satimo should be supplied to every soldier and sailor as part of his regular equipment. Every man in the service will tell you how difficult it is to get his hair cut

Give your boy Satimo before he goes, or send him one "over there."

Your dealer's supply may not have arrived. If not, ask him to telegraph us at our expense for your Satimo, naming the model and finish you want Show him this advertisement, and we will ship immediately, C. O. D.

If you have any trouble in obtaining through your dealer, write us direct, sending postal or express money order, and we will forward at once.

1 and 2



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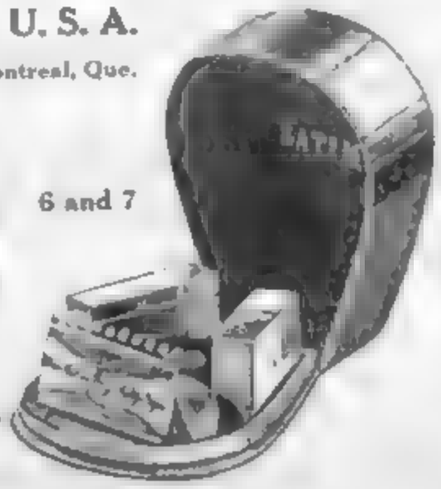

6 and 7

Satimo Corporation

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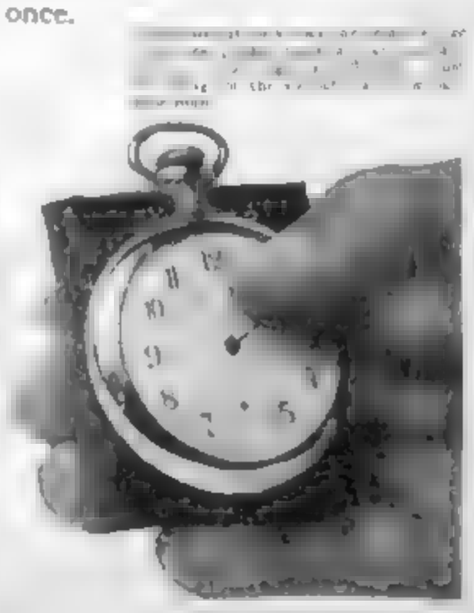
Canadian Sales Office—204 St. James St., Montreal, Que.

Dealers: Write or Wire for Our Proposition

1. Keystone Satimo. Heavy Gold plated. Bright or [illegible] finish. Handsomely lined **Price $7.50**
2. Keystone Satimo, exactly the same as No. 1 but heavily plated in Silver. Bright or Satin finish. **Price $6.00**
3. Vest pocket Satimo in heavy Nickel plate, containing [illegible] blades, packed in flexible leather case, very compact, [illegible] a watch. Especially designed for [illegible] **Price $5.00**
4. [illegible] the same as No. 3 [illegible] Bright or Satin finish. **Price $5.50**
5. [illegible] Satimo, same as No. 3 but heavily Gold plated. Bright or Roman finish. **Price $6.50**
6. Good Luck Satimo, exactly the same as No. 1, only in Brass box, highly polished and lacquered. **Price $7.50**
7. Good Luck Satimo, exactly the same as No. 6, only heavily plated in Silver. Bright or Satin finish. **Price $6.00**



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ITS "punch" and power serve you in the huge **"Exide"** Batteries installed in Central Lighting and Power Stations. Its unfailing strength is back of the service of Electric Mine Locomotives, Industrial Trucks and Tractors and Commercial Electric Vehicles.

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WHERE RED CROSS AND ARMY MEET

(Continued from Page 11)

"Yes," I replied. "The commanding officer, Colonel ——, has promised to wire me when the offensive begins to warm up. He'll send a noncommittal telegram something like this: 'Your presence required.' By which I shall know an attack is on and our men are pouring in. He wanted me to watch the night operating after and during an attack, the ambulance field service and the evacuation of the hospital trains. He said that under stress his surgeons worked sixteen hours at a stretch. I'd hate to be the final wounded soldier in that sixteenth hour!"

The nurse smiled a trifle soberly. "It's terrible," she admitted—"the exhaustion, the let-down after a long strain. And yet you never realize it at the time. There's a kind of intoxication, exaltation—I hardly know what it is—a kind of false strength, almost superhuman, born of the hour, which lifts you clean out of yourself, and you work in a fine crystal-clear absorption, and endure sights and sounds—poor ghastly suffering wrecks of men dreadfully mangled and torn—that in ordinary times would turn you faint with horror. Then, when the crisis is over—you flop. In one of the big Verdun offensives there were more than twenty-eight thousand *grands blessés* passed through one surgical hospital in twenty-five nights. That means in the neighborhood of a thousand operations a night. And every night, coming on, and on, and on!

"That's what they're getting right now in the British hospitals. Think of it! That's what we're in for too. Think of the ambulances bringing in their helpless loads—those long rows upon rows of bandaged figures, some groaning feebly but most of them ominously still, some ghastly pale, some unrecognizable, blood-splashed, all waiting their turn at the operating tables. It's like nothing else on earth. It's like some scene in hell. You see, I was six months in that hospital behind Verdun. For a while I worked in the operating room—all during one attack. And one night the ether gave out ——"

I looked at her, startled. "What did you do?"

"We kept right on!" she replied grimly. "We had, of course, telephoned for an extra supply. Well, it didn't arrive."

"And so you—you operated without ether?" I asked, aghast.

"In cases where we had to operate at once we did. What did the French heroes of the Marne do when their ammunition gave out? Why, they fired blank cartridges and kept on fighting until the British reënforcements came up. And so we used substitutes, local anæsthetics, until the supplies arrived."

The Nurse at the Pearly Gates

"But it's not those things that hit one so hard. It's the trifles, the small unforgetable incidents, maybe only a word or a look or a sigh, that stay in the mind for years—a man in unendurable agony who suddenly gives way and lets out a scream, a high, shrill, air-ripping scream. Or a soldier with the sweat of mortal anguish breaking out on his face who looks up at you—and smiles! Or a boy going in for operation who clings hard to you with his hands and still harder with his eyes, and begs: 'You'll go with me, mees?' Or perhaps another mere boy who has endured a terribly painful operation without ether who looks up at the surgeon at the close and says simply: '*Merci, docteur!*' It's things like that which break the heart. In the end they broke me down."

"I think," said I, "that when a trained nurse who has served behind the lines in a surgical hospital goes up to heaven and Saint Peter, who keeps the keys, says gruffly 'Who goes there? *Halte!* Let's see your *permis de circulation* for this zone,' the nurse will only have to reply 'I was a trained nurse at the Front!' and Saint Peter will fling the gates wide and say: 'Pass, sister, pass! Third grand boulevard on the right. You're the kind that belongs up here!'"

The nurse laughed. "But getting back to surgical dressings," she said, "do you think the Red Cross has enough to see us through a crisis, say as serious as the Verdun affair?"

"Well," I replied, "I can give you the latest figures of the surgical-dressing service. The total number of dressings and accessories received up to date has been 22,000,000. Of these 6,000,000 have already been distributed and 16,000,000 are still on hand for requisition. And of course fresh supplies are pouring in by the million every month. As to cotton and woolen pyjamas and those flannel bed-shawl affairs they call nightingales, it's my belief that there are enough in the warehouses to clothe the entire male population of the globe, with an extra set for the laundry, and after that provide night apparel for all the fish in the sea—they don't need extra sets for the laundry!—and still have some leftovers to pass round to the mermaids. America has been going it hot and heavy on pyjamas for more than a year now, and France is almost snowed under. But as for dressings and surgical supplies, there literally can't be too many."

In the control of military hospitals the Red Cross has nothing more to say than it has with the control of United States troops. The nurses are army nurses, recruited, to be sure, from the regular Red Cross lists, but nevertheless absolutely under military authority. What the Red Cross can and does do is to supplement with extra comforts, rugs, curtains and easy-chairs their extremely bleak and bare barrack dormitories and provide for them rest rooms and convalescent hospitals.

Rough-Handed Helpers

To these women is intrusted the welfare of America's wounded. And next to the direct strain of combat which falls on the soldiers, the heaviest stress comes upon the nurses and surgeons immediately behind the lines who receive and tend the immense backwash of spent forces in war's bloody tide. Everything possible should be done for this modest, selfless, hard-working group of women to render them more efficient.

At present the army ruling is that no women auxiliaries shall work in the wards. This leaves the entire burden of service upon the trained nurses and men auxiliaries many of whom are nothing more nor less than raw, untrained privates impressed from the ranks for hospital duty, who never touched a bandage in their lives. In several cases these untrained doughboys had the entire care of a ward for hours at a time because there were not enough nurses to go round.

Can anyone conceive how pillows were shaken up, a broken leg eased or a crumpled draw sheet smoothed by this awkward squad?

In America at the beginning of the war the cry went up that we should have none but the most highly trained nurses in France to care for our wounded men. Auxiliaries were not good enough because they were not "trained." And yet at the present moment in actual practice one finds able-bodied soldiers serving as auxiliaries in the wards who are greener than the greenest girl in the land. There are two objections to this practice: First, it subtracts directly from the man power of which the Allies have such need; and second, of the two, an untrained woman is more efficient in a sick room than an untrained man. A few men orderlies—not auxiliaries—there must always be, one to a large ward or one to two small wards, but these should be chosen, as are the French military orderlies, from the ranks of those who are physically unfit.

Not long ago, when visiting one of the largest surgical wards in the war zone, almost the first thing the head nurse said to me was this: "Did you write Miss Greenhorn Goes A-Nursing?"

I admitted the crime.

"Well," she burst forth, "I wish you'd write Mister Greenhorn Goes A-Nursing! For compared with him your girl was an angel of efficiency."

"You are in favor of women volunteer aids, then?" I inquired.

"Of course! A certain number of girl aids working under the nurses are of the greatest value. Take, for example, a big surgical ward of perhaps fifty beds, all filled with heavy cases. Why, one single

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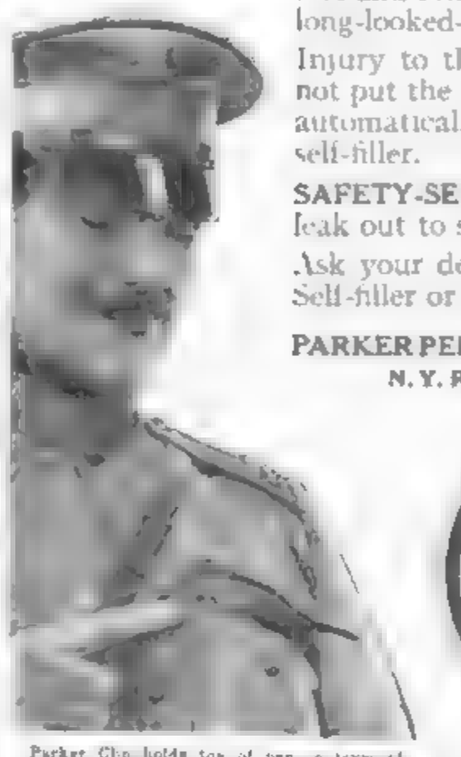

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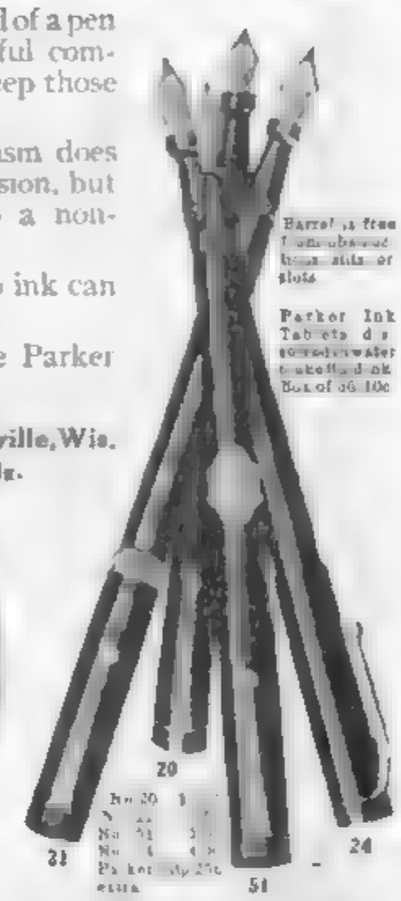
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dressing may consume an hour. Then there's special apparatus to set up, drains to arrange, all the complicated overhead machines for fracture cases, which take the graduate nurse's time. And yet beds must be made, patients washed, and the simple necessary routine of the ward go forward or one gets hopelessly behind. And of the two untrained persons a woman is more amenable, more responsive, than a man. But aside from that there's an undoubted psychic influence which a woman nurse exerts on a sick man. A well soldier may be a big husky independent male animal, taking and giving no odds. A sick soldier is nothing but a child. The years slide away from him like a garment, and he craves women's hands about him as a flower craves the sun—especially after he has come back from out there."

In another hospital this point of view was confirmed and a surgeon exclaimed to me in accents of despair: "Oh, for some nurses' aids!"

"Do you really want some?" I asked.

"Do I really want some!" he repeated, mimicking me ironically. "I should say I really do. I'd give my kingdom for a couple of dozen right now. These gourd-green boobs of doughboys they're palming off on us ——" He broke off to demand eagerly, "Say, do you know where I could get hold of some aids?"

"Plenty of them."

"Then, for the love of heaven ——"

"—— but they're still in America. You know, the medical authorities at Washington put the veto on women aids. 'The Government's agin us'—to use Roosevelt's famous phrase."

Male Nurses Not Popular

"But they give us raw, untrained soldiers, who ought to be in the trenches handling a bayonet instead of a thermometer?"

"Yes."

"And they use American girls in French military hospitals for aids?"

"Yes."

"And English girls—C. A. D.'s—in British hospitals?"

"Yes."

"And undoubtedly we're mighty short on man power right now?"

"Lloyd George says so."

"And do you know that there's a whole American hospital unit at X——, one of the first units that came over, which has an entire staff of orderlies—strong, able-bodied young men, college graduates—who signed on, volunteering their services, simply because they were so keen to cross over and get into the game, and they were assured that they could later transfer into the Army? Now they won't let them go."

"Why?"

"Because they need them. Because they have nobody to take their places. No women aids. Somebody has to make the beds and carry the slops. And those fellows are eating their hearts out with mortification and grief. Women of course could do the work just as well or better. Why don't we have them? Tell me."

"You tell me—and I'll put it in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST."

"All right; I will: It's because at the beginning of the war some eminent elderly boneheads three thousand miles away from the scene of action preordained it should not be. They plotted out a nice little paper scheme beautiful to behold. It had just one small defect—it wouldn't work. Over there they said there was no need for auxiliaries. If they needed them they shouldn't need them; and therefore they mustn't need them. But over here, in actual practice, we've got to have them. They've refused us women. So perforce we must use men. Untrained gawks who don't know which end up of a thermometer. And in addition, for every man aid we use in hospital we lose a fighting unit from the trenches."

"Just wait," I said consolingly. "The stern logic of events is going to change all that. And soon, soon!"

"But in the meantime what shall I do with these Mister Greenhorns?"

I left him wrestling with the problem. It seems, however, inevitable that in the near future the army regulations will be modified in this particular, and that American military hospitals, like those of the French and the British, will have women volunteer aids on their staffs. In that case the aids will be provided by the Red Cross, but subject absolutely to military discipline.

Into the army hospitals the Red Cross enters as a comforting human agent to wounded men. It supplies them with extra delicacies from its diet kitchens and farms; supplies them also with recreation rooms for the convalescents; with gay, cheerful "sunshine wards" for the depressed pathological cases or those suffering from shell shock; with pianos, phonographs and film service. It is the source of supplies for all those small luxuries which, though not strictly necessary, none the less make sick life more comfortable and hardships more endurable.

Especially in this war, wherein the shipping problem is and must always remain very acute, the regular Army cannot pretend to carry things which the Red Cross is able to carry and should legitimately do so. Its supplies are all for the wounded and their care or for the preservation of the lives and the amelioration of the existence of troops, rather than the death-dealing materials which military necessity causes to predominate in army supplies.

As our men are brigaded more and more with French or with British forces and shifted here and there according to need, it is evident that the Red Cross will be called on to extend its human services to the individual soldier. For the American who falls in the trench or on the battlefield must of necessity be carried to the nearest hospital, which will be French or British as the case may be. Already scores of Americans are lying scattered here and there in French hospitals in which rarely an English word is heard. It is hard that a man should lie wounded in a far, strange land—just how hard, how lonely and passing desolate only a wounded, homesick soldier can tell. Recently a warm-hearted Westerner, scouting through a series of French hospitals on the lookout for just such cases, ran across a soldier, a boy—for he was scarcely more than that—a sick, depressed, downhearted kid. And when Mr. A—— clapped him on the shoulder and said "Well, buddy, what cheer? How are you making it, anyhow?" tears gushed from the young soldier's eyes. He dashed them away with the back of his hand.

"My God," he said brokenly, "it's good to hear real American talk once more! I've been here six weeks without hardly opening my head. I can't savvy that French powwow. It's too deep for me." And he clung to Mr. A——'s hand, and he hung upon his words with bright wistful eyes, beseeching as those of a dog; and every time the Westerner made a move, out would dart the thin restraining hand. "Not yet. Please don't go yet! You don't realize how fine this is. Guess I'll get some sleep to-night."

Trench Fever Studied

Aside from what one may call human personal service with army hospitals, and the furnishing to them of dressings and every type and description of interior equipment, drugs and instruments, the Red Cross also operates three military hospitals with a total capacity of nine hundred and eighty beds. These hospitals—one of them the famous American Ambulance at Neuilly, which was started in 1914 by private subscriptions—receive both American and French wounded. In addition to general service one of these hospitals is specializing in research work. For the Red Cross has one great advantage—it can experiment in coöperation with the Army to try out new methods on a small or on a large scale, whereas the Army must use what it knows it can rely on and in active war cannot spend the time on experimentation.

For instance, the Red Cross has agreed to furnish the Army nitrous-oxide and oxygen gas for anæsthetics. As late as within the last year scientific experimentation has conclusively proved that this gas does not injure the severely wounded in surgical shock as do chloroform and ether. In addition it has already been clearly shown that the severely wounded in abdominal cases can be operated under nitrous-oxide anæsthesia with a seventy per cent recovery as against fifty per cent under ether. The Red Cross therefore has an opportunity to save twenty per cent more of some of our severely wounded soldiers. It has undertaken to produce this gas and is now experimenting with the problem of the transport of the heavy steel cylinder containers, as well as the problem of furnishing it at the right time, at the right place, in a constantly sufficient supply. In order to insure prompt delivery it has a plant that can produce ten thousand gallons a day, and another on the way from America with a fifteen-thousand-gallon capacity.

Perhaps the most vitally important piece of research work that the Red Cross has conducted so far has been the recent discovery of how trench fever is transmitted. Trench fever, or so-called fever of uncertain origin, is not fatal, but for the last three years it has sent thousands of soldiers from the trenches to the hospitals. And to have this enormous wastage of man power, caused by a steady stream of sick men taken from the fighting ranks with a definite fever which baffled all efforts of control, constituted a serious menace. In some of the British armies it was estimated that it produced almost one-third of the total sickness of the troops.

The Red Cross decided to try some experiments in this field with a view of determining the method of transmission of the disease. After a great many preliminary experiments it became evident that no animals could be infected with the fever—it was a purely human trouble; and accordingly the Red Cross called for sixty-eight volunteers to expose themselves, for the sake of the cause, to trench-fever inoculation. It will be recalled that it was in like fashion, through the inoculation of living subjects who willingly gave themselves as volunteers, that yellow fever, that former dread scourge of armies, was overcome. That was in Cuba under General Gorgas, and the mosquito was proved to be the guilty party that carried the disease.

Shimmy Lizards' Hosts

But it was not a mosquito that was under suspicion this time. It was that small ubiquitous animal of the trenches known to the soldiers as a "shimmy lizard" or "seam squirrel" from its love of those particular portions of attire.

As is the case in every ugly, dirty or dangerous business calling for grit where volunteers are wanted, a far greater number came forward than could be used. Out of these, sixty-eight were selected and duly infected; and the experimentation began. The initiation of the work was under the auspices of the Red Cross, which also financed and engineered the scheme; but after that the French, British and American Armies participated in the affair, loaning men, medical experts and laboratories for the investigation of this important problem. How the sixty-eight American doughboys bore it is told by one of the members of the research committee.

"I cannot speak too highly of these volunteers," he said. "They were subjected first of all to a strict surveillance and to a severe regimen. Then, after going through the unpleasant duty of being host to a number of trench lice, they had to await with all patience the attack of a disease known to cause great pain. But every soldier was more than willing to endure all this for the sake of his fellow comrades. Trials were borne without a murmur save among those in whom the fever was laggard in manifesting itself. One of these expectant soldiers was even so cheerful that he exclaimed, 'I wish the blamed thing would begin to work so I could go over to the hospital and get outside some of those good poached eggs!'"

Now to be host to a colony of lice is not the gayest life in the world. The very idea, as a private remarked, "makes you sort of scrooge." One day, under violent bombardment, an American in a grenade squad felt a sharp dig of pain at the base of his neck, and suspecting the culprit he bent down his head, reached back a hand and unerringly gripped the tiny offender between a finger and thumb. At the same instant a large-size piece of shrapnel whizzed through the atmosphere at the precise spot which the soldier's head had occupied when he was standing erect. He straightened himself, regarded the young savior of his life with grim amusement and exclaimed: "Well, you durned little shimmy lizard! I can't give you the Croix de Guerre for saving my life, but I can sure save yours and we'll call it an even break."

Saying which he carefully restored the little beast to the spot where he had found it. That, however, is the sole case on official record where one of these guests has been regarded with gratitude.

The experiments were completely successful. They proved that trench fever is a specific clinical entity, differing from all

(Continued on Page 85)

Columbia Grafonola

Yankee Doodle

From Valley Forge to France, American armies have always sung their way to victory. The American soldier has always been a singing soldier—whether he wore the blue and buff of the Continentals or the brown khaki of the boys "Over There." Today in camp and cantonment, in trench and dugout, between decks on the big, gray battleships and in cramped quarters of swift destroyers, the Columbia Grafonola is playing our boys into action with good cheer in their hearts and a song on their lips.

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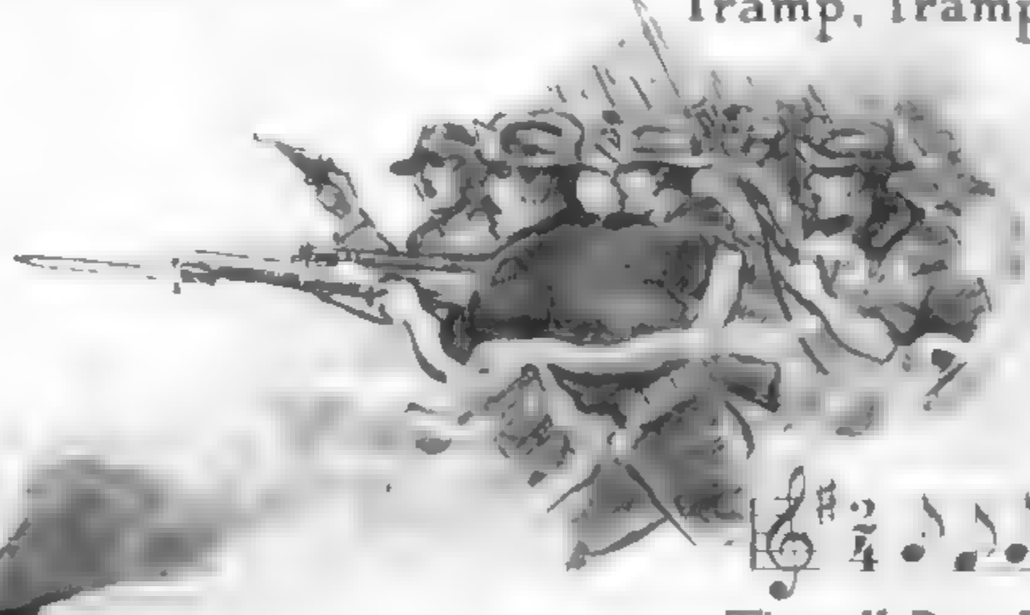

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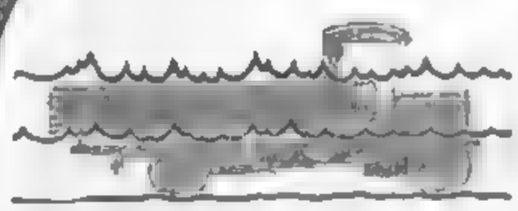

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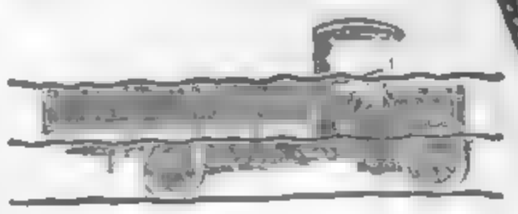

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Sterling Tires

TRADE MARK

CORD AND FABRIC TYPES

(Continued from Page 82)

other fevers, and that it is undoubtedly transmitted by the bite of body lice. That conclusion once established, a lively campaign of extermination was immediately begun.

All old uniforms were cleaned and subjected to an extremely high temperature, which destroys the pests; and bathing plants were established for the men. By these means it is now felt that this particular menace is fairly under control.

Perhaps one of the most direct and effective forms of assistance that the Red Cross renders the Army is feeding large bodies of troops in movement through danger zones where they may not linger, or light fires in their traveling kitchens on account of the sparks, or even gather in groups for fear of drawing the enemy's fire. The Red Cross canteen service is now in operation throughout the front-line American trenches on the Lorraine sector. The men going up for relief from their rest billets stop on their way in the twilight for a draught of hot bouillon, or coffee, or chocolate, and pass on. Then the big marmites containing one hundred rations are loaded into the ambulances and delivered to certain designated companies who are holding the first line.

When there is to be a rush hour—that is, when large bodies of troops pass through by night—warning is sent by telephone to prepare for five hundred, a thousand, two thousand, five thousand men en route. Then indeed the cook begins to stoke his stove! For everything must be in absolute readiness and in sufficient quantities when that silent moving mass emerges out of the dark.

Suddenly, in the blink of an eye, where an instant before the night was seemingly void to the horizon, they appear. They pass in single file, silent, swift, for there must be no clamor, no arrest or clotting of the line. Each one has his cup out, receives his drink, and is swallowed up in the gloom. What the canteener sees, the picture that is stamped with all the clearness, the intensity of a die upon his brain, is not the long silent file of marching troops, but an endless succession of hands. These dark flitting forms are the defenders of civilization, but to the canteener within his small arc of light it seems like a vast night procession of hands. Big hands, little hands, fat hands, lean, energetic hands, delicate, fastidious hands, coarse, greedy hands, spendthrift hands, ascetic hands, thick, primitive, passionate hands, philosophic hands, artistic hands—a Michelangelo world of hands!

Reconstruction Work

It is one of the advantages of the Red Cross that it is a supple emergency organization in comparison with the vast, slow-moving, tape-fettered mechanism of the Army, and can shift its weight swiftly, so to speak, from the civil to the military field without loss of energy, as the occasion demands.

This was at no time better exhibited than at the commencement of the present great offensive in March, 1918, when the Germans, with their much boasted battering-ram maneuver, thrust back the British Army and regained much of the devastated territory they had retreated from in March, 1917 exactly a year before.

There have always been two opinions about the value of extensive reconstruction work in a devastated area so near the battle line that any sudden bulge in the salient, any sudden fluctuation of the line, means a flowing back of enemy forces over the reclaimed land. To put money and energy into such a hazardous enterprise seems from a materialistic or financial point of view a sheer waste. Why not wait until after the war, demands the solid conservative citizen. And at first glance it would seem as if he had reason on his side. Money is the sinews of war and to expend it on a long hazard might seem at this critical juncture a piece of foolishness almost amounting to crime.

But sometimes it chances that a scheme—or a human relationship—that seems crazy, irrational, utterly untenable from the outside reveals an inner concord that brings forth the very best fruits of success. There is some fine, intangible, spiritual coördination that has escaped the casual eye. In the famous swords of Toledo it was not the amount of solid steel, but the presence of that inner, invisible something called temper which rendered them such terrible fighting blades.

In this particular situation the enterprise was worth while in spite of its unstable, superficial aspects, on account of the deep abiding passion the French peasant has for his land. To uproot him from his native soil is as disastrous as to uproot an ancient tree. To violate his fields and destroy his crops are second only to the desecration of his womanhood. It outrages the same profound and sacred instinct for life. It first stupefies, astounds, and then turns the peasant into a savage, smoldering devil, ready for any violent primitive reprisal.

This primordial fixed instinct for the conservation of the life in the ground was revealed by a certain transaction that took place between a peasant and a purchasing agent of the American Expeditionary Forces. It became necessary to buy a strip of territory for the right of way of an American railroad. The peasant owner asked the agent what seemed to the latter an exorbitant price, but necessity forced him to accept. The fact was the peasant had set this fantastic price simply in order to be rid of the persistent, nosing stranger. The last thing he desired was to sell his beloved land, which had been in his family for untold generations. So he higgled and haggled over the terms and tried in every fashion to wriggle out of the hateful deal, but the agent held him relentlessly to his word. The deeds were signed.

The Peasant's Wrath

A few days later, preparatory to laying the tracks, surveyors began to trample down the tender sprouting green of the newly acquired field. The old peasant came out after them in a fury, like a savage bull pup after a tramp.

"Get off that land!" he yelled, apoplectic with rage. "Name of thousand sacred pigs, can't you see the crop is in? Imbeciles! Sons of generations of she-camels—get out of there, I say!"

And they got! They fled before his unintelligible wrath like leaves before the blast. The agent was called in.

"I don't know what's biting the old coot," confessed one of the surveyors. The peasant stood glowering, fingering his smock with his gnarled hands.

"Look here," growled the agent, puzzled and angry, "didn't you sell me that parcel of ground?"

"Yes, but ——"

"Then it's mine, isn't it?"

"Surely—but ——"

"All right. If it's mine I'm going to do what I like with it—see?" The interpreter translated.

"But—but," burst forth the old peasant, incredulous with horror, "monsieur does not comprehend. The crops are in. I say the crops are in. Surely the monsieur will wait until after harvest ——"

"Surely I won't!" broke in the agent. "I bought the crops along with the ground, didn't I? They're mine?"

"But certainly! It is not that," stammered the peasant. "It is that the crops will be destroyed. You understand, monsieur, they will be destroyed." Then, seeing the agent still looked baffled, he suddenly cried violently: "*Pah! Comprends pas! Nom de Dieu*, he is a dirty imbecile too!"

And the old fellow stamped away, tears of passion and despair for his despoiled field standing in his eyes.

Conceive the grief and rage of this one peasant multiplied by a thousand, ten, twenty thousand, and one has an idea of the smoldering, passionate, sullen temper of the dispossessed peasants of Northern France. They did not reason or philosophise over the situation. Simply, they wanted their ground to till. The horrible violation of the innocent land wrought a havoc within them; it turned their souls upside down. They were close to revolution. To them the spirit of the springtime, the rebirth of the seasons, were forces to which they rendered obedience with the very inmost fibers of their beings. Thus, to reunite the peasant to his soil, to set him again plowing and planting, even within sound of the enemy's guns—what did he care for those rotten pigs of guns, save when they squashed his smiling fields?—was to set his nature right side up and release him from dim but violent anarchies. This made the enterprise a sound proposition. And it is true that as the villages began to be restored and the land to yield little by little to the ministrations of these patient, persistent toilers the morale of all Northern France took a decided turn for the better.

Ready-Made Farms

FOR years Western land colonization has been a national disgrace. Grafting land companies have picked the pockets of their buyers and left them to starve. The Government has sold land to homesteaders on better terms, but has thereupon abandoned them to their fate.

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Where is this paradise? Well, there's an article in this week's issue of THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN that tells all about it.

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The Livestock Tangle in France
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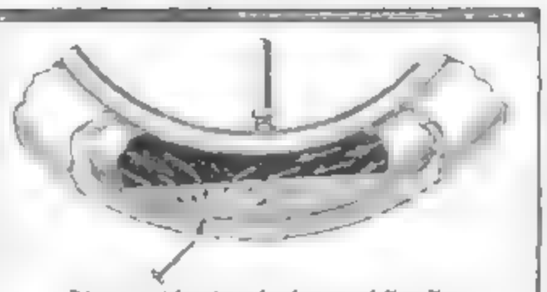

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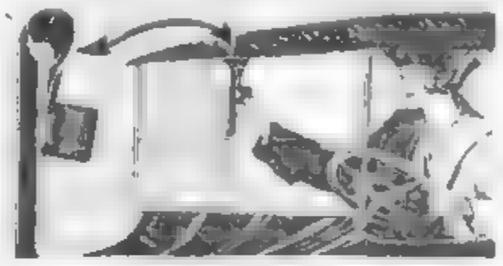

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Numerous American societies became responsible for certain sections and villages. There was the Quaker Unit, the American Fund for French Wounded, the Smith Unit, the Secours d'Urgence; and behind all these, like a godfather, stood the Red Cross, assimilating their various efforts and giving aid to them all.

Big warehouses were established at Nesle, Ham and Noyon—now all lost—and from these supply depots issued every conceivable kind of farming machinery, seeds, livestock and household furniture needed for starting the natives afresh. So close and tender was the friendly tie between the American workers and the peasants that the former were affectionately nicknamed "the little fathers."

In addition to these separate relief organizations there was an important movement to organize agricultural coöperative societies in the devastated region. Almost one hundred associations of this nature were already in existence. The French Government rented them American tractor plows, and the Red Cross bought them flocks of sheep and quantities of trees and seeds. The British had cultivated about twenty thousand hectares of grain and potatoes, and in every hamlet where the poilus were *en repos* they assisted the inhabitants to patch up the broken ruins and to till the despoiled fields.

The March Drive

Thus with the oncoming of the spring of 1918 the havoc wrought by the Germans in 1917 was slowly being wiped out. The face of Nature, mutilated, ghastly, was beginning again to smile. Poisoned wells had been cleaned, canals drained of filth, orchards replanted, the scarred and burned uplands tilled. Cows lowed in the rich meadows; slow-moving oxen with their plow-women could be seen silhouetted against soft horizon lines; chickens ruffled their feathers in the dust of the road; rabbits poked twitching noses from their hutches; doves cooed from the housetops; geraniums glowed from the window sills. By the footpaths gleamed purple violets and those delicate white closed buds which the French call "drops of milk"; on the breeze was wafted the scent of cherry blossoms; and over the entire landscape hung a fine shimmering gossamer mist of living green. The battered and bruised body of Nature was not dead; under the tender healing hands of the simple peasants it had come alive. And better than that, the inhabitants had come alive too. They brooded no longer. They were tranquil, sober, sane. That was in mid-March.

Then with the suddenness of lightning out of a clear sky came the bolt. A year from the time they had evacuated the region the Germans swept again in a deluging flood over the land. In three days they retook everything they had surrendered the year before. At the beginning the British Army presented an almost perpendicular line from north to south. It had recently taken over a section of the French Front to the south, and accordingly at that point it was somewhat strung out, like a piece of elastic stretched thin. In addition, where the British and French troops joined, they were not interwoven like the strongly linked fingers of two hands, but rather like the knuckles of two closed fists placed joint to joint.

And it was at precisely this vulnerable point that the Germans brought to bear their formidable, massed, shoulder-to-shoulder battering-ram blow. Conceiving that north-and-south line of the British Army as the radius of a circle whose center was the weak point where the French and English met, the German battering ram forced that radius steadily westward, so that the second day of attack, instead of lying due north and south, it had been pushed west to an angle of forty-five degrees. And the third day it lay exactly east and west! All the intervening angle had been recaptured by the Germans. It was exactly the same territory that had been ravaged before. The same old men and women, the same excited, terrified little children. There lacked only the strong middle-aged women and men whom the Germans had sent into slavery.

And now, under that terrific pressure which constantly thrust the protecting wall of the British Army back and still farther back, began another hurried exodus, in some respects even more bitter and tragic than the first, yet ameliorated by an orderliness, a discipline, a humane control which the other of necessity lacked. For all the various relief units joined together under the leadership of the Red Cross field commandant, a man who had gone through the horrors of the Belgian invasion and the Italian debacle. And he in turn was under the British Army. So now in the flash of an eye the civilian department of the Red Cross in the field transformed itself into a purely military machine for evacuating the population which had come under fire. American girls in camions collected the old, the sick, the babies, and drove them to the nearest railheads.

"God in heaven, I can't leave my rabbits behind for those defiled brutes of boches!" moaned an old dame.

"Take them along, *grand'mère!*" cried the young college girl who had had this village under her special care. "Chuck them in and hurry up!"

So in went the rabbits, the geese, the babies, the feather beds, the copper pots and pans, the old man and the old woman into the camion; and the girl drove out of one end of the village just as the advance German patrol sent a patter of bullets into the other end.

The Red Cross camions also were busy evacuating the population and their goods. And it was noticeable that even in this time of panic the same deep instinct for the conservation of the life of the land prevailed. Carefully the peasants made detours round the sprouting plats of green; softly they stepped between the vegetable rows.

Let the barbarians destroy all this vivid life if they would. To the French peasants that soil was sacred.

I asked Major Hunt, field commandant of the Red Cross, who organized the work of all the relief organizations during the crisis, what were his impressions of this, the third big flood of refugees he had seen.

"From the human side," said he, "an evacuation is and always will be indescribable. This one was a vast lava flow of men, materials and animals. Every little country lane, every high road was jammed with the endless lines of camions moving back the aviation camps, pulling out immense guns, salvaging military supplies of all sorts, and at the same time removing the civilians and their pathetic little possessions. The immense importance of the agricultural work in the devastated district was symbolized by the presence of batteries of American tractor plows shuffling along in the midst of convoys of camions, and by the yokes of oxen or teams of horses pulling out plows, drills, cultivators, disk harrows, reapers and binders. Civilians came away in every conceivable vehicle, in wheelbarrows, in baby carriages, in little dogcarts, in farm wagons; but most of them came on foot, walking in the ditches beside the long lines of troops. Roads were as dusty as in midsummer. Every tree, every blade of grass by the wayside was white with the fine powder churned up by innumerable wheels and feet. They were spectral in the dusk."

The Great Retreat

"The soldiers in their grim calmness and the refugees in their weak misery passed each other on the roads, the one group moving forward to stop the invaders, the other fleeing back to where they were shortly met by their new friends, men and women whom they had come to love and trust, the American workers in the field. The fugitives carried as best they could their valuables, seeking safety; and the young strong men of their race, the soldiers, bearing heavy equipment, went quietly forward toward the maelstrom. It was like some medieval pageant, for both those coming and those going, the weak and the strong, the dazed and the keen, all bore spring flowers, yellow daffodils or pale anemones which they had gathered as they went along.

"One saw brown Chinese coolies with their scanty possessions slung in odd sacks on their backs; whole regiments of Italian soldier laborers; vast swarms of Moroccans who had been working on the roads or in the villages; little doll-like Annamites who had driven camions and worked about the camps; Portuguese; British troops of every conceivable description; the horizon-blue-clad soldiers of France—infantry, artillery and cavalry.

"On the third day of the attack the relief force from Arras was at Amiens. The relief staff from Ham, Nesle and Grecourt, with the Society of Friends, was at Montdidier. A small stock of supplies hastily sent from Noyon was at Lassigny. Then Noyon itself came under the guns and was the scene of feverish activity. Here, as everywhere else, American Red Cross passenger cars and motor trucks were evacuating civilians and their goods under the general direction of the British officers and the French *sous-préfet* of the Department of the Oise.

"Between the third and fourth days of the battle, Montdidier, Lassigny and Noyon had to be evacuated, and on the fifth day Amiens came within range of the guns and more than fifty thousand left the city and streamed out onto the roads. During the whole of the evacuation a motor-courier service kept every part of the organization in touch with the rest and preserved absolute unity of direction.

"The American Red Cross during this time had chiefly served civilians, though more than one of its trucks, with mattresses placed at the bottom to prevent too much jolting, had gone back and forth again and again, hauling out wounded Tommies and wounded Americans. A portable kitchen, installed on the exact spot at Compiègne where Joan of Arc was captured, provided tea, coffee and other refreshments to ten thousand soldiers and civilians daily. These Red Cross canteens were extended throughout the district, and the total number of soldiers alone served a day reached an average of more than twenty thousand."

In and Going Strong

"A Red Cross delegate at Niort supplied milk, at an hour's notice, to four hundred people who had been without food for many hours. Another delegate announced the arrival of a convoy of five hundred and seventy-six at Castelnaudary. 'Two hundred and fifty of these,' said he, 'are citizens of Péronne, who are all here together with the mayor. They tell me that New York City in America has been made *marraine* to Péronne, and they are all looking to me as a representative of the American Red Cross, and therefore of New York, to act as a proper godmother! It is the second time that they have been evacuated, and they are very anxious to remain together. The town of Péronne was decorated some time ago for bravery and its citizens carried their emblem with them. The mayor, who insisted on following his people and remaining with them, thanked the American Red Cross in my person for its willingness to help, and decorated me with the arms of Péronne!

"The Red Cross stores at Ham, Nesle and Lassigny had been lavishly used for the benefit of the British and French troops. When the warehouses were finally given up there remained in them only a few heavy things such as stoves, which could not be carried off or used on the spot, and some small stocks of civilian clothes. In dollars and cents or in tons and pounds the Red Cross lost little in the evacuation, and it saved every man and woman of its personnel and every vehicle belonging to its motor transport except one broken-down truck which it had to abandon at Montdidier."

This is the briefest summary of the Red Cross activities at the beginning of the March offensive, when for a week nobody knew in the field just how the tide was going to swing. In that crisis the Red Cross came directly under the control of the British Army, acting, so to speak, as an extra regiment and performing purely military functions. The workers labored twenty-four hours a day under the incessant roar of the guns.

I met one of these workers returning after a week at Compiègne. He was the ex-commissioner of Italy. He looked spent, gray with fatigue, and yet lighted up with a kind of triumph, a gayety which seems to be an attribute of those who serve in cyclone centers.

"You're tired out," said I.

"Not on your life I'm not!" he retorted. "I've not slept for a week or changed my clothes, and I'm feeling fine. I'm only here to report, and I take the night train back to Compiègne. At last, at last America's in this fight and going strong!"

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Hand Tools—Forgings—Drop Hammers

THE FIRE FLINGERS

(Continued from Page 17)

"I've been trying to tell you, sir. We haven't money enough in the bank to pay off the men Saturday. Neither here nor in Chicago. In either bank account, sir. Then there's that call loan; that has to be paid."

"Make some collections."

"I have already collected very close, sir."

"This business is solvent, isn't it?"

The secretary smiled deprecatingly.

"It was, the first of the month. Certainly! But our bank balance has fallen off since then."

"What is our bank balance?"

"Our balance at the First National in Chicago is under a hundred and fifty. At the bank here it's only thirty-odd."

Richard's grayish-brown eyes seemed to narrow as the subject took hold upon his attention.

"I forgot what balance we ought to carry."

"Two weeks ago our First National balance ——"

Richard interrupted him.

"Never mind that now! Can you get in enough money to-day to take me to Washington? I'll need a hundred dollars."

"I don't think so," said Stoll. "Our finances ——"

"I know. We're poor and need money. I've never known the time when I didn't need money, Stoll." He walked to the window. "Have you?" he asked. "Have you?"

"Yes, sir."

"When, Stoll?"

"Two weeks ago our Chicago balance was sixty-odd thousand."

Richard wheeled, his interest of a sudden completely engaged.

"What!" he cried. He walked toward Stoll. "Say that again!"

"Sixty-odd thousand dollars," repeated Stoll.

"What has become of it?"

"You drew it out, sir."

"I did?"

"If you would try and remember ——"

"I drew out sixty thousand dollars? In cash?"

"More than that."

"Why didn't you say so?"

"I've been trying to, sir, all the morning. And you had over fifty-five thousand in your private account."

"Fifty-five thousand dollars in my private account? And I drew that out too?"

"All but eighty-seven dollars."

Richard remembered the words of Maggie Driver. He was to have joined her with money enough to last them the rest of their lives, she had said. All he could beg, borrow or steal, she had said.

"When did I draw out the sixty-odd thousand dollars from our business account?" he asked after a pause.

"The Saturday before you were hurt."

"Was it—my money?"

"Certainly! You're the owner of the business."

"When did I draw from my private account?"

"The same day. Besides that, you had sold some stock, and an option on some timberland, and I don't know how much else, without banking the money. Anyhow, I can't trace it."

"Over one hundred and twenty thousand dollars in cash!"

"Over two hundred thousand, counting the money you didn't bank."

"Enough to fill a trunk!"

"Only a small parcel, sir. All in very large bills. I telephoned in and inquired. You see, I didn't know how badly you were hurt. You must have wanted it to put through some cash deal or other, but I can't find any papers telling what."

Richard walked thoughtfully to his desk, where he stood for a moment pondering.

"Are you sure I had it, Stoll?"

"Oh, you had it!"

"Had I been—drinking?"

"Not enough to make you—heavy."

"Two hundred thousand dollars in cash! I can't believe it, Stoll! What would a man buy requiring that amount in cash, where a certified check wouldn't answer?"

"What else would you want it for?"

"We must find out what I did with that money!"

He began hurriedly looking through the various compartments of the desk, forgetting that he had just examined their contents.

"Did you try the safe?"

"I looked, and it isn't in the safe. Maybe you hid it"

"That's it! I hid it."

"Or you may have sent it to another city."

"I must have done so."

"I might call and inquire at the express office whether you sent off any package."

"A good idea! And I'll look here."

Richard crossed and began searching the drawers of the table.

"I've been through those drawers, sir."

"Where else could I have put it?"

"I suggest that if you would try and remember ——"

"I would if I could, Stoll."

"I suggest that if you would sit down quietly and try and think, it might come to you."

"Thinking about money is distasteful to me," said Richard, seating himself at his desk.

He could not, of course, hope to remember what he never knew, but he might try to imagine Olwell's actions. Where would Olwell have concealed a package containing two hundred thousand dollars in currency?

He began with Monday morning when he first saw the man. Olwell must have had the money with him then. And he must have had the money with him when he discharged them; or if not with him he had it where he could lay his hands upon it. The same was true of Monday night. When Olwell entered his house he must have had the money with him or near him.

He tried to think back to what Maggie Driver had said. He only remembered that she had spoken of a sum of money, that she thought it was a large sum, that she had not seen it.

Olwell had come down from upstairs with topcoat, hat and grip, ready to leave; it was plain that he would not have left a sum of money behind him upstairs. He had not placed it in his grip—Richard had twice been through it and knew its contents to the last toothbrush. He had not placed it in his overcoat pocket—Richard had searched every pocket carefully before allowing Chris to wear it. He had not placed it in his hat—Richard had examined it for marks of identification, and besides there was no room. Neither had he placed it in a pocket of his suit—the first thing Richard had done was to examine these pockets for papers and articles of value.

But if not here, then where?

One possibility was Maggie Driver. Olwell might have given her the money to care for. Richard smiled at the thought. He did not need to assure himself that Olwell never would have left two hundred thousand dollars in cash with Miss Driver. Besides, Maggie's own words indicated that he had not. She had stormed at Richard, thinking him Olwell, because he had not brought the money. And she had remained in town—he had seen her Tuesday afternoon. She would not have remained in town five minutes with one per cent of two hundred thousand dollars in cash.

The only other possibility was the dining room at the house.

"I must have hidden it at the house, Stoll. I'll run out and look. I think under the circumstances it might be wiser not to speak of the loss. The amount is too large."

"I agree with you, sir. Not even to the police!"

XVIII

"YOU look like another man with your beard off; but I'm still calling you Dick."

The cat can afford to be jovial when the mouse has nothing to say.

"I hope we haven't interrupted you."

Chief of Police Burly and Sergeant Powers, standing inside the softly closed door, awaited Richard Hatton's pleasure.

"Chief of Police Burly, sir, and Sergeant Powers," explained Stoll.

Richard pressed his hand to his forehead. He had forgotten the police.

"I was expecting you—but later. Later."

"That's what the old man remarked when Death rapped on the window. But he knew he'd come."

The chief of police laughed—or rather, he made a ghastly chuckling noise down in his throat intended to pass for laughter.

"You've changed your mind! I didn't believe it possible!"

"I had to, Dick."

"And I thought you had me tagged!"

"We'd like to see you alone," said Burly, glancing significantly at Stoll.

The moment Stoll was out of the room the chief, still chuckling, took a bill from his pocket.

"Can you change a fifty, Dick?"

"No."

"I wish you'd look and see," said Burly.

Richard mechanically pulled some change from his pocket.

"Look in your pocketbook."

Hesitating for the briefest moment, Richard took Olwell's bill book from his inside coat pocket and opened it.

"Empty," he said.

"Are you sure?"

"Look for yourself!"

Burly did not take the proffered pocketbook; neither did he explain his purpose in asking to see it.

"How much did you think I had?" asked Richard after a moment. "You don't think I'd try to hold out anything on you, do you?"

Burly seemed increasingly amused.

"We'll take that up later. You see, we've learned a good deal about the man who was killed."

"We even know where his clothes came from!" said Powers.

"I've learned something, too!" cried Richard fiercely. "He was a thief and a scoundrel! He deserved all he got—and a good deal more!"

"I suppose you know what we want."

"Yes!" Richard extended his hands. "Put them on!"

"Handcuffs? No, Dick."

Richard crossed the room for his hat and coat, which he donned.

"I'm ready!" he announced. And when Burly remained where he was: "I say I'm ready."

As Richard, wearing his hat and coat, awaited the convenience of the officers, the door again opened and Chris came into the room. When he saw the officers he precipitately withdrew.

"That man was scared. Who was he?"

"Foreman of the job room," reluctantly replied Richard

"A new man?"

"Not especially."

"I've seen him before, somewhere."

"He's the man we picked up at Olwell's house the other night," explained Powers.

"That's where it was! He looked scared, and yet I knew I had him classified as respectable. That's why I couldn't place him. My memory is all for criminals."

Richard turned and faced Burly like an animal at bay.

"I've already told you—if you've come for me—I'm here. But you can't play with me!"

Burly looked at him curiously.

"I've got a few questions I want to put to you, Dick. First, I want you to look over this statement that Powers has prepared, following your statement to him the night of the homicide." He gave Richard a paper. "Read it carefully."

"Oh, I can't read it!"

"Read it!" commanded Burly peremptorily.

Richard took the paper to the window, as if for a better light, where he looked it over nervously.

"Are those the exact facts?" asked the officer.

"Yes."

"All the details are exactly as stated in that paper?"

Richard again glanced nervously at the paper.

"Yes," he said.

"You'll be willing to make oath to that?"

"Yes."

Burly nodded to Powers as if confirmingly.

"Give me the paper, Dick."

Richard handed him the paper and stood expectantly waiting.

"Why don't you take me?"

But Burly only chuckled down in his throat as if still amused.

"Why don't you take me?" repeated Richard.

Burly looked at him without replying.

"Take me! I'm only a human being!"

"You have a wife."

"Oh!" cried Richard.

The satirical reference, as he thought, to Mrs. Olwell caused him to strike out blindly against the instruments that tortured him.

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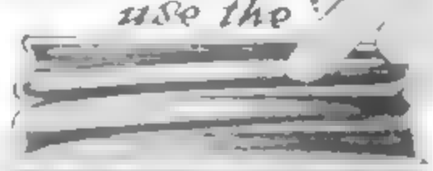

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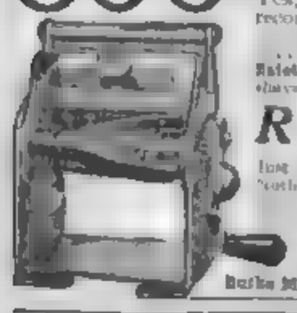

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"I think I see. You're keeping me here so as to confront Mrs. Olwell with a man with blood on his hands. That gentle lady, returning from a kindly errand for her husband—as she thinks! As she thinks!"

"Don't lose your head, Dick," cautioned Burly.

"But you're wrong! There's no blood on my hands!"

"Never mind about that now."

"It's monstrous! I'll not have it! She shall not be made to suffer that unspeakable shock!"

"Cut out the tragedy, Dick!" said Burly with an abrupt change of tone. "What have you done with the money?"

The question brought Richard to his senses.

"I never had the money," he replied quietly.

"No fairy stories, Dick! Give it to me straight. You see, I know."

Winifred Olwell chose this moment for her return to her husband's office, as she called it. She knocked upon the door, and then without waiting for a reply opened it.

"I never had the money," Richard was repeating.

Had the police officers been strangers Winifred would have been startled at finding them in Richard's company. But Chief of Police Burly to her was only her Cousin Benjamin, whose collection of finger prints she was classifying.

"I found it!" she cried to Richard, after a friendly nod to the officers.

Richard automatically removed his hat, but stood silent.

"Don't you care?"

"Have Stoll put it in the safe for you until you can see a lawyer."

"In the safe!"

"Or take it to the bank."

"Why," cried Winifred, "it's at Cutler's, and you're to call and make sure you like it, if you wish to, before they deliver it. It's adjustable in every direction, and has a very pleasing pedestal and shade."

"Oh! The stand lamp."

"What did you think I had found, Dick?"

"A package of papers," replied Richard lamely.

Burly turned upon him in his best inquisitorial manner.

"You did, did you? That's how you never had them, is it? Hid them, did you? And you thought Winnie had found them without knowing!"

Richard shrugged his shoulders.

"It seems she hadn't."

The reference to a package of papers that had been lost and that they had thought she had found awakened in Winifred's mind the recollection that she had in fact brought down a package of papers for Richard. These had been delivered at the house by a boy after his leaving. As she was intending to see Richard at eleven o'clock she had accepted the package and promised the messenger to deliver it.

"I forgot!" she cried. "A package about this wide and this long?"

She indicated a package about the size of a bill book.

"You did find them!" cried Richard.

She crossed to the table, where she opened her hand bag.

"A funny thing! About an hour and a half ago a boy came to the door with a package for Mr. Olwell. I told him I'd see that Mr. Olwell got it. So he left it. And I put it in my hand bag. Are these the papers?"

Richard went to his desk and pressed a call button.

"Have Stoll take care of them!"

"Aren't you going to see if any are missing?" she asked, when Richard did not take the package.

"Not now! Not here!"

"Oh! They're secret papers!"

By this time Stoll had replied to the summons.

"Put these papers in the safe, Stoll. They are for Mrs. Olwell."

Stoll started to cross the room to where Winifred was fingering the package. But Burly interposed.

"Let me have the papers, Winnie."

Winifred by now was conscious of the tension between the officers and Richard.

"No; they belong to my husband," she said, holding them behind her.

"I'd like to see those papers just the same," said the chief of police.

"Put them in the safe!" commanded Richard.

Winifred gave Stoll the package, who started with it for the door.

"Put the papers in the safe, as Mr. Olwell directs."

"Stay where you are!" cried Burly. And as Stoll stopped: "You'd better not wait, Winnie."

"Oh, is that it?"

His remark that she had better not wait had sounded like a menace.

"I interrupted you, didn't I?" she said. "You were saying something to Dick when I came in—something serious? Something about this package?"

"Not at all."

"What was it you were saying to Dick?"

"I haven't said it yet," replied Burly significantly.

"Then I'll stay and hear it!"

When he saw that she intended to stay Richard added his request to that of Burly. The misery in his tones did not escape her.

"I wish you wouldn't stay," he pleaded.

"Do you know what he's going to say?"

"Yes."

"Is it—charging you with something?"

"Yes."

"Is the charge—true?"

"He will say it is."

"Do I know what it is, Cousin Benjamin?"

"You do not," replied Burly.

"Then I'll stay!"

The chief of police made no move to explain his innuendoes, but remained waiting for her to go.

"Why don't you say it to him?"

"You're his wife."

"Exactly why I ought to be told!"

"You may go. The others will stay."

"The stupidity of some of you policemen sometimes makes me very angry, Benjamin!"

A slow flush spread over Burly's face. When at last he spoke, his voice was harder and his words less calculated to avoid offense.

"Just for that I'm going to tell you." He turned upon Richard. "I'll have to hand it to you, Dick. You're one foxy little cousin!" And then to Winifred: "I'll let Dick do the explaining."

Burly again smiled at Dick, but the smile could not have been called a friendly smile. It was almost a baring of his teeth. And there was no humorous chuckle to accompany it.

"I want you to explain to your wife why you sold seventy or eighty thousand dollars' worth of stocks and bonds in Chicago last week, and cashed the check without banking it. And why on top of that you borrowed five thousand in Chicago and seven thousand more here on demand notes, and took away the cash. Then I want you to explain why you drew out practically your entire private Chicago account, in cash, and practically the entire Olwell Press Chicago account, also in cash, amounting to more than one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. All in ten-thousand-dollar bills! And all on the same day! Two hundred thousand dollars in cash!"

"Money!" said Winifred contemptuously.

"And I want you to explain to your wife why you bought a ticket to Los Angeles for the nine-thirty Limited, Monday night's train, without saying anything to her about it. And why Miss Maggie Driver bought another for the same train."

"Go on!" said Richard. "Tell her the rest! Tell her why I didn't go!"

"You didn't go because you got cracked on the bean by a burglar."

"Tell her why you arrested me!"

"I haven't arrested you. How can I? You haven't broken any laws, have you? I haven't anything on you. The money was technically yours."

"Then—you haven't found it out!"

"Found what out?" asked Burly.

"No matter!"

Richard threw his hat to the ceiling, caught it, stepped over to the wall with it, replaced it on its hook. He removed his topcoat also and hung it up.

"No matter!" he repeated exultantly. "I was right. You still have me tagged. And you didn't change your mind because you had to, as you stated, for you haven't yet changed it. I have only one question to ask: Why are you here?"

Burly looked reproachfully at Winifred.

"To protect my cousin's financial interests."

He continued sorrowfully, in hurt tones.

"I wanted you to know that I was on to your game. If it hadn't been for that burglar you would be in California this minute, money and all, and Winnie could have whistled for her share of the kale."

"I don't believe a word you've said," remarked Winifred. "Money and all? What money?"

"The money in that package. That package contains two hundred thousand dollars in cash."

"Does it, Dick?"

"Yes."

"Open it for her," said Burly. "Open the package and show the lady."

"Shall I?" asked Stoll of Richard.

"Open it, Stoll."

Stoll smiled mysteriously and proceeded to untie the string of the package. He knew what was in the package, for he himself had wrapped it up and dispatched it to the house that morning. He had known all along that this was his own package. Just as well, however, not to tell people all one knows! Richard and he had decided to keep the loss of the money secret. Burly had somehow heard about it. This would be a good lesson to him. Perhaps he would not be so eager now to follow up the search.

He therefore took his time about everything he did. The knots refused to be loosened; his fingers were clumsy; the papers in the package were fragile and he had to see that nothing was broken.

"Oh, take a knife! Cut the string!" cried Burly. "Open it up!"

"Better cut the string, Stoll," said Richard, who was not in this secret.

Stoll after some difficulty with his pockets succeeded in finding his knife, and after further difficulty with the blades succeeded in opening it. And after he had delayed as long as he could he suddenly cut the string and laid open the contents of the package in dramatic revelation.

The contents proved to consist of an ordinary sheaf of canceled bank checks.

"Is that your money?" asked Winifred.

"Canceled checks!"

"The ones I sent out to the house this morning, sir," explained Stoll.

"Two hundred thousand dollars in cash!" cried Winifred. "Ticket to Los Angeles!"

She turned and went to the door, her contempt beyond her powers of expression.

"Don't forget to look at that lamp, Dick!" She was standing with her hand on the knob. "And I think you might offer to see me into the car."

"If the police will permit," said Richard.

He crossed to the door, deferentially opened it for her and followed her out to the street, where he handed her into the car and watched her as she drove away. Had his victory over Burly been less unexpected and less complete he perhaps would not have acted quite in this manner.

For he was not blind to the flush of pleasure in her cheeks as she waved him good-by.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

(Concluded from Page 45)

A. Curtis Roth

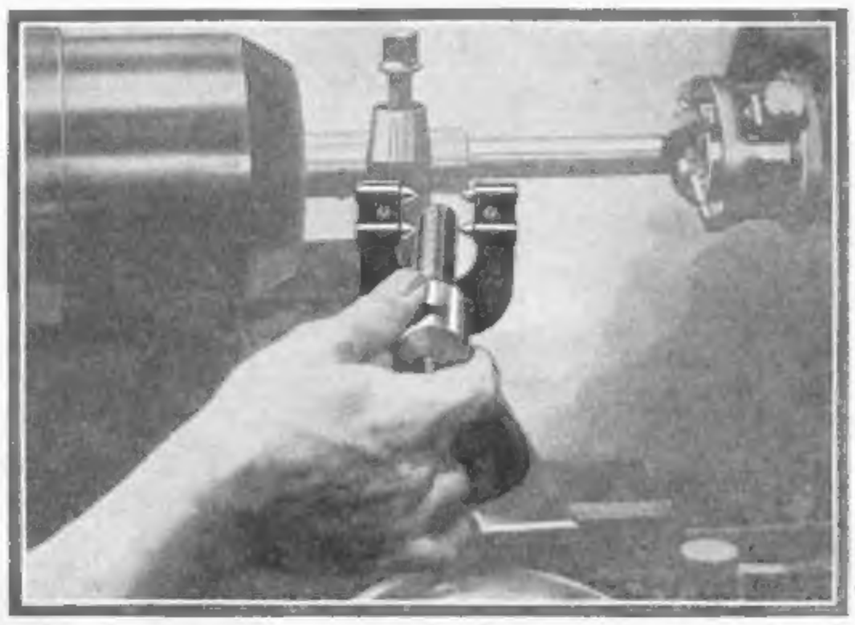
them home like crying babies and made them regret that they had ever invited him to play with them.

For it was Mr. Roth who defied German officers to send British prisoners of war—noncombatants—to common jails. It was he who forced them to allow the British merchants, traveling men and tourists unfortunately in Germany when war was declared, to live in a hotel. And it was he who compelled the German officers to provide King George's interned subjects with roast beef as regularly as the church bells tolled on Sunday morning.

Mr. Roth saw that the injured captives from the Flanders front received food and medical attention, and he rallied the women of Saxony to nurse them.

Then he came back to America when handed his passports by the Foreign Office, and left such a lovable memory that one charming Saxon girl he left behind him determined to become Mrs. Roth and incidentally became an American citizen in ten minutes via the marriage route.

Mr. Roth was born in North Philadelphia and educated in the public schools of this country and Europe. He was appointed a vice consul to Germany seven years ago. He is now spending all his time in literary work, and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST has given to the people of the world the best product of his brain.



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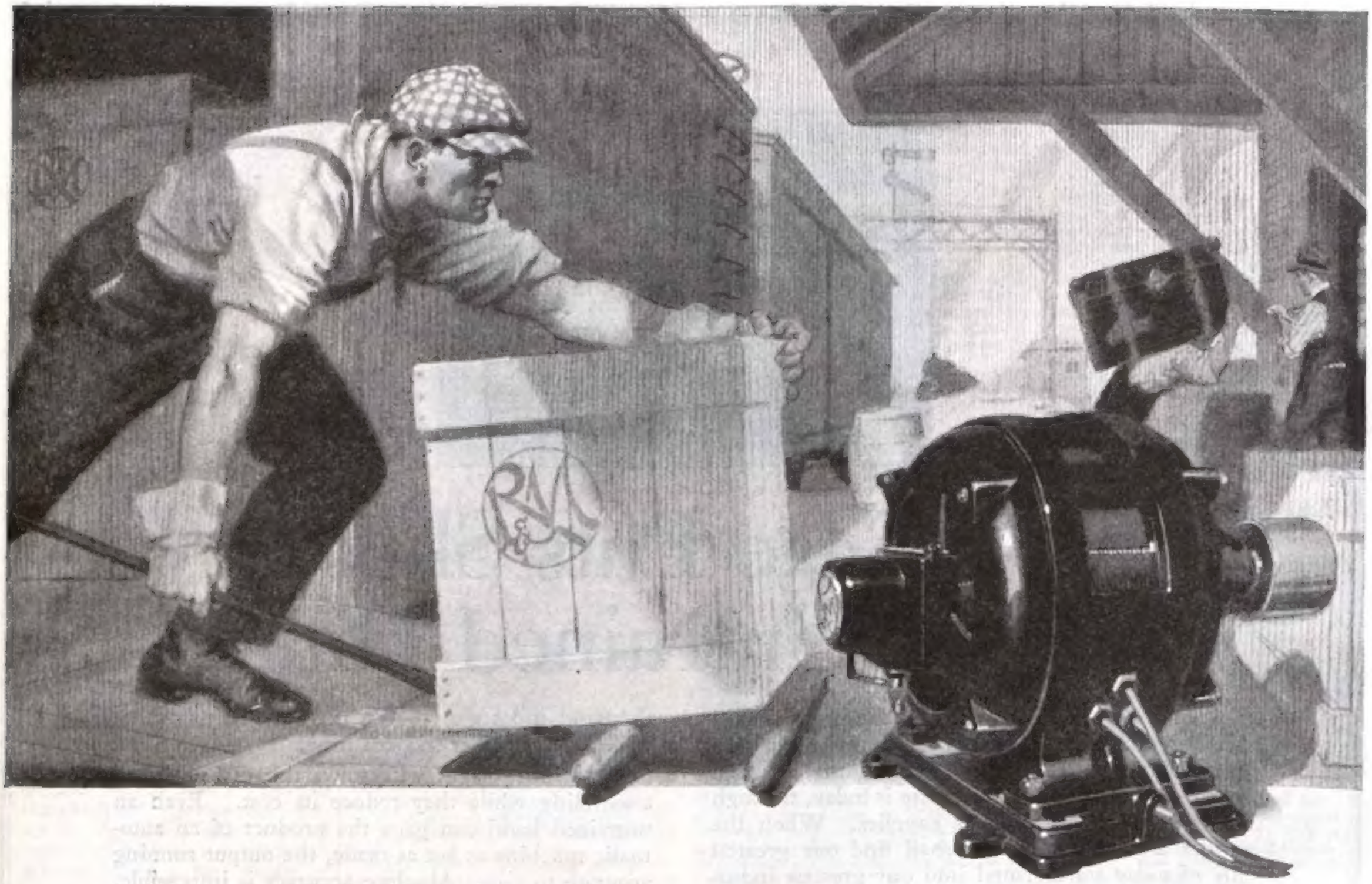

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